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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 481.—OCTOBER, 1924.

Art. 1.—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS IT IS.

1. *The Church of England. Primary Charge of the Bishop of Gloucester.* Murray, 1924.
2. *The Catholic Movement in the Church of England.* By the Rev. Wilfred L. Knox. Philip Allan, 1924.

AN Englishman who had lived out of touch with the National Church during the years that lie between the Primacy of Archbishop Tait and the present time, would find himself, were circumstances to renew his relationship with it, in a new and strange world. So might Erasmus have felt had he been recalled to life and revisited the England of Elizabeth; not since the 16th century has so great a revolution taken place in so short a time. To those who have lived through it, it is apt to present itself out of perspective; it must be looked at from a certain distance if its extent and significance are to be seen. It is a revolution at once economic, social, and religious. The clergy, formerly, as a class, in easy circumstances, are impoverished; the Church counts for very much less in English life than it did a generation ago, and it has been changed out of recognition. As at the Reformation, continuity has been preserved; but this continuity is one of tenure rather than of temper; the climate and atmosphere are new. The great scholar-bishops of the Victorian age—Thirlwall, Lightfoot, Westcott—have left no successors; the intellectual penury of modern Anglicanism must have been experienced to be believed. A Scottish divine, being told that the question of Orders was a bar to the

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union of the Scottish and English Churches, replied with equal truth and point, that the difference of their standards of education was a greater. It is so.

'The supply of learned clergy in the Church of England is far less than it was,' says the Bishop of Gloucester. 'Moreover, there has been an unfortunate tendency in the last thirty or forty years to despise theological learning. It seems to be forgotten that, unless there continues a supply of learned clergy ready and able to grapple with the questions of the day, the Church, especially in a time of movement like the present, will inevitably be out of touch with modern thought.'*

No one cause can be assigned for the increasing decline of religious observance amongst us; but, undoubtedly, a part cause is the gulf which has come to separate the clerical from the lay mind. So do the Muses revenge themselves on their despisers: 'L'Eglise ne marche pas dans le sens de la vie, et la vie la repousse.'

In Latin Christianity the loss of intellectual prestige has advanced *pari passu* with the growth of Ultramontaniam. Among ourselves, the development of the Oxford Movement has been attended by a similar result. The great religious movements of the past—Monasticism, the victory of Roman, or European, over Celtic Christianity, the Reformation, Puritanism even—were on the lines of life, and had the spirit of their respective ages with them; they embodied its aspirations, cravings, aims. Not so the Catholic Revival. When Pattison wrote his essay on 'Learning in the Church of England' (1863), the party whose temper and policy he criticised was still a party. It has now become the Church, but it is the Church *minus* the laity. Hence the mental decrepitude which has followed its victory: the clergy, says so strong a Churchman as Clarendon, 'understand the least and take the worst measure of human affairs of all mankind that can write and read.' Even to them it is a hard master. It is high-handed, and not over-scrupulous; bishops, like Agag, approach it 'delicately'; in the ingeniously contrived system of representation established

* 'Charge,' p. 129.

under the Enabling Act—what else could have been expected?—it has acquired the upper hand. Let us be just. It sets us an example of zeal, and 'in this ministry of the Gospel, even when assuming forms repulsive to persons of education, no doubt the good is far greater than the error or harm.'* But it 'bears, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.' Once they have served its purpose, it has no further use for its former friends—the so-called Central Party, which has played into its hands, the Life and Liberty Movement, to which it owes the Enabling Act, and on whose shoulders it has climbed to dominance in the National Assembly. Yet, like Haman, all this avails it nothing so long as one stiff-kneed Mordecai refuses to do it reverence. 'How long halt ye between two opinions?'

'We see no possible advantage in crying peace, peace, when there is no peace; or in pretending that the differences between Catholics and Protestants in the Church of England are matters of secondary importance. It is sheer insincere sentimentality to pretend that they can be composed by a little amiable give and take. We believe that the Church of England is part of the Catholic Church; that her divine mission has been hindered and hampered by the Lutheran heresies forced on her by the State; and that it will only be when she has entirely purged herself of these heresies that she will be permitted by Divine Providence to win England back to the Faith. It is sheer nonsense to pretend that the two parties can be reconciled.

'The work of the Tractarians will be concluded when the Church of England as a whole has returned to its Catholic allegiance. This great end will be reached when the Anglo-Catholic party is a majority, and not a minority. Let us be realists. When the Catholic influence prevails in the Church, there will be no toleration for Modernists; and the extreme Evangelical will be far happier with his Free Church brethren.'†

Now people who either use or excuse language of this sort should be told quite plainly that it means Disestablishment: if the Church is ill-advised enough to adopt it, it will inevitably be disestablished and—the two

* Jowett, 'Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture.'

† 'Neither Hot nor Cold': 'The Church Times,' July 11, 1924.

go together—disendowed. The material loss involved would be the least part of the disaster: more important by far would be the weakening of the higher elements both in religion and in the State which would follow it. We have seen this in Roman Catholic countries: ‘Entre la religion inintelligente et le matérialisme brutal, âme poétique et pure, où serait ta place?’ was Renan’s cry of despair. If our Anglican Ultramontanes have their way we may hear it in our own. It is strange, indeed, to remember that the Movement now represented by the ‘Church Times’ originated, to quote a contemporary writer, ‘in the appeal of a learned minority from the shallow dogmatism of the Puritan creed to the broad field of Christian history and antiquities.’ He lived to be disillusioned. ‘The minority has become a majority, and outgrown its learning. The tone of the High Church triumph becomes more vulgar, more violent, more partisan. To traduce inquiry, to hound on the mob, to hunt down the small handful of clergymen who have dared, however unsuccessfully, to put their hand to theology—this is the absorbing passion of a party which once sat at the feet of Dr Newman.’* Pattison wrote under the influence of Newman’s personality, from which he never entirely freed himself; and he idealises the Tract Movement. But, in its earlier stages it was the fruit of a genuine though restricted culture; it was not till it had been broken against the dead weight of what Mr Birrell calls ‘John Bullism’—‘John Bull could not be got to assume a Catholic demeanour’—that its temper became one of sheer obscurantism. It failed with the nation; it succeeded in imposing itself upon the Church, which was more impressionable; and which, in proportion as its national character was ignored, and its ecclesiasticism accentuated, assumed the temper and outlook of a sect. The tendency of politicians—a tendency which the clergy are sufficiently short-sighted to welcome—is to treat it as a denomination; and the Nonconformist element, so strong in recent Cabinets, supports ecclesiastical legislation of a frankly sectarian type. The Enabling Act, which was practically one of Disestablishment, was an example. The nation does not

* Pattison, ‘Essays,’ vol. II, p. 276.

desire Disestablishment, but the faction now dominant in the Church does. The ecclesiastical authorities are likely to come to heel, though with misgiving—ἐκὼν αἰκονί γε θυμῷ: those who trust their professions of moderation will find themselves deceived. The party of the 'Church Times' resents the charge of illiteracy, and complains of a policy of suppression on the part of the press. Well, general charges are general; and illiteracy is a general charge. But it is substantially justified. There is no reason, indeed, why a reactionary in religion should not be an artist, or a man of letters, or excel in the exact sciences, but he approaches critical and historical questions as a special pleader, not as an inquirer, and in the spirit of advocacy not of research. 'Mincing,' is the unkind epithet applied by Santayana to Anglican scholarship.* We shall not easily admit it; but what he means is that it does no more than dabble in fundamentals, and is desperately afraid of getting its feet wet.

'We have had a long succession of learned men, but how few creative minds there have been among them! Much of our work has been too much that of an amateur. I cannot help thinking that in our ecclesiastical and religious conceptions we have been in danger of becoming insular and parochial.'†

This is why, when an English theological work is mentioned in a foreign bibliography, the writer—mortifying as it is to admit it—is generally a member of some non-episcopal body; our approved authors are taken less seriously abroad than here. With regard to the press, it knows its own business; and it is probable that it gives Anglo-Catholic demonstrations the space to which the general interest taken in them entitles them, neither less nor more. The fact is, difficult as it is to convince enthusiasts of it, that public opinion is only moderately interested in news of this kind. The skilfully boomed Congress movement, e.g., though a sign of the times, is a less significant one than its promoters would have us think. The first of these Congresses, that of July 1923, was 'to an overwhelming extent attended by women';‡ and a large proportion of those who took part

* 'Soliloquies in England,' p. 86.

† 'Charge,' p. 205.

‡ 'Times,' July 14, 1923.

in it were obviously sightseers, unfamiliar with the shibboleths of the initiated. This was, naturally, the case with the bishops, some of them Evangelicals, who were present at the meetings, or walked, in mitre and cope, in the processions. That was why the stalwarts of the movement made no secret of their opinion that both in principle and in tactics the acceptance of Episcopal patronage was a mistake. The conclusion is that a section is a section. The representatives of this particular section are restless and self-assertive, past masters in the art of *réclame*; but it is our timidity that makes us see them 'as trees walking.' In the nation at large they are the residuum of a residuum, and almost infinitesimally few.

The Primary Charge of the Bishop of Gloucester is the first official pronouncement of an English bishop on the great and increasing difficulties of the English Church. It would be impossible to overstate their gravity. Our future is in the balance, and hangs on the inclination of the scale. The initiative could not have fallen into abler hands. The Charge will give offence in more than one quarter; but it is no part of the duty of those placed in authority not to give offence. On the contrary, anxiety to avoid doing so is a sign of invertebrateness; and, in a ruler, invertebrateness is the unpardonable sin. A religious teacher, in particular, should have a mind to express, and should express it. He may be right or wrong:

'Mankind is ignorant, a man am I:
Call ignorance my sorrow, not my sin!'

But the Bishop has put the Church under an obligation by his outspokenness. It is only by the fullest and frankest discussion that the questions with which he deals can be even provisionally decided. No good ever came of shirking issues. It is our apparently incurable habit of doing so that has landed us in our present *impasse*. It is perhaps even now not too late to take a more excellent way.

As its title implies, the Charge is less a Charge than a treatise. In its opening section the Bishop defines the attitude taken towards what for some is the elusive phantom, for others the concrete fact, of Catholicism.

'There is no Church which can claim to be the one true Church.* . . . It is obvious that this is a claim which does not harmonise with reality.' 'Offensive and absurd,' when advanced by Roman Catholic controversialists, it is no less so in ourselves when we approach the non-episcopal Churches at home and abroad with the same tacit or avowed assumption. 'If we go, e.g. to the Non-conformist Churches, and say, "We are the Church, and you are outside it," we are making ourselves ridiculous. Rather we should say: "We are all imperfect representations of that Church which should be one."' With regard to the Papacy, contrary to the weight of critical opinion, the authenticity of Matt. xvi, 18, 19 is accepted. But the privilege of Peter, it is argued, is purely personal. Christ 'did not intend, nor do the words imply that He desired, to confer any authority on any successor of St Peter, nor were they originally taken in the Church to have any such meaning.'† As for the ministry and the sacraments, 'We have no Apostolic command giving any authority to Episcopacy as we know it,' and, 'I do not find any Scriptural authority for a necessary doctrine of the Eucharist.' The accent, indeed, falls elsewhere: 'If we study the New Testament, we find far more stress laid on Christian life than on external form'; while 'any theory which rules out of the Church the great body of Protestant Nonconformists, or Continental Protestants, must be untrue.' These positions form the basis on which the Charge rests, and give the standpoint from which it must be judged. It is, perhaps, difficult to go all the way with the importance attached to the Lambeth Conference of 1920, which was an event in Anglicanism, but scarcely outside it; and it will seem to many who have no desire to revive past controversies that the perspective in which the Malines 'Conversations' are presented is curiously unreal. For Rome, dogma is a fixed quantity guaranteed by an infallible authority, not a matter for bargaining or negotiation. While those who have an even elementary acquaintance with the *stylus Curiae Romanæ* could have warned the amiable enthusiasts who built their hopes on these discussions that their dreams came through the

* 'Charge,' p. 20.

† Ibid., p. 6.

Gate of Ivory. Things are not done in that way at Rome. Those, however, are side issues, and of secondary importance. As a whole, the Charge is a very notable document; since Bishop Thirlwall's great Charges* delivered between 1842 and 1872—a reprint of which would be of almost incalculable value to English theology—no episcopal utterance has been so judicious, so strong, or so sane.

The intimate historical union between Church and State in England is accentuated. This union facilitated the Reformation, and is consequently a red rag to its opponents. Taught by their experience of the Wars of the Roses, the 16th-century English, whatever their personal views of the controversies of the time, had a strong sense of the obligation of submission to authority—'whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors as sent by him.' This obligation was a moral one. 'For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight,' wrote a later poet, himself a Catholic. They believed differences in religion to be an insufficient reason for plunging the country into the horrors and crimes of civil war: 'these be not matters for burning,' the phrase ran. Hence the comprehensiveness of the Church of England, which moves the fanatic to gibes and the philosopher to admiration. It is a Reformed Church; but its formularies were framed with the intention of including that large part of the nation which was half-heartedly, if at all, Protestant. This was an essential feature of the Elizabethan settlement of religion; and it is a sufficient reason, not indeed for the present ascendancy, but for the recognition, of the Catholic element to-day. The statesmen who brought about this settlement, to which the country owes much, counted no doubt upon the absorption of the reactionary remnant by the progressive majority; and did not anticipate its revival after the lapse of more than three hundred years. Considerations, however, of the same order as those which dictated its retention in the 16th century, suggest a similar policy in our own. Only a fanatic will desire that there shall be 'no toleration' in the Church of England for persons who are sincere in their desire to

* 'Charges of Connop Thirlwall, late Lord Bishop of St Davids.' Two vols. Daldy, 1877.

remain in her communion, or argue that they will 'be far happier' outside it. This would be to echo the slogan of an ignorant and intolerant sect. The secession of the Anglo-Catholics, think of their position as we will, would be a thing of evil omen and example. *Hoc Ithacus velit*: it would strengthen the forces of reaction—always a danger after such a convulsion of European society as has followed the War—and throw the world back by a generation. If, 'too fond to rule alone,' this section of Churchmen excludes itself, it will be its own doing. For the Church to adopt a policy of exclusion would be a blunder, one of disruption a crime; but it is one of the ironies of history that all that makes the Catholic position tenable; all that distinguishes the Church of England from Continental Protestantism—episcopacy, the liturgy, the ritual and sacramental praxis of the Prayer-book—is due to other than religious causes, and to lay statesmen, not to divines.

As to doctrine, the language of our formularies is 'most cautious.' The Creeds are 'subordinated to the Scriptures, and have no authority apart from them.' Their interpretation, therefore, varies with that of Scripture, and with the advance of secular and sacred science.

'These inherited statements of Christian Faith are of great value, and we do not desire to repudiate them; but to give them any sort of infallibility transforms them from being a useful guide into being a positive hindrance to truth' (p. 51).

In view of the exaggerated claims so often made for them, this language—which is that of Article VIII—is of the first importance. The Athanasian Creed, in particular, 'is of doubtful value in public worship.' Not even the Roman Church uses it in this way; its note is not that of the Gospel, which gives us 'fundamental ethical and spiritual principles,' not 'clear-cut dogmatic statements.' Nor, it is added, 'fixed rules of conduct'; there is 'nothing statutory,' it has been said, about the words of Christ. Infallibility, then, is an Idol of the Temple. As Dr Salmon wrote a generation ago in this Review, 'The root of the matter is that there is no royal road to certainty; no organ for the summary extinction

of doubts. As much in the sphere of religion as in the social and political domains infallibility and perfection are mere dreams of the imagination.* Scripture, by its criticism of itself, disclaims inerrancy; submission to authority is reasonable, not because authority is infallible—it is not—but because it is ‘the sum of human experience,’ an inheritance on which the advance of the race depends. We need not envy Churches whose pretensions in this matter are higher than those of our own. ‘The strength of the Church of England,’ it has been wisely said, ‘is to sit still, and to say in most controversies, I don’t know. And she has two great advantages; the first, that it is impossible to make her formularies consistent with one another; the second, that her supreme tribunal consists of elderly lawyers, whose attitude towards most ecclesiastical disputes is one of slightly cynical impartiality.’†

To pass to certain questions now in dispute, ‘the Virgin Birth is not the Incarnation (as is sometimes taught), nor is it an essential part of the Incarnation,’ but the critical argument against it seems to the Bishop unconvincing. With regard to dogmatic theology in general, we are to remember that its besetting sin is over-statement:

‘Over-statement in old days of Calvinism on the doctrine of the Atonement, over-statements in more recent years of the doctrine of the Church and the Sacraments, have defeated the purpose with which they were made. The extreme logical statement of a doctrine is never true, for it is only arrived at by eliminating factors’ (p. 69).

And the importation of mechanical and magical conceptions into religion is a very real danger.

‘I heard the other day of a Suffragan Bishop who explained Confirmation by the analogy of a photograph. Before the click of the photographer, the plate has nothing on it, after the click there is the impression. Language like this is most harmful. It is saying what the majority of people can’t believe, and won’t believe, and ought not to believe’ (p. 67).

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ October 1889: cf. Dr Salmon’s ‘Infallibility of the Church,’ p. 280.

† Sir M. E. Grant Duff, ‘Out of the Past,’ p. 150.

This Bishop, it is to be hoped, will remain a Suffragan. Such conceptions are purely Pagan; the Christian approach to religion is from the ethical side.

On the Vestiarian question Bishop Headlam's opinion is 'quite decidedly in favour of the surplice.' But, in spite of the decisions of the Court of Final Appeal in the *Purchas* and *Ridsdale* cases (1871, 1876), he argues that the *Ornaments Rubric* prescribes the use of the Vestments. They have, indeed, fallen into desuetude, and are, therefore, 'ecclesiastically speaking incorrect': the result being that by the law of the State they are enjoined—the *Book of Common Prayer* being ratified by Statute 13 & 14 Car. II, c. 4—while by the law of the Church there is no authority for their use. This is a hard saying. That a judgment is one of policy, rather than of law, is one of those statements which can always be alleged, but never determined. Were the judgments in question reversed in our time, this objection could be urged with greater plausibility than was the case in the 'seventies. It was then, and would be now, inadmissible. The law is the law.

The Three Rs of the Church of England—Revision, Reservation, and Reunion—are contentious matter. As to the first, 'the great thing to remember is that the greater part of the laity do not really desire any change.' It may be added that they are unaware of the nature of the changes contemplated, and that they have often no notion that any changes are contemplated at all. The demand for revision comes from the clergy, and from that small section of earnest laymen who figure in Church Congresses and Diocesan Conferences. Such persons 'do not,' says Dean Stanley, 'represent the lay mind of the Church, still less the lay intelligence of the country. They are often excellent men, given to good works; but they are usually the partisans of some special clerical school. They are, in short, clergymen under another form rather than the real laity themselves.'* The proposal to revise the *Prayer-book* grew out of the Ritual Commission of 1904. The purpose of this Commission was the correction of ceremonial irregularities. Needless to say, it was not realised, nor

* 'Essays on Church and State,' p. 350.

will it be. By their abandonment of the standpoint of law, the bishops have cut the ground from under their feet; and, as things are in the Church of England, Omnipotence itself could not devise a law which would have the slightest chance of being obeyed. The Liturgiologists, who got the upper hand, were indifferent to the reform of abuses; their object was a Revision of the existing service book on antiquarian lines. Meanwhile, what Bishop Jackson used to call the *ἀνομία* continued; it has now become a case of Mahomet and the mountain, if the clergy will not conform to the law, the law must conform to the clergy. Singular as it is, such a course is not without precedent. 'This widow troubleth me'; a determined minority has carried its point against an inert majority before now. People who do not go to church are indifferent to the nature of the services held there, and blind to the larger issues involved; if peace could be secured by N.A. 84, or by the Green, Grey, or Orange uses, the experiment might, from very weariness, be tried. The debates last July in the House of Clergy must have convinced the most sanguine that there is not the least prospect of this. Why, then, make changes which are distasteful to the majority of Churchmen?—or enact rubrics which will be treated with contempt? It would, no doubt, be mortifying for Convocation to scrap the work which has occupied it for so long, and on which so much archæological labour has been expended; but it is evident that the Revisionists have gone a long way ahead of general, and in particular of lay, opinion in the matter. They do not recognise this, because this opinion does not now express itself in meetings and petitions of protest. It takes a shape very much more dangerous to religion, that of ignoring religion. And this is part of a larger drift. Civil marriage is on the increase in all classes; the clergy, however respected as individuals, are not taken seriously; the influence of the Church on individuals is slight and precarious; its hold on the nation is lost. Those concerned would be well advised to confine themselves to non-contentious modifications of the existing use—above all, to keep their hands off the Communion Service—and to sacrifice their personal susceptibilities to the peace of the Church. Bishop Knox's Memorial has been denounced by interested or

ignorant persons, as a protest against Revision as such. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. It is a protest against certain changes which it is proposed to make in one particular service, that for the Communion; and what the Bishop has done is to provide a vehicle of expression for that general, but for the most part inarticulate, opinion on which in the last resort society, religious as well as civil, rests. The response has been larger than might have been expected. Had it borne any proportion to the tacit body of opinion which lies behind it, it would have been overwhelming. If, as some think, the disruption of the Church is the outcome of its present dissensions, it is the apathy of the laity which will finally incline the scale.

Bishop Headlam, while opposed to the proposed 'alternative' use or uses—'as regards the Canon there should be no variety'—would enrich the existing office by the Epiklesis, by the commemoration of the great events of our Lord's life, and by 'the solemn oblation of the Church as giving the intention of the sacrifice in the service.' There is no reason why a Reformed rite should not include these features—there is a higher conception of sacrifice than the sacrificial; but it may be doubted whether a period of acute dissension is one in which structural changes in the Liturgy are desirable. He would not, therefore (he tells us), like to see these made 'till they have been generally agreed upon and accepted.' Considering the present state of opinion, this will not be for a long time. With regard to the proposal to make a choral celebration of the Communion the principal Sunday service, he is clear that, in most cases, the traditional use of the Church of England is the best. 'The Morning Service has greater variety, and conveys a larger element of instruction, it is simpler and easier of comprehension.' These are wise words, and no less wise are those in which he urges the preacher, 'by diligent attention to the sermon, to make it an appeal to the intellectual demands of the people.' How much of the reproach of Israel would be removed were this done!

Where a reform of the Liturgy is most required is in the occasional offices. The Augustinianism of the Baptismal Service is curiously out of keeping with the Gospel (Mark x, 13 ff.) read in it; the Catechism, however

endeared by association, is unwieldy; the late Western form of absolution in the Visitation of the Sick is an anachronism; the burial of a child calls for a special office; a funeral without prayer for the departed seems to many a maimed rite. These defects could be remedied by general consent; and even the changes proposed in the Communion Service are objected to less in themselves than because those who propose them are distrusted. *Timeo Danaos*. Practices, indifferent in themselves, may derive a far from indifferent character from the conditions under which they present themselves. The statement so often made that the proposals now before the National Assembly have no doctrinal significance is either childish or impudent. The more genuine wreckers are, at least, honest.

'The Services of the Book of Common Prayer, though capable of a Catholic interpretation, are very ill-suited to be the means of expressing Catholic devotion. As regards the Eucharist, the doctrines of the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass are implied, but not insisted upon with the clearness which is needed in order to concentrate on them the devotion of the faithful. . . . The Church of England, in its present position, can never provide a permanent home for the teaching of the Catholic religion' (Knox, pp. 229, 280).

The older Tractarians had two voices with regard to the Prayer-book; Pusey and Keble differed from Newman and Froude. But there is now no tolerance for 'the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies.'

'The last twenty years have witnessed the decisive victory of those who see that the task of converting the English people to the Catholic religion cannot be accomplished without a complete revision of the English Liturgy in a Catholic sense, and the general introduction of the full system of Catholic devotion, as it has been developed by Western Christendom since the Reformation' (pp. 231, 234).

The word 'since' should be noted. It is not to the Church of the Middle Ages, but to Ultramontaniam and to the Counter-Reformation—'on which the whole basis of the religious life of modern Catholicism in the West rests'—that we are invited to return. This return may not be distant.

'It is always conceivable that a Protestant episcopate might take some action—as, for instance, the establishment of general intercommunion with the Nonconformist bodies—which would forfeit the Catholic character of the English Church. In such a case English Catholics would almost inevitably be compelled to seek reconciliation with the Holy See' (p. 252).

If Reservation were desired in the interests of the sick, few would oppose it; but it is notorious that this is the occasion, or pretext, not the reason for the demand. In the debate in the House of Clergy, already referred to, the House was told that 'if it put a prohibition on Reservation, it would be absolutely futile, for a considerable number of clergy were convinced that they had a right to reserve the Sacrament, and would go on practising Reservation in spite of any decision the House arrived at.' And Dr Darwell Stone said frankly that the object of his amendment—to the Revised Prayer-book: Permissive Use Measure, 1923—was to provide not for reservation for the sick only, or for exceptional cases, but also for forms of adoration, and for the holding of special services in the way of adoration. The Sacrament, i.e. will not only be reserved, but 'carried about, lifted up and worshipped.' The result of such a change in the law would undoubtedly be a rapid increase of these practices. In a few years' time the rite of Benediction would be common, and the existing Communion Service as obsolete as the North End position. This may be desirable, or undesirable; but let us face the fact.

Had the question of Reunion been left in lay hands it would have been easily settled. As it is it has been complicated and is at a deadlock, because considerations foreign to religion have been imported into it. The union originally desired was religious, not ecclesiastical. That important book, 'The Army and Religion,'* gave expression to the conviction, general among thoughtful people, that the refusal of the members of the various Churches and sects to unite in worship and at the Lord's Table was scandalous and unchristian. The misfortune, perhaps the inevitable misfortune, was that the officials

* Macmillan, 1919.

of these Churches and sects were allowed to intervene. Our various and over-rigid officialisms, like Trade Unions, are necessary evils. As things are, neither religion nor Labour can dispense with them; but how often both defeat their own ends! Union between Christians is one thing; the unification of the Churches is another; here a mass of prejudice, historical, traditional, and personal blocks the way. The Papacy, Orders, Dogma, Liturgy, the relation between Church and State—our 'doubtful disputations' on these heads can only be solved indirectly—i.e. by seeing the questions involved in their true perspective. The union movement has been side-tracked, and will remain so till individuals take it into their own hands. A Bishop does more to advance it by preaching in St Giles', Edinburgh, or a Moderator in St Paul's, than can be accomplished by a hundred Commissions and Conferences. Unwilling as those concerned in these discussions are to admit it, the dream of a visibly united Church is a survival, not a present possibility. Nor can we wish it otherwise.

'It is not desirable that any one Church should absorb the rest. The world would be very much the poorer if that happened. If reunion led to the creating or restoring of a universal hierarchical system, dominating human life in all its parts, and dictating doctrine and practice with a professedly infallible authority, it would be the greatest disaster which could possibly befall mankind.'*

'*Inimici hominis domestici ejus*': the demand for Disestablishment comes not from without, but from within. The Catholic party knows that it is a condition of the realisation of its programme; but it misreads the situation. Freedom from State control is possible for a sect, or for a Church which, like the Roman Catholic Church in the Latin countries, has become a merely sectional force; the present centralised system of Vaticanism would have been impossible under Louis XIV or Joseph II. The Church of England, if apparently on its way to become so, is not yet sufficiently a sect to make its emancipation from State control practical politics. There are limits to the indifference of the laity

* Archbishop of Armagh's Message to the Church of Ireland, 1924.

—in 1919 the fate of the Enabling Act trembled in the balance; Voluntaryism has become a dogma with Nonconformists—but the jealousy of the Church, of which it was an outcome, is less acute than formerly, and has less cause. If the Dissenters are wise, their attitude towards the question will be that of their ancestors in 1688. And for the nation at large the case would, and should, be clear.

‘I do not think any central government would allow such a powerful body to exist without having some control over it in some directions. The Crown, or the State, would demand the right to appoint to bishoprics and other important positions, simply because it could not allow such a powerful body to exist in complete independence. So long as Christianity is weakened by division, so long, perhaps, would complete, or apparently complete, disestablishment be possible; but in the case of a united Church, some measure of State regulation would be inevitable’ (‘Charge,’ p. 192).

‘The second characteristic of the Church of England has been its devotion to learning.’ The past tense should be noticed. In our time fewer and fewer candidates whose university career has been one of any distinction present themselves for ordination, the number even of Pass men is on the decline. This is due partly to economic, partly to intellectual causes; the result is a tendency to fall back on the theological colleges. These, founded as an adjunct to the universities, are taking their place. Even so, the supply of clergy is inadequate, and both in quantity and quality unequal to the demand. The Bishop, than whom no one can speak with more authority on the subject, is of opinion that ‘in no way could the funds of the Church be better employed in the immediate future than by creating in the modern universities strong centres of theological instruction.’ As to the theological colleges:

‘Their result has not, on the whole, been satisfactory. Their staffs have been small, they have been almost entirely connected with one particular type of religious body, and the result has been both the falling off of the intellectual interest of the clergy, and the predominance of party motives. . . . If they are looked upon as the right place for the training of the clergy, the result will be as harmful as that of the seminary of the Church of Rome’ (p. 201).

The Church of England has been described as 'with all its faults, the best and more tolerant of the Churches of Christendom, and the least opposed to the spirit of the age.* Its liberties have at present two safeguards: 'the diversity of patronage and the parson's freehold.'

'Neither the will of the people, nor the will of the bishop, can drive a clergyman out of his living except on adequate grounds which can be tested in a Court of Law. . . . Had this not been the case, there would have been no Oxford Movement, and if certain sections of the Church at the present day, and I must add certain bishops, had their way, there would be no intelligent study of modern critical questions now. I therefore believe that it is of extreme importance for freedom of thought within the Church of England that the present variety of patronage and the present parson's freehold should be retained' (p. 202).

The former secures a variety of type among the clergy: the note of episcopal patronage is a certain monotony—not perhaps to be imputed to the bishops, whose hands are not wholly free in the matter. The latter is a condition of their intellectual liberty, which the civil courts may be trusted not to restrict.

The remedy for our present discontents is not legislation, but education; and what is required of the Church is 'not greater activity, but greater intelligence.' To many the demand for more bishops seems to rest on a misconception. For a bishop is not an enlarged parish clergyman; this conception of his office has been carried very much too far. Bishop Creighton drew the line at blessing hassocks; '*nisi dignus vindice nodus*' applies. The maxim of the mediæval bishop—'*Omnia videt, multa dissimulat, pauca castigat*'—is a sound one; there are questions which he does not wish to be asked, and things which he does not wish to see. For there is a natural principle of growth which corrects extravagances. Newman was the greatest of the Tractarians; but there are passages in his writings, in particular of his Anglican writings, which his latter-day disciples would repudiate; ideas influence, indirectly, those who stand furthest removed from ideas.

* Jowett, 'Miscellaneous Sermons,' p. 202.

The situation, then, though critical, is not desperate. Lord Salisbury met a scare which had been raised as to the security of the Indian frontier by advising the alarmists to look at a large map. A sufficient distance would then be seen to lie between this frontier and the enemy forces; the danger was less imminent than was supposed. In religion, too, a large map—a view of the phenomena as a whole, may reassure us. We have to accept them as being according to plan; to face the fact that in religion, as elsewhere, truth is not a fixed but a progressive quantity—outgrowing its former self, rejecting here, assimilating there, penetrating more and more intimately into the heart of life and things. Hence, at times, in religion itself a certain secularising tendency. But the pains of growth are not to be mistaken for those of dissolution. Between the rise of Christianity in the Roman world, its hardening into Catholicism in the second century, the Reformation, and its later development in the critical movement of our own time, the parallel is close. These changes were in the nature of things. There was a struggle, but in each case the new force entered into the human heritage, of which it became part, and in which it remains.

Of the Church of England, in particular, it may be said that it is at present in the backwash of two differing, yet kindred, religious movements—the Evangelical and the Tractarian. Such movements bring about a temporary increase in the velocity of the body affected. This, however, cannot move permanently at the speed imparted to it. Reaction is inevitable; the qualities of these revivals are not more evident than their defects. This is so throughout: we recognise it in the Franciscan movement, in the rise of Monasticism, in the very Gospel itself. There is not, and never has been, such a thing as a 'pure' Gospel. Religion is a mixed magnitude, because things are what they are, and men are men. In this country we seem to have fallen back to something like our normal position on the religious curve, and to be standing very much where we should have stood had the movements in question not intervened. We are not to compare the barometer of to-day with that of these storm-centres, but with that of the level religion of the 18th century which they disturbed. If we do so we

shall see that the glass has risen; and that, to vary the metaphor, the floods have left a deposit of fertile soil behind. In the dedication of his famous treatise on the Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, Paley speaks of 'that principle of examination and research which is gone forth in Christian countries.' It was destined to succumb to the extravagances and fanaticism of the Revolution and of the reactionary movements, civil and religious, which followed it: it has revived almost in our own time. The future, the near future, is with it. The present is not. It does not command majorities, or carry weight in synods, or commend itself to popular religion—'after all these things do the Gentiles seek'; the servant of truth will not look for success on these lines. Yet knowledge, like goodness, diffuses itself. When we compare the religious conceptions held even by uneducated people to-day with those of a generation ago, the advance is unmistakable. Much has been dropped, much added, much interpreted; as reason and spirit work on the rough-hewn block, the outlines of the statue appear. This is why, in the words of an 18th-century Bishop of Gloucester—with whom his successor has not a little in common:

'The Church, like the Ark of Noah, is worth saving: not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it; but for the little corner of rationality which was as much distressed by the stench within as by the tempest without.'

Art. 2.—JOSEPH CONRAD.

Now that Joseph Conrad has been laid to rest on the island which he chose for his home, it may be marked by maritime historians, not irrelevantly, that a spacious and wonderful era has come to an end also. None can say much to enlighten the exact beginnings of that era: they are somewhere away in the dimness of time; and the transition from canoes, coracles, and galleys to galleons and sailing-ships (it was an era belonging specifically to the sea and the wind along the tides) would of necessity be far vaguer than the transition from sails to steam which signified its decline and conclusion. All we know is that the era was definitely established by the time that Richard Cœur de Lion conveyed his forces in 'varie monstrous great sail-schips' to the Crusades. Nearly a thousand years it endured, breeding men of peak-high pride and mastery, and endowing the oceans with a great glory. That ships and seafarers were becoming different by the time that Conrad left the sea was a plain fact, so plain and unwelcome to the older type of mariner that when he crossed the Atlantic in 1923 he quickly wearied of the ship on which he was travelling. Mr Muirhead Bone, the artist, was his companion during the voyage, and he recalls that Conrad resisted the captain's artful attempt to trap him into an admiration for her, the mere size of modern liners giving him no pleasure, although

'I remember Conrad peering from the ship's high bridge and telling me we were the height of a full-rigged ship from the sea and all these decks were like an immense spread of canvas catching the wind. . . . He had none of a Kiplingite enthusiasm for material powers—with him it was Man and the Elements, with the apparatus always a bit inadequate. I remember his turning back from the big engine-room—very little of it had sufficed him—and only becoming happy again talking to David, in the captain's room, of all the sailing-ships and small tramp steamers of their mutual acquaintance and what had become of them. . . . The two old windjammer skippers agreed that with the passing of the sailing-ship the merchant officer had become "different," and would never know a peculiar something *they* had known. . . . I remember

him saying, "It is hotel life, but I don't like hotel life, and it is no improvement when it is floating."

As to the loss of Conrad by death, the calendar has been scored at Aug. 3, 1924—rather later, it is true, than the change on the sea; but who shall declare an era to be definitely closed before the departure of its noblest chronicler?

Joseph Conrad was more than a great sea-writer. He was the first psychologist of the sea and the sailor. Therefore, his chronicles, which could not conceivably have as their artistic basis this later era of floating palaces and business men, disguised as engineers, with machinery that smells of a dry land workshop, must take precedence even over Herman Melville's writings, done decades earlier but only lately being read with a real appreciation; for Melville had a blundering and undisciplined genius, while Conrad's never blundered, and discipline—except perhaps for one brief middle period in his literary career—is among its most vital qualities. Not for Conrad the hulking symbolism of a 'Moby Dick,' but the clarified and compact symbolism of common shipmen, islands, and rivers. For all their dissimilarity, however, Conrad and Melville are closely associated, in that the content of their symbolism, major no less than minor, is related to disreputableness and boorishness just one grade removed from ruffianism—and here we do not refer to the extreme people, like Donkin in 'The Nigger of the Narcissus,' of obvious and active odiousness. Neither by Melville nor by Conrad are we presented to puppets and dolls, merely working out their destinies at the ordination of the puppet-master. But whereas Melville seemed unable to concentrate on any particular purpose, so far as his jolly sailors are involved, except to see how 'tall' a story he could tell about them, Conrad was primarily concerned with the inner mind of the mariners who carried his tough old clippers and windjammers safely into Bombay harbour or Fu-chau or London River. Yet—and this is where Conrad made a definite advance as a psychological novelist on George Meredith and Henry James (James, whose books made a direct appeal to his fine conscience: 'they stand on my shelves in a place whose accessibility proclaims the habit of frequent communion')—Conrad's method

was to create a personage as the son of Adam he was, and make it his artistic business to observe how the character reacted to outward surroundings. Meredith and James, on the other hand, set a standard for their creatures to live up to. Thus, in spite of living in the period just prior to general recognition of the common man, these two novelists had in their art no traffic with the common man. Conrad, however, was obsessed by the idea of the common man. He chose, as Mr Hugh Walpole has pointed out—

‘in almost every case the most solid and unimaginative of human beings for his heroes, and it seems that it is these men alone whom he can admire. “If a human soul has vision he simply gives the thing up,” we can hear him say. “He can see at once that the odds are too strong for him. But these simple souls, with their consciousness of the job before them and nothing else, with their placid sense of honour and of duty, upon them you may loosen all heaven’s bolts and lightnings and they will not quail.” They command his pity, his reverence, his tenderness, almost his love. But at the end, with an ironic shrug of his shoulders, he says: “You see. I told you so. He may even think he has won. We know better, you and I.”’

And something sinister, harsh, and pessimistic—almost morbid—at the heart of Conrad’s curiously contradictory nature (it had at least a dash of the Asiatic), impelled him to seek for the all-too-human ‘kink’ in the common character, the assailable spot in the armoury of an individual existence. Such an existence was to him as a psychologist always the most arresting in its moment of crisis.

His principal books are built up around the kink in character and the moment of crisis. We need hardly point to the extreme instance of ‘Lord Jim,’ who deserted the pilgrim ship in the Red Sea so casually, so naturally, that only long after we have read that grave and beautiful narrative of psychological action is the misdeed made vivid to us. In ‘Karain,’ a story belonging to the collection of ‘Tales of Unrest,’ we have these words: ‘Nothing could happen to him unless what happens to all—failure and death.’ Conrad strikes this muted note of irony as by instinct with all his heroes; nor should

we find difficulty in recognising how the instinct was fostered. He writes in 'Chance':

'It was one of those dewy, starry nights, oppressing our spirit, crushing our pride, by the brilliant evidence of the awful loneliness, of the hopeless obscure magnificence of our globe lost in the splendid revelation of a glittering, soulless universe. . . . Daylight is friendly to man toiling under a sun which warms his heart: and cloudy soft nights are more kindly to our littleness.

Mr Galsworthy has pointed out how, with Conrad, Nature comes first and man only second. Man's littleness is infinite, especially as exposed through the aboriginal conditions into which Conrad the creator decided to place his Almayer, his Jim, his Axel Heyst. There was, however, splendour and beauty in that littleness, the splendour and beauty of the idealism dumbly felt by each of them, that keeps the reader for ever asking himself, even about the most apparently hopeless of the novelist's characters, whether they are fools or saints!

' . . . What was most difficult to detect was the nature of the deep impulses which these men obeyed. What spirit was it that inspired the unfailing manifestations of their simple fidelity? No outward cohesive force of compulsion or discipline was holding them together or had shaped their unexpressed standards. It was very mysterious. At last I came to the conclusion that it must be something in the nature of the life itself; the sea-life chosen blindly, embraced for the most part accidentally by those men who appeared but a loose agglomeration of individuals toiling for their living away from the eyes of mankind. Who can tell how tradition comes into the world? We are children of the earth. It may be that the noblest tradition is but the offspring of material conditions, of the hard necessities besetting men's precarious lives. But once it has been born it becomes a spirit. Nothing can extinguish its force then. Clouds of greedy selfishness, the subtle dialectics of revolt and fear, obscure it for a time, but in very truth it remains an immortal ruler invested with the power of honour and shame.'

Here, of course, Conrad is speaking of the individuals he himself had rubbed shoulders against in the first phase of his life, the phase of observation and movement preceding that of analysis and

literary expression which was to make him so much more than the master-mariner on whom the critics appear to be laying uncommon emphasis since his death. For the story of Conrad's own career, told autobiographically in his 'Personal Record,' is an old wives' tale by now. The reading world knows all that is to be learnt of his youthful insistence, after reading Marryat and Fenimore Cooper in that inland city of Cracov, on going to sea; all that is to be known of his apprenticeship in French waters, despite the opposition to the project by aristocratic elders; all that is to be known of his astounding resolve that he shall become a complete mariner under the red ensign of the British mercantile service. The resolve was astounding, because Teodor Josef Konrad Karzeniowski belonged to the smaller nobility of Poland; and that at least his sense of the grotesque was properly insular is shown by the fact that he carried into later life memories of a great-uncle who had once eaten dog in the privations of the retreat from Moscow, no less vividly than he carried the poignant memories of a mother exiled by the Russian Government. This preferential ambition of his was almost as astounding as the later achievement in the matter of language, whose initial stimulus came, as he has told us, beautifully and yet casually, when first he beheld the red ensign high above him in the morning mists of the Mediterranean as he gazed across the waters from a Marseilles pilot-boat, and listened to somebody's slow clear English speech that was to count so largely and superbly in his later life.

Not until Conrad was approaching his forties did he make what he has called his 'distinct development' from water to earth. And when he came finally ashore he was laden in mind and imagination with as magnificent a treasure-trove as genius has ever been blessed with. For every ship whose deck he had trod—as commander during the last phase of his maritime career—was his treasure-ship, and for him every island he visited was a treasure island. Consider, as amplification of this, what his seamanship eventually meant to him. The s.s. 'Nan-Shan' of 'Typhoon' is the s.s. 'John P. Best,' that he encountered at Bangkok, the capital city of Siam on the banks of the Menam. Fundamentally, 'The

'Shadow Line' is the narrative of his own first command: indeed, his original intention was to use 'First Command' as its title. The scene of 'Almayer's Folly' and 'An Out-cast of the Islands' is Eastern Borneo; while Western Borneo is the scene of 'The Rescue.' The Patusan of 'Lord Jim' belongs to some point along the south coast of North-West Sumatra. On one of the seven Tuju Islands, lying just north of Banka, the tragic and beautiful 'Freya of the Seven Isles' lived out her lonely existence. The island in 'Victory' would probably be found off the south coast of Celebes, and 'The Secret Sharer' has its background in the Gulf of Siam. The scenes of Conrad's Malayan books are associated with his life on board the 'Vidor,' and when he commanded the 'Roi des Belges' on the Congo river the artistic consequence was infinitely more important than the journey; for his quietly eager mentality was stimulated by his observations on that journey to the production of 'Heart of Darkness' and one of his great 'Tales of Unrest.' His technical method was influenced even more notably than his imaginative equipment was enriched; an affair of profound significance, for the analyst of these novels would be guilty of foolhardiness if he ventured to define Conrad the craftsman as separate from Conrad the artist. Their interplay is infinitely subtle. 'Here is the work of a craftsman, and the artist is on holiday,' we are able to say readily and justifiably in the case of so many novelists: but to his fellow-writers it will always be a matter for extreme admiration that, by virtue of his strength of will as much as by natural endowment, he was able to unify craftsmanship and art into a complex whole without the function of the one impinging on that of the other.

To make some sort of endeavour to separate the simplicity from the complexity, the ingenuousness from the sophistication—to unweave the intermingled strands in the sombrely dyed tapestry of Conrad's art, is likely to prove for us a more profitable labour. At all events, there hardly seems any other way of approaching him for an English student; because at the outset the fact must be faced that it was only incidentally, when everything has been said, that Conrad expressed his vision in English. There is little that is English about that

terrible experiment, 'The Secret Agent,' or about 'Heart of Darkness,' with what James Huneker called its 'colouring of Baudelairian cruelty and blood-lust'; or in this sentiment, not uncharacteristic of its author, taken from 'An Outpost of Progress':

'Fear always remains. A man may destroy everything within himself, love and hate and belief, and even doubt; but as he clings to life he cannot destroy fear: the fear, subtle, indestructible, and terrible, that pervades his being, that lurks in his heart; that watches on his lips the struggle of his last breath. . . .'

Conrad remained as much a Pole as his compatriots, Mikievicz and Chopin: his vision is, therefore, less fathomable by his adopted countrymen than any one making a preliminary acquaintance with his writings would believe after listening to the various eulogies which, appearing in the public prints since he died, would have his secret as obvious as Bardolph's nose. His art and his view of art—as distinct from his vision—do not depend on whether he employs this particular language or that. They would assuredly have been the same, without any degree of modification, in whatever tongue he had been led to make his own. If, for example, his manifesto on 'The Art of Writing' had been composed in his native Polish, by what vital sign would it have differed from its original English?

'Fiction—if it aspires to be art—appeals to temperament. And in truth it must be, like painting, like music, like all art, the appeal of one temperament to all the other innumerable temperaments whose subtle and resistless power endows passing events with their true meaning, and creates the moral, the emotional atmosphere of the place and time. Such an appeal to be effective must be an impression conveyed through the senses; and, in fact, it cannot be made in any other way, because temperament, whether individual or collective, is not amenable to persuasion. All art, therefore, appeals primarily to the senses, and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses, if its high desire is to reach the secret spring of responsive emotions. It must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the colour of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music—which is the art of arts.'

Conrad's 'strenuous aspiration' must have begun when first he resolved to himself that he would write a novel. For the book which resulted betrays the fact on every other page. 'Almayer's Folly,' and also the novel that followed it, 'An Outcast of the Islands,' are excessively literary, and it was in 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' that the unshackled, veneerless author was first encountered. Yet the essential spirit of him was in those earliest novels. Apart from the matter of beauty and rapture and lyricism, who but a novelist with a literary method, that was being unconsciously shaped for him all the time he was at sea, would compose the second half of his hero's history first and the first part afterwards? In this we have a direct illustration of the effect of sea-life on Conrad. He had come to his writing with the mysterious far gaze of men who sail in lonely waters. We may pass from the minor facts that all seamen look impulsively to the end of a voyage before it has begun, and that on Conrad was thus grafted the habit of picturing vividly in his imagination results and climaxes while he was still vague and often ignorant of the events that were to lead up to them. What we most need to observe is that on the old sailing-ships of his day—the 'Duke of Sutherland,' by which he went to Australia as a common seaman in 1878; the 'Narcissus,' that carried him as second mate from Bombay a few years later; the 'Vidor,' trading in the Archipelago; and the 'Otago,' which he captained in the Indian Ocean until 1890—on these and others a journey from one port of call to another would often lengthen out into weeks and months. At one port of call a sailor would probably overhear by chance some fragment of gossip about a mariner whose name had become in those parts a household (or rather, a shiphold) word. Not for weeks or months, perchance never, would the recipient of the fragment reach a port at which he would hear, again in a dockside tavern, a second instalment of the same man's history. And later, more tardily still, maybe, further details would dribble into his possession, details which, during the long wait since he last clinked glasses over the incomplete narrative, he had been inwardly speculating upon. Probably the first fragment he heard of the story was concerned with the climax, as that the

man was dead, or rich, or burdened with his conscience for ever after; or, as probably, the final details of information which he received dovetailed themselves into the story at the opening of it. Only gradually did the narrative adjust itself. In some such way was originated the system of indirect narrative which is at its best when Marlow is the narrator. The system in the beginning was crude and clumsy—the short story 'Gaspar Ruiz' was ruined by it—and it presented unfamiliar obstacles to the reader who runs as he reads, notwithstanding that a somewhat similar method had previously been exploited in one or two of Henry James's novels. But Conrad was enabled by his sense of form and his creative genius to elaborate and perfect it so triumphantly that 'Chance,' where the system is to be found at its best, will always have a strong fascination for those who concern themselves primarily with the English novel from the standpoint of its art.

Again, the rhythm of tides, that found a response in his beating pulses as he stood in the dark watches, far from land, far from all tumult save that of the ocean, is plainly to be recognised in Conrad's prose:

'He watched her, battered and solitary, labouring heavily in a wild scene of mountainous black waters lit by the gleam of distant worlds. She moved slowly, breathing into the still core of the hurricane the excess of her strength in a white cloud of steam, and the deep-toned vibration of the escape was like the defiant trumpeting of a living creature of the sea impatient for the renewal of the contest. It ceased suddenly. The still air moaned. Above Jake's head a few stars shone into the pit of black vapours. The inky edge of the cloud-disc frowned upon the ship under the patch of glittering sky. The stars, too, seemed to look at her intently, as if for the last time, and the cluster of their splendour sat like a diadem on a lowering brow.'

Because he was a seafarer, his lack of knowledge of the feminine sex was not quite retrieved through his power of divination. The failing was only equalled by his uncommon reverence for womanhood whenever one of them crosses the horizon of his imagination. Had he been not a novelist but a writer of books of the type of 'The Mirror of the Sea,' we would scarcely have had in

them any portrait of a woman. But, being a novelist, he found women inevitable, whenever a new work was in the making. And how he revelled in his freedom when, as during the writing of 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' and 'Typhoon,' he could safely ignore them! Women were glamorous to him, partly because he seldom encountered them, and then only at a visionary distance, during his tropical and eastern travels. The best of his feminine portraits seem to have been drawn when he felt vaguest about the originals. And if it is due to the fact that most of them belonged to alien peoples, and that consequently his vagueness was more or less 'chronic,' as Mr Pecksniff would say, that we have a most lovely impression in Natalie Haldin of 'Under Western Eyes,' a heroine worthy of Turgenev, or in Freya of the Seven Isles, whose pure Caucasian beauty falls like a veil upon the reader's sight.

'Directly Freya had made out Jasper on deck, with his own long glass directed to the bungalow, she laid hers down and raised both her beautiful white arms above her head. In that attitude of supreme cry she stood still, glowing with the consciousness of Jasper's adoration going out to her figure held in the field of his glass away there, and warmed, too, by the feeling of evil passion, the burning, covetous eyes of the other, fastened on her back. In the fervour of her love, in the caprice of her mind, and with that mysterious knowledge of masculine nature women seem to be born to, she thought:

"You are looking on—you will—you must! Then you shall see something."

'She brought both her hands to her lips, then flung them out, sending a kiss over the sea, as if she wanted to throw her heart along with it on the deck of the brig. Her face was rosy, her eyes shone. Her repeated, passionate gesture seemed to fling kisses by the hundred again and again and again; while the slowly ascending sun brought the glory of colour to the world, turning the islets green, the sea blue, the brig below her white—dazzlingly white in the spread of her wings—with the red ensign streaming like a tiny flame from the peak. And each time she murmured with a rising inflexion: "Take this—and this—and this—" till suddenly her arms fell. She had seen the ensign dipped in response, and next moment the point below hid the hull of the brig from her view. Then she turned away from the balustrade,

and, passing slowly before the door of her father's room with her eyelids lowered, and an enigmatic expression on her face, she disappeared behind the curtain.'

Not that Conrad hesitated about filling in the lights and shades of his portrait—these passages prove that he did not hesitate: always it is the novelist who is least familiar with his materials who supplies the largest amount of detail. He had, however, a tremendous advantage in his early realisation, or rather divination, that 'woman is a human being, very much like myself.' And his sea-imposed monasticism bred in him no inhibitions, only a greater sanity, as the 'moral' of 'Chance' makes clear: 'Of all the forms offered to us by life it is the one demanding a couple to realise it fully which is the most imperative. Pairing off is the fate of mankind. And if two beings thrown together, mutually attracted, resist the necessity, fail in understanding, and stop voluntarily short . . . they are committing a sin against life.'

The demands of fiction upon all who choose that form of literature made it impossible for Joseph Conrad to avoid modulating his dynamic masculine bass from time to time as the feminine characters in his fiction came to the front of his view. Had it been otherwise we would not have been the privileged inheritors of a wealth that includes more than a dozen novels, five books of short stories, and the profoundest and most lyrical psychological study of the sea and the seaboard in our language. 'The Mirror of the Sea' might, of course, have had its companion-volumes; but the unique vision of the author would have been too confined for the magnificently ripe and rounded expression that makes 'Nostromo' his completest triumph. Conrad's vision is not that of an idealist (except, perhaps, where women are concerned): he was something more valuable, artistically speaking, a romantic in the sense that his work was dominated by a fearless, ruthlessly exploited imagination. However evil or beautiful the world might appear, as surveyed through his Eastern eyes, he refused to have them bandaged, he refused to have sordidness made roseate, or magnificence modified, though his fellow-men and his readers might demand it. But his vision, curiously enough, approximated in some particulars so

nearly to that of the rest of humanity that often his heart was sufficiently actual to have him classified as a 'realist.' 'Romantic-realist' would seem to be his fitting designation; but not idealist. Life is made as comfortable or comfortable as his temperament conceived it. He once explained that his purpose was not to edify, to console, to improve, or to encourage; but 'by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything.'

It is a darkly glowing canvas that stretches before us, this that bears the lifework of Joseph Conrad. But his gorgeous artistry bears the glittering light which always plays upon the current of an artist's mind unless his work is to be sterile, as the works of certain giants closely akin to Conrad, temperamentally and geographically, are sterile. That is, his mordant enthusiasm for those dark and silent brethren who people his books was streaked with welcome humour, his tragic exultation as he visited those beautiful and perilous sea-coasts and islands was sometimes relieved by a sense of bubbling mischief. More and more he divested wit of subtlety as he advanced mentally—in this respect one may say that he definitely enjoyed fun for its own sake towards the end. In the introduction to the life of his friend Stephen Crane,* contributed only shortly before he died—alas! it was never to be seen by him in print—he gives a pen-picture, unforgettable for the manner in which it blends the qualities of human kindness, pathos, and sheer, sly comedy:

'I might say that I never heard him (Crane) laugh, except in connexion with the baby. He loved children; but his friendship with our child was of the kind that put our mutual sentiment, by comparison, somewhere within the arctic region. The two could not be compared; at least I have never detected Crane stretched full length and sustained on his elbows on a grass plot, in order to gaze at me; on the other hand, this was his usual attitude of communion with the small child—with him who was called *the Boy*, and whose destiny it was to see more war before he came of age

* 'Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters.' By Thomas Beer. With an Introduction by Joseph Conrad. Heinemann, 1924.

than the author of "The Red Badge" had time to see in all the allotted days of his life. In the gravity of its disposition the baby came quite up to Crane; yet those two would sometimes find something to laugh at in each other. Then there would be silence, and glancing out of the low window of my room I could see them, very still, staring at each other with a solemn understanding that needed no words, or perhaps was beyond words altogether. I could not object on any ground to their profound intimacy, but I do not see why Crane should have developed such an unreasonable suspicion as to my paternal efficiency. He seemed to be everlastingly taking the boy's part. I could not see that the baby was being oppressed, hectored over, or in any way deprived of its rights, or ever wounded in its feelings by me; but Crane seemed always to nurse some vague unexpressed grievance as to my conduct. I was inconsiderate. For instance—why could I not get a dog for the boy? One day he made quite a scene about it. He seemed to imply I should drop everything and go look for a dog. I sat under the storm and said nothing. At last he cried, "Hang it all, a boy ought to have a dog." It was an appeal to first principles, but for an answer I pointed to the window and said: "Behold the boy." . . . He was sitting on a rug spread on the grass, with his little red stocking-cap very much over one eye (a fact of which he seemed unaware), and propped round with many pillows on account of his propensity to roll over on his side helplessly. My answer was irresistible. This is one of the few occasions on which I heard Stephen Crane laugh outright. He dropped his preaching on the dog theme and went out to the boy while I went on with my work. . . .

'Of all the authors I have met in England Joseph Conrad is the most lovable,' wrote James Huneker in a letter home during his European tour of 1913; and in his autobiographical recollections Huneker, who was among the first Americans to show any right understanding or appreciation of his work, has preserved for us the memory of his visit to Conrad's home:

'At the door of his "farmhouse," as he calls it, I met a man of the world, neither sailor nor novelist, just a simple-mannered gentleman, whose welcome was sincere, whose glance was veiled, at times far-away, whose ways were French, Polish, anything but "literary," bluff, or English. He is not as tall as he seems. He is restless. He paces an imaginary quarter-deck, occasionally peers through the windows as if

searching the horizon for news of the weather. His shoulder-shrug and play of hands are Gallic or Polish, as you will, and his eyes, clouded or shining, are not of the Anglo-Saxon race; they are Slavic, even the slightly muffled voice is Slavic. . . . He is more foreign-looking than I expected. He fluently speaks French, and he often lapsed into it during our conversation. And like other big men he asked more questions than he answered. But his curiosity is prompted by boundless sympathy for things human. . . . It was the unhappy Marie Bashkirtseff who said that her washerwoman could breed children, so there was nothing to boast about in maternity. Mr Conrad thinks otherwise. He is not only a great writer, but a loving father and husband—that classic obituary phrase! There is no paradox here. It is because he is so human that he can be so masterful a writer.'

Time, as his friends have so happily observed, has not left on his humanity a trace of the long struggle and privation he underwent before recognition came to him. For twenty years that struggle lasted; during which years he was subjected to the usual humiliations that an artist must expect whose entire principle is conveyed in Conrad's declaration that 'Imagination, not invention, is the supreme master of art as of life,' and, more intimately, in his reply to an admirer who had compared him to Flaubert: 'When you overwhelm me with the mantle of Flaubert it is an ominous garment to put on a man's shoulders. Yet there is one point in which I resemble that great man; it is in the desperate heart-breaking toil and effort of writing: the days of wrestling as with a dumb devil for every line of my creation.' It was Flaubert's 'Salamambo' which, along with the Bible, he studied throughout the years of his seamanship, and, next to the Bible, most influenced his style. He would have scorned pity as an especial form of contempt; but his fellow-authors with artistic scruples will risk that scorn as they read with comradely commiseration how he was required to alter the title of 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' for American publication, 'because the American public refused to read anything about a nigger'; and how, when 'Nostromo' was published as a serial in the old 'T.P.'s Weekly' its readers (to use Conrad's words to his friend Mr T. J. Wise) 'were greatly annoyed, and complained in many letters that

good space was being wasted on utterly unreadable stuff.'

Nor must we forget that until recently Conrad was in receipt of one of those Civil Pensions which are awarded only to authors who are manifestly in need of some money additional to their literary income. And yet—what a subject this for his own poetic and fastidious irony!—during many years before that meagre State recognition came to him, he had been showing a people, alien to him, as none of their own artists was able to show, that there are new possibilities in the English tongue, new possibilities in psychological romance, and room still for dignity and loftiness in the working out of the poignant human comedy. It will stand to the immortal credit of a few discriminating readers that, as he honoured them and all of us by making his home in our sea-girt country, so they honoured him during his own bountiful lifetime by accepting for Britain's enrichment his gift of imaginative observation, applied to a phase of deep-sea grandeur which now lives only in the literature he and one or two of the elect have created. For it was manifest to them that Joseph Conrad, in a fashion which made him unique among the greater writers, combined with that gift a stately, insatiable, and thoroughly English relish for the great adventure.

THOMAS MOULT.

Art. 3.—THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN AMERICA.

TWELVE years ago a three-cornered contest for the presidency of the United States of America took place. It was in every respect a remarkable event, for two of the candidates were among the outstanding figures of their generation, Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt, and the third, William Howard Taft, was then as now a notable man. Possibly history will record that in the three candidates of the present contest the standard of personality has dropped somewhat; the future alone can reveal. Apart from the personalities of the candidates the two campaigns appear to the casual onlooker to possess many marks of similarity, but the onlooker is deceived. The twelve years that have elapsed were fateful. The world has changed; social forces forged in the fires of class passion have everywhere become eruptive. Even in bourgeois America, chaos reigns as the old generation yields to the new. Coolidge, Davis, and La Follette represent more directly than did their eminent predecessors the strength and passion of the disruptive elements.

The forces that are struggling for political self-expression in present-day America are not dissimilar from those in other countries; but they have peculiarities due to the soil, climate, and social environment, out of which they have sprung. For an adequate appraisal of them, therefore, an understanding of the past is necessary. America has been called the land of uniformity—Lord Northcliffe is reported to have said 'sheep.' Surface indications support the usual fictitious picture. But when nation-wide issues arise, the souls of Americans are uncovered; and there is exposed a diversity in political thought which rends the country along lines bounding areas of economic interests. Great size, variety in topography, and diversity in climate develop variety and diversity in human beings; national unity is difficult to attain. The uniformity that is induced by the public schools, the newspapers, and the popular magazines is a uniformity of culture, a mere style in clothing; but strip the man naked and examine him as he scratches in the soil for his living, and the

similarities disappear. Rugged and deeply indented are the differences which have been evolved in the struggle for existence on the sea-coast, in mountain valleys, and on the prairies. Historians have called attention to the persistence of sectionalism. By mapping the votes in national elections, it has been graphically shown how the different economic areas express themselves with surprising regularity.

The section of the North-east is well known in Great Britain, unfortunately so exclusively known that the British incline to believe that the Northern Atlantic states represent American opinion, and interpret all variants from the views of North-easterners as emanations from the cracked skulls of half-baked western yokels. It cannot be denied that the region exercises tremendous, and at times overpowering, influence throughout the nation, for there the population is the densest and it is the centre of the greatest wealth. Finally, there live the men who have always guided the destinies of the Republican party, even when the nominal leader has been summoned from more remote and less cultured lands. The region holds in scorn the traditional allegiance of the South to the Democratic party, yet reveals by its votes a somewhat similar, although less assured, Republican solidarity. Since the year 1896 only twice has the electoral vote of the North-east been broken by the Democrats; in 1912 when the Republican party was divided, and in 1916 when the small state of Connecticut, under the exigencies of the War, cast its vote for Wilson.

By tradition the South is equally well known. Plantation life brought into existence conditions somewhat similar to those in Great Britain, and thus there was created a bond of sympathy, the remembrance of which is still held with a loosening tension in circles where family life is strong. The new South, and particularly its western area, is almost unknown in England. In the first place, its boundaries extend outside the ken of the historical sentimentalist to Oklahoma and Texas, both of these states more typically western than southern. The new South is, moreover, becoming metamorphosed rapidly, and its factory towns resemble Massachusetts more than the South of the dreamy past.

Not yet has the South regained its leadership of the

Democratic party ; but its spokesmen are becoming more and more important in the councils of the party ; and they bring to it something of the social refinement, something of the breadth of vision, something of the idealism that has been characteristic of the upper class of this region. It is still the 'Solid South' with now and then a breaking away at the periphery. The historic past and the Negro problem remain a steady influence and an inhibition.

The Central section includes seven states ; five within the historical Old North-west, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin ; and two across the Mississippi River, Iowa and Minnesota. It is a fat, sleek, and prosperous land, ideal for the large-scale agriculture which was early introduced. The area is still a centre of agricultural activity, and the conservatism of the farming class has preserved much of the earlier traditions of the frontier. Mining, also, is an important industry there, and huge manufacturing and commercial cities line the shores of the Great Lakes and border the banks of the large rivers. Thus, the people are divided by their economic and their political outlook. In the country are the farmers, sensitive to every emotion that sweeps over the far western and southern regions where men are still more exclusively concerned with the primitive industry of agriculture ; their cries of distress do not remain unheeded by those who cultivate the soil in Illinois and Wisconsin, for possibly they arouse subconscious memories from a past generation. In the cities are those whose prosperity depends upon the highly developed implements of commerce, mining, and manufacture which the industrial revolution has created. They turn their faces to the East, the centre of their financial world.

The citizens of these states are descended from all the nations of Europe. There can be no talk of Anglo-Saxon brotherhood in this area, for even in Ohio, the oldest of the states, more than fifty per cent. of the population trace their descent to recent immigration ; and in Minnesota and North Dakota there is probably less than thirty per cent. of the people whose native speech was English. In the most northern states the Scandinavians predominate, in Wisconsin the Germans ;

in a city like Chicago the mixture of races and tongues is worse than after the old scandal of the Tower of Babel. Truly, the states of the Upper Mississippi Valley are the melting-pot, not only for the European immigrants but also for ideas of diverse origin. This fact makes it the most typical region of the country, the true home of Americanism. It is not without reason that in the last sixteen national campaigns eleven presidents have been selected from this upper land beyond the mountains.

The West, or Far West as it is generally called, includes fifteen states, which have been divided by Nature into three groups. On the eastern border lie those agricultural states whose western counties stretch into the arid zone, once the 'Great American Desert' of geographers. Then come the mining states of the Rocky Mountains; while the third group comprises the states of the Pacific coast. Although the section shows much diversity of economic interests, politically it is united by its memories of the pioneer conditions from which it has so recently emerged. California is the only state that appears to be arbitrarily forced into an unnatural alignment. The other states have generally felt the stir of the same political forces simultaneously. The section, being younger, has less concentration of population and wealth, and for that reason is more easily swept by the passing storm of new opinion.

This tendency to sectionalism may become, as in 1861, a disintegrating force, if it is not neutralised and absorbed by the growing spirit of nationalism. A patriotism embracing all America has been fostered by the political parties which have necessarily developed a national character in order to perform their most spectacular function—some students say their only one—the election of the President and members of Congress. Furthermore, the Federal government has become so intertwined with the two-party system that its power of functioning appears to depend thereon. The stability of the state and of the two parties are thus interdependent in the opinion of a majority of American citizens. Other forces, however, unite in preventing the disintegration of the parties: the inertia of the masses inhibits the breaking of habits; family and social

traditions strengthen the pressure of sectional needs; economic advantage makes its powerful appeal. Probably the strongest bond is the power of the party machine which marshals for a common purpose the professional politicians, men whose business is party success.

In the case of the Republican party the traditions clustering around the name of Lincoln and the Civil War cemented for years the alliance of the North-eastern and Central Western sections. The economic bond has been equally potent. With the rapid growth of northern industry, new issues arose; and the Republican party placed itself on the side of the business interests. Sound money and high tariffs made their appeal to the men of wealth, the leaders in all communities, who were exploiting the land, the railroads, the mines, and the forests. It must be confessed that the lavish expenditure of the natural resources of the country have promoted the strength of the predominant party. The Republicans have entrenched themselves so firmly in the world of business that their opponents have been forced to give at least lip service to the 'immortal principles' of Thomas Jefferson and advocate the cause of the common people. Throughout its long history the Democratic party has been, however, like that of the Republicans, boss-ridden, with its policy and its candidates generally dictated by eastern leaders. The greatest florescence of the two-party system occurred during the years 1876 to 1896. Then allegiance to party possessed the quality of a religious faith and aroused the same exaltation of spirits. The parties divided the voting public about equally between them, and apparently everybody acquiesced in the dictatorship of the machines. These halcyon days have passed, and the elections of the last two decades have disclosed great variation in the distribution of votes between the two parties. The number of independents has evidently increased; a subject of complaint among professional politicians, a reason for hope to the intelligent citizens.

The apparent loyalty within the parties has not hidden the germs of disintegration planted by the spirit of sectionalism. The Republican leaders find their perplexity in satisfying the insistent demands for a high tariff by their manufacturing friends of the North-east

and the requirements of cheap machinery by the western farmers. Nor do the Democrats find it easier to reconcile the conservative and gentlemanly plantation owners of the South with the recent immigrants who form the rank and file of Tammany Hall of New York. The necessity for compromise breeds timidity, and both parties are afraid to face disagreeable economic realities lest by so doing some body of voters will be offended. The timidity of party leaders is recognised by the people, and many voices cry out: 'A plague on both your houses!'

The game of politics as played by the professional politicians, with its meticulous avoidance of the real issues dividing men, was rudely broken into by the forceful and vigorous interference of westerners. In the year 1896, William Jennings Bryan announced that the vital controversy before the electorate was that of humanity versus the alliance of 'Big Business' and party machines. He overthrew the eastern bosses within the Democracy and seized the leadership himself. Ill-conceived as was the free silver policy that he supported, his eloquent advocacy of the people's rights then and ever afterwards has given him a just title to the name of the 'Great Commoner,' and his first campaign is interpreted by historians as marking the beginning of a new era in American politics. Thereafter, the most powerful faction of one of the national parties became western, and its leader has arrayed its power against corruption in administration and exploitation of the people. For good or for ill the West had become one of the controlling factors in politics.

Too great credit must not be given to Mr Bryan. He was the chance advocate of a movement which had gained momentum during earlier decades. On the western plains the 18th-century political philosophy, which had served generations of unreasoning Americans and is still employed by the 'spell-binder' to arouse mob emotions, has been found wanting. The farmers no longer believe in the righteous outcome of unrighteous exertions inspired by personal gain. The once fashionable *laissez-faire* policy was discarded, when the reaper and horse-rake became necessities in farm economy, and the railroads controlled the transportation of wheat and

maize. The westerners discovered that the new machines, instead of ameliorating their condition, had cost them their independence. Hard work by men, wife, and children, work such as Mr Hamlin Garland describes in his 'Son of the Middle Border,' did not bring its due reward. As a return for their labour they were involved in a severe struggle for existence, in which the eastern bankers who lent money, the manufacturers who sold machinery on credit, and the railroads which gave access to the markets, appeared to them as demons of a hideous nightmare. *Laissez-faire*, freedom of competition, mere words these, behind which lay the right of the 'money power' to exploit the farmers.

The demand for the control of the agencies of oppression began in the eighth decade of the last century. Railroad rates must be regulated by the state, the grain warehouses must be inspected and controlled, all public utilities must be owned or so ordered that justice be done to the public, the banks must cease their oppression or the state must perform their functions. The tariff, the breeder of trusts, must be reduced. Since the bosses were unwilling to fight the trusts, the people must do it for themselves. Such is the character of the doctrine of the westerners, and it has been put forward by the Grange and the Populists, has been adopted by Democrats and then by Republicans. Each of the major parties has developed conservative and liberal wings, and each has seesawed as one or the other became predominant within it. Bryan has been followed by Parker, Roosevelt by Taft. Many reforms, at first scorned as radical and western, have passed into the law of the land, and some into the Constitution. But the merry chase for social justice still goes on. The West is not yet satisfied.

The farmers were not the only class to feel the hardship of the changed economic conditions, but their discontent and demands may be regarded as typical. In 1880, free land, which had offered an escape to those economically oppressed, ceased to exist; the march across the continent was completed. Conditions in America began to approach those of Europe. Every year more people found themselves dependent on wages, as small factories and business houses were forced to the wall by the larger concerns. From all sections of the country

the discouraged mechanics also joined the army of discontent; but their movement for freedom was generally independent of that of the farmers. First the Knights of Labour, and later the Federation of Labour by strikes, brought the existence of a labour problem to the attention of the people.

Such is the background upon which the kaleidoscopic picture of the present is cast. To the long period of partially futile agitation and failure to reform the major political parties, are now added the disillusionings of the War and the Peace, and the awakened consciousness of racial and religious groups, which with their counter and cross currents of energy have broken the conventional equilibrium and stability of political conditions. Blocks of votes easily shift their allegiance. The professional politicians are in despair.

The centre of independency is where it has long been, the central and far West, where the after-war economic depression was felt most intensely, because a relatively larger number of people belong to the debtor class. In particular, the farmers have suffered from the hard times, and the number of mortgages which have been foreclosed during the last few years is almost incredible. The class as a whole has been prepared by its past experience to unite for protection, and during the period of the Great War a political instrument for its use was developed in North Dakota. The greater part of that state extends west into the arid zone and is, therefore, subject to seasons of drought and crop failure. In consequence of a succession of bad crops, the new uprising of the farmers began there as early as 1915. They have employed better political strategy than in their earlier insurgent movements, and even their economic thought has been clarified. The National Non-partisan League, as the political instrument was called, was not an independent political party but a union of farmers for the purpose of capturing one of the major parties. In 1918 the League had unseated the Republican bosses of North Dakota and was in possession of the machinery of state government. The farmers' programme proposed the overthrow of the economic and political dominance exercised by the railroads, grain elevator companies, and millers, the setting up of a bank operated by the state, state

insurance against hail, and, in general, an extension of the state agents in the interest of the people. When the economic depression fell upon the West, the Non-partisan League spread rapidly into the neighbouring states, particularly to the west and south-west. Its most signal success was in Montana, where the Democratic machine was captured.

In Minnesota a further development has taken place. After failing to gain control of the Republican machine, the Non-partisan League made a coalition with the recently born Labour party; and the Farmer-Labour party has succeeded in electing in the years 1922 and 1923 United States Senators. In the latter election they won by 90,000 majority, an indication of the feeling existing in the West. After hearing the result a prominent western Republican politician declared: 'The West is fighting mad; but the eastern leaders don't realise it.'

This farmer movement in the Upper Mississippi Valley is symptomatic of conditions in every state. Party loyalty has been broken down. The overwhelming success of the Republicans in 1920 has assisted the disintegration. In detaching groups of voters, such as the Irish, from their normal allegiance, they have increased the number of possible independent voters, who are seeking an outlet for their self-expression. In the Democratic Convention which nominated Mr Davis, the fierce fight that was made to secure the nomination of Governor Smith, a Roman Catholic favourable to the alteration of the prohibition law, must be interpreted in part as an expression of a racial and religious insurgency against the predominance of Puritan Anglo-Saxons in the country. One observer was so impressed by the passions aroused that he foretold the formation in the near future of a Roman Catholic party.

The so-called 'Farm Bloc' in Congress, composed of men favourable to legislation to assist the farmers, is another symptom. Men from different states chosen by Republicans, Democrats, and Farmer-Labourites have united to protect western interests irrespective of party policy. This is the work not of parties but of a class and section, 'a sort of molecular individualism of volunteer groups.' Independency has been always a habit of the intellectuals; but they have become more

outspoken in their exasperation at the failure of the major parties to present a real choice. This group is highly articulate but generally ineffectual, because their independency has been developed to such a high degree that common action is difficult. They have tried to combine under the leadership of the 'Committee of 48,' composed of one liberal from each state; but their efforts were so futile, so weak, when in contact with the stern realities of politics, that they presented a pitiable spectacle. The socialist party grows slowly. In spite of the demonstration by doctrinaires of the abuses of the capitalistic system, the popular mind in America refuses to give up its individualistic faith. For years to come the party must content itself with performing the duties of an educational agency.

The participation of America in the Great War gave impetus to the dissolution of party loyalty. First of all, the people were divided into pro-Allies and pro-Germans, pro-war and anti-war. Then followed the hysterical passion of the war itself with the pitiless stifling of opinion, the self-denials, the tension of exaltation, the crusading spirit. The reaction occurred immediately after the armistice, and disillusion developed rapidly. These tense emotional forces ran across the parties wearing out their elasticity and breaking down their coherence. The people have become flighty, hypersensitive to the least breath of opinion, easily moved by propaganda. One year they esteem Woodrow Wilson as an inspired prophet, the next day they abandon him as a mistaken egoist. In 1920 they roll up a seven million majority for Warren G. Harding, and two years later in the congressional elections they condemn him and his administration. What will they do this year?

Probably no class of citizens has been more affected by the disturbance of the War than that of the labourers. High wages and better living conditions produced class consciousness, and this in turn has brightened labour's armour and sharpened its 'fighting edge' preparatory to seizing the 'glittering prizes' of the world. But the world of business has no intention of yielding without a struggle, and the battle is now raging. That strange terror of the 'Reds' which broke out after the close of the War was a phase of the attack upon the labouring

class. The absurd fear of bringing to America the Russian reign of terror swept through the business world. Every suggestion to alter either the political or the economic conditions was denounced as Bolshevistic and unAmerican. The sensitive state of public opinion must be understood to appreciate the meaning of the attack upon the closed or union shop. The business world is in favour of the open shop where the employer enters into agreement with each employé. The Federation of Labour has always fought for the closed shop, collective bargaining, and the right to strike. Propaganda, mostly from Republican sources, declared all these principles to be unAmerican, unconstitutional, and socialistic. Fortunately for the interests of labouring men, not much progress was made. Politicians of both national parties were afraid. Still a signal advantage was secured for the reactionaries of business, when the Republican Attorney-General, Mr Daugherty, obtained from a subservient Federal judge a wide extension of the use of the injunction in strikes. Labour was aghast. The result of years of struggle was taken from them.

In consequence of the class struggle, many labourers have been convinced that direct political action has become their best course. The example of the western farmers and the success of the English Labour party inspire them. A labour party was started in 1920, and in alliance with the farmers it has already won a notable victory in Minnesota, as has been seen. In the present campaign the old and Conservative leader of the Federation of Labour, Mr Gompers, always opposed to direct political action, has been forced to yield to the pugnacity of younger men, and that body has made a definite announcement of its support of La Follette.

From the foregoing pages an idea—inadequate perhaps—of the complex and explosive forces that are active throughout America in the present campaign may be obtained. The idea will be further clarified by a description of the situation in those states whose decision will be decisive. But first it will be best to explain the relation of the candidates of the three parties to politics in ferment. The Republican candidate is the present president, Calvin Coolidge, a new figure in the national arena. He is pre-eminently the favourite of the class of the well-

to-do. His principal supporters are North-easterners; but generally throughout the North, in every Chamber of Commerce, every Rotarian Club, and similar non-political organisations where 'Babbitts' congregate, he is lauded as the conservator of business, a kind of Moses for all successful Israelites. Undoubtedly, his following constitutes a strong and articulate backing; but the opinion of men with secure incomes is a repellent as well as an attractive force. Business men are, however, trained in the art of advertising, and their methods of propaganda have been refined. Then, too, their party owns most of the newspapers published outside the Southern states. By using these the arts of salesmanship can be employed on a large scale. The public excitement must be quieted, anæsthetics must be administered in large doses, and then possibly the people will buy the notable work of fiction, the 'strong, silent man' of the White House.

The task has been made difficult by the government of Mr Coolidge's predecessor. With cynicism and frivolity unusual even in American politics the reactionary bosses in 1920 selected as their standard-bearer Mr Harding, who was known to be unfitted for the office of president, and they pictured him as the man of unlimited common sense, who would give the country a business administration. He was to be surrounded by the 'best minds of the country.' Great has been the disappointment. The high Fordney tariff was very unpopular throughout the West, which was further angered by the corrupt alienation of the oil wells, so contrary to the policy of the Rooseveltian conservation of national resources. Worse than the oil scandals was the mismanagement of the Veterans' Bureau. While the crippled soldiers were being neglected, the Director was spending in waste and 'graft' 45,000,000% a year. Mr Coolidge has inherited a heavy burden of odoriferous carrion.

After the hot blood of partisanship had risen to the boiling-point in the Democratic Convention over the issue between the 'wet' and Catholic Governor Smith, and the 'dry' and Protestant Mr McAdoo, it was a surprise that sane leadership prevailed and the most available candidate, John W. Davis, was nominated.

The qualities of Mr Davis are well known in Great Britain and little need be said of him. He presents few rough edges to rasp the sore spots of his constituency. His association in a legal capacity with the banking house of Morgan indicates a conservative mind in business, and Wall Street's joy over his nomination will not be an asset. His opponents will make some capital out of his success as ambassador at the Court of St James. He will be called pro-English. His speech of acceptance, however, has made a favourable impression, and as the campaign nears its close and all objections have been repeatedly registered, the people will probably have accepted a picture of Mr. Davis, already penned in a Southern newspaper, as 'a safe, sane Democrat, steering a straight course between Bourbonism on the one hand and Socialism on the other.' This middle-of-the-road policy would be dangerous where the struggle of classes was highly developed, but in America safety and sanity and the 'between-isms' are still popular. The opposing factions within the party will probably hold together for the campaign; and the remembrance of the practical statesmanship and leadership in ideals of Mr Wilson, now admitted even by opponents, has imparted to the Democracy a prestige such as it has not possessed for years.

Of the three candidates, Robert M. La Follette possesses the most sharply defined character and most magnetic personality. For three decades he has been a leader of the western insurgent forces within the Republican party. Unlike Mr Bryan, with whom he may be compared, he has had wide experience in administration and legislation as Governor of Wisconsin and United States Senator. The popular mind pictures him as 'Fighting Bob' and concedes to him sound common sense and great enthusiasm for the people's cause. He will be called by his opponents a socialist, which he is not; but he will not be taunted with unpractical idealism; the legislation he forced through the Wisconsin assembly was not of a theoretical character. His party is not to be identified with that of Roosevelt's Progressives. The latter was an army of disgruntled and idealistically inclined Republicans mustered under the banner of a compelling personality

'at Armageddon.' La Follette's party is composed of farmers, labourers, and intellectuals who have belonged to various parties, the Republican, the Democratic, the Non-partisan League, the Farmer-Labour, and the Socialist. The leaders, like the rank and file, belong to the common people who have learned by hard experience to distrust Republican and Democratic bosses. They are the heirs of the Populists of the last century, but they have acquired better information and sounder economic thinking. Their object is the democratisation of political and economic society, the control of the corporations that in their minds are endangering democratic institutions. Theirs is not an emotional crusade, but a fight of earnest men and women struggling for what they conceive to be social justice.

Such are the men. What are their chances of election? The President of the United States of America is not elected by the direct vote of the people, but indirectly through the selection of instructed electors. To each state is assigned a number of electors equal to the state's representation in the two houses of Congress. This cumbersome arrangement created by the Constitution makes all states whose decision is doubtful of greater importance than would be the case in a direct election of the president by the whole people. For instance, the few votes that may be given to the Republican candidate in the South or to the Democratic candidate in Maine are of no importance, since they possess no value outside the state concerned. On the other hand, states like New York and Ohio, both with a large number of electoral votes and both worth contesting, are regarded as keystone states; and the campaigns have always been pushed energetically in them.

There are in the Electoral College 531 votes, of which 266 must be secured by the successful candidate. Certain of these may be already awarded to the three candidates. John W. Davis is the most fortunate in this particular, for his character and policy are such that no rival will think it worth while to make a contest in more than three states—probably all unsuccessful—of the Democratic South. To him, therefore, may be assigned 147 votes and probably 183. Robert

La Follette, the Progressive candidate, is able to count on the support of certain states in the Upper Mississippi Valley, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana, which have 39 votes. In regard to the assured votes for Calvin Coolidge, there is greater diversity of opinion, revealing doubt in many minds. Surely Maine will not break away from her long allegiance to the Republican party, nor will Vermont? The Mormons will follow their bellwether, Senator Smoot, and cast the vote of Utah for the Republican candidate. These states possess 14 votes in the Electoral College. With great probability the 8 votes of two other New England states, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, may be counted in Mr Coolidge's column. This leaves either 287 or 331 votes in the doubtful list, and how they will be distributed lies in the lap of the gods; yet even approaching Fate casts a shadow before her, and it may be possible to trace the outline of her adumbration.

In trying to understand the present three-ring campaign, memory turns naturally to the occurrence of the similar one in 1912; but the similarities are not numerous, for Roosevelt's strength was diffused generally over the whole northern country; for instance, he carried Pennsylvania, Michigan, and California, whereas La Follette's influence is highly centralised in one area. In 1916, Mr Wilson won by a union of the South and the far West; but Mr Davis will not be able to repeat that feat, for there is La Follette. In the present campaign the decision will evidently come from New York (45 votes), Ohio (24 votes), Indiana (15 votes), and some of the surrounding states. Should Mr Davis carry the states named he would be elected.

In New York the situation is not very complicated. La Follette will receive only relatively few votes from the labouring and intellectual classes, taken in about equal proportion from the two major parties. Both the Republicans and Democrats will, therefore, have a chance, and this state will be the scene of a hot contest. Since the death of Roosevelt, the outstanding political figure in the state has been the Democratic Governor, Al Smith. He is the actual—though not the nominal—head of Tammany Hall, the Democratic machine. The Tammany

'Braves' returned from the party convention with a feeling of resentment over their failure to nominate their favourite for the presidency, to denounce in the party platform the Ku Klux Klan, and to secure a promise of some relief to the thirsty throats of New York. Their resentment has already calmed down; and their leader, who is a great vote catcher, will no doubt drive them into the Democratic fold in November; but whether their number will be greater than the Republicans is as yet beyond human ken.

Ohio and Indiana lie within the last concentric circle of La Follette's personal influence which distance and neutralising forces weaken. A most important factor in these states will be the power of another leader of the discontented West. Before La Follette was William Jennings Bryan, the 'Peerless Leader' of an evangelised Democracy. Politicians speak scornfully of him and of his waning influence. But Bryan still exerts his magnetism from church-pulpit and Chautauqua platform. He is fighting for the regeneration of mankind. He called forth the advocates of prohibition, and the eighteenth amendment was passed. He is now preaching the need of a return to the religious belief of the last generation to stabilise the changeable and fickle society of the present. Bryan is a potent influence in those very classes that are radical in politics but conservative in matters religious and moral. The Democrats showed the wisdom of the serpent in reconciling him to their ticket by nominating his brother Charles for the Vice-Presidency. Bryanism with its religious appeal does not appear to be so revolutionary as La Folletteism; and yet it is liberal and will satisfy the longings of the multitude of plain people without political imagination and economic vagaries. The chances are, therefore, that in states distant from Wisconsin, the Democrats will adhere to their old allegiance; the Republicans will be divided. The same condition will probably be manifested in other states than those named, but at the time when this is being written the light is too dim to read many of the pages in the Book of Fate.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD.

Art. 4.—OPERA IN ENGLAND.

THIS summer, for the first time since the war, London tried to have a season of opera on the old international scale. It began heroically with a cycle of the 'Ring des Nibelungen,' given in German by singers bearing frankly German names. On the opening night the house looked brilliant and almost unchanged. When the lights were lowered, and the ground bass of the Rhine boomed out, the years fell away, and the mind went back to those memorable June nights of 1898 when Wagner's huge tetralogy was first admitted to the season, with fashionable singers like Emma Eames and the De Reszkes in the principal parts. The rest of this year's season hardly fulfilled the promise of the beginning. A few performances of 'Der Rosenkavalier' recalled the first production here in 1913, when the 'highbrows' had passed through Wagner to Strauss and were beginning to toy with Stravinsky, and when, at least, Siems, Dux, Von der Osten, and Knuifer gave an exhibition of operatic art which few of this year's performers could approach. After that, the season lapsed mainly into repetitions of Puccini and came to a rapid end. Once again it seemed that 'Grand Opera' had failed to establish itself as a normal part of English life.

There are people who ask a little crossly why so artificial a product as opera (especially in foreign languages) should ever be expected to establish itself at all; and, if they can remember the passages, they quote Figaro's little gibe, 'Aujourd'hui, ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante,' or Addison's sarcasm against the language of current Italian opera, to the effect that Londoners, fatigued by the effort of understanding only half of what they heard, had resolved to understand none of it. The critics of opera point out that in actual life people do not express their sentiments in formal phrases of music, and that when a modern Don Juan desires to give instructions to his valet he does not do it in a *da capo* aria. They then proceed to declare that opera is artificial (which is true) and therefore detestable (which is false).

It is an odd thing to reproach an art with being

artificial. All art is artificial. A picture is artificial. A statue is artificial. A play is artificial. Nevertheless, many people think of works of art in the terms of fact. The farmer could not understand why T. Sidney Cooper's picture of a cow should be worth more than the living and milkable model. Was not the cow 'real,' and therefore more valuable? There are people who think that a beautiful butterfly framed and hung up is better than a framed picture of a butterfly, because it is 'real,' and therefore 'true.' These are generally people of small cultivation, but there are others of note who hover on the verge of the same fallacy, and seek to apply the test of 'reality' to artistic representation. Mr Wells, for instance, has declared his lack of enthusiasm for Shakespeare, because he cannot abide the conversations of Romeo and Juliet and because no one is sure what is the meaning (if any) of 'Hamlet.' In the same spirit people ask what is the 'use' of Greek, or poetry, or an education that is not 'practical'? The fact is that we are all being bullied just now by science and machinery. Mechanical communism is preached to workmen in the name of scientific politics. Religion is expected to make terms with science and to surrender most of its functions to something called psycho-analysis. Science claims the ability to measure our value exactly and the right to remit us for ever to scientifically appropriate employment. Men mounted on machines demand not only all the road, but nearly all the landscape; for if a bend in a lane or the foliage of a wood makes the slackening of speed advisable, they clamour for the lane to be straightened, and the wood to be cut down. Having exhausted their faculties by the furious driving of machines, they go for refreshment to a picture-palace, where they passively watch magnified photographs of young women shedding tears of the largest size. This is what they consider 'real' art. It is not surprising, then, that people approach works of creative art in the spirit of analytical chemists and try to arrange their opinions in accordance with a 'science' of criticism. But science has its limits. H_2O may be a symbol for scientific water, but it does not very successfully represent Thames or Tiber or Nile.

To object to opera on the score of 'unreality' is like

trying to measure passion with an engine-divided rule. Opera is a form of creative art, and all that can be demanded of a work of art is that it shall be true to its own world. Art is not required to be true to the Palace of Engineering. Opera, in the abstract, cannot be good or bad, just as painting, in the abstract, cannot be good or bad: there are good pictures and bad pictures, good operas and bad operas. Opera is one way of telling a story on the stage emotionally. Greek drama was perhaps a similar way of telling a story. We cannot be quite definite about this, as nothing but the *libretti* remain. What is certain, however, is that the first known operas got written because a few 16th-century Florentines tried to reproduce what they supposed was the effect of classical drama. In the preface to 'Euridice' (1600)—the first surviving opera of Europe*—Peri declares expressly that he discovered the new art because he was seeking for the old. The extraordinarily beautiful scene between Orpheus and the Chorus at the beginning of Gluck's opera is no more unreal or artificial than the scene between Antigone and the Chorus in the play of Sophocles. But we can go further. The difference between the love-scene in 'Romeo and Juliet' and the love-scene in 'Tristan und Isolde' is a difference of degree, not of kind. Both are equally 'unreal,' because young men and women do not conduct their wooing in semi-public places by means of blank-verse or music. Both are 'artificial,' because they are attempts to transmit to an audience emotional effect, and not facts. The moving chapter of 'Crime and Punishment' which describes how Raskolnikov falls at the feet of Sonya is intensely 'dramatic,' as we say, but it is not told in the way of drama. The novelist stands like an unseen chorus at the side of his characters, and uses at leisure all his resources of accumulated description. The dramatist cannot do this. He must express himself briefly in the immediate speech of his characters—he must make his lovers say 'I love you' in such a way that, not merely the words, but the thrill of their emotion is transmitted at once to the audience. Borrowing an image from science, we may say that the novelist can use

* 'Dafne' preceded it in 1594 or 1597, but does not survive.

both space and mass to secure the momentum of a scene; the dramatist has no space and very little mass at his command and must therefore substitute some immediate intensity. So Shakespeare employs the form of intensity that we call poetry, and Wagner the form of intensity that we call music. Obviously if people are deaf to music they will not like the musical way of expressing emotion; but they must not blame the medium for a defect that is in themselves. What we not infrequently find is a person in whose life music plays no part at all seeking to prove by reason and science that opera is 'artificial' and therefore to be discouraged. Opera is its own excuse for being. Really we do not need arguments to prove that 'The Magic Flute' ought to exist: the most convincing argument is 'The Magic Flute.'

In many European countries opera is a normal and national form of entertainment. In England it has been exotic almost from the beginning. At first sight it would seem that this country of the masque should have become very easily a country of the opera. No such development is discernible. We know too little about Davenant's 'Siege of Rhodes' (1656) to use it as an illustration; but whatever it was, it was certainly not a masque. The first indubitable English opera, the ingenuous 'Dido and Æneas' of Purcell, produced some three or four years after Handel was born, clearly owes nothing to the masque, and nothing to the play with incidental music. One fact proves this, the nature of the 'book,' which is a pure *libretto*, devised for musical setting, and incapable of independent existence. Purcell was young when he wrote 'Dido and Æneas' (probably less young than the seventeen of tradition), but though he lived for another twenty years he gave it no successor. Any 17th-century appetite for music-drama in England appears to have been satisfied by plays with incidental numbers, such as Purcell himself wrote for Shakespeare's 'Tempest' and Dryden's 'King Arthur.' To discuss why 'Dido and Æneas' had no successor would be interesting, but useless. The one indisputable fact is that sixteen years after the death of Purcell something happened that fixed upon opera in England a tradition of remoteness from national interests. On Feb. 24, 1711, Handel's 'Rinaldo'

was produced at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and from that time onwards English opera was to be mainly Italian.

It is no part of our present purpose to follow the history of opera in Europe from Peri's first efforts. The recital of a few facts, however, may help to make clear the course of opera in this country. Peri was only a mediocre musician. He was the first that ever burst into the sea of opera, but he made no great splash. A simple form of quasi-ecclesiastical recitation with very thin accompaniment was the extent of his achievement. What he was unable to do was accomplished by a genuine pioneer, Claudio Monteverde, *maestro di cappella* at the small but ambitious court of the Gonzagas. He was a fine musician with a keen sense of drama and an equally keen conviction that the ecclesiastical manner would never do for the stage. Monteverde carried opera perceptibly forward in the modern direction. The next step seems to have been taken by Cavalli at Venice in the middle of the 17th century. From him we get a rudimentary form of the operatic *aria*, and this, in the hands of Alessandro Scarlatti, a much greater musician, became the now-familiar *da capo* solo, i.e., a melody followed by a contrasted section, which, in its turn, is followed by a return to the original. Handel's 'Lascia ch'io pianga,' and 'Where e'er you walk,' are familiar examples of *da capo* solos. With the solo came the solo singer, and with the solo singer came a turn in the wrong direction. Opera gradually ceased to be music-drama, and tended to become a mere vehicle for vocal display. To bring opera back to the realm of drama was the work of Gluck in one century and of Wagner in the next. The important fact to notice is that in its birth and development opera is entirely Italian.

Opera was made popular in France by the Italian Lulli and in Germany by Reinhard Keiser. Hamburg was not the first, but it soon became the chief home of German opera. Near Hamburg was born Hasse, most prolific of German opera composers, and in Hamburg at the beginning of the 18th century the first operas of Handel were produced. They were fairly successful, but, with the humility of genius, Handel knew that he had more to learn, and therefore put himself to school by

studying opera in its own native land. His first Italian opera, 'Roderigo,' was produced at Florence in 1706, but he soon made great advances, and 'Rinaldo,' produced in London five years later, was not merely the greatest opera of its own day, but had life enough to transmit at least one of its numbers to this. The success both of Handel and the new form of entertainment led to the importation of a number of rivals and to competition in stage effects. Those who know little of 18th-century musical battles at least know Byrom's epigram on Handel and Buononcini, and everybody knows the rather sore papers of Addison in the 'Spectator' pouring scorn upon certain scenic absurdities and (more cogently) upon the mixture of languages at first employed until Italian drove English from the field. Hasse was one of the imported rivals. Another was Porpora, who was director of opera here (with intervals of absence) from 1729 to 1736. He accomplished little beyond the usual financial disaster, from which he was extricated (also in the usual fashion) by the great success of Farinelli, most famous of male sopranos. Galuppi (Baldassaro) of Browning's 'Toccata' came to London in 1741—an important year in the history of opera—and made himself musically very agreeable and popular. Burney thought highly of Galuppi, who certainly contributed to operatic history by his development of the concerted *finale*, which Mozart was presently to make one of the wonders of music.

There is a dramatic coincidence in the fact that Handel's last opera was produced in the very year (1741) that saw the production of Gluck's first; for Gluck came, not to fulfil, but to destroy, or at least attack, the Handelian tradition. Like some other great creative artists, Handel was not an innovator. He took forms as he found them, and made the best of them. The Handelian opera had followed the general tradition and had become a singing entertainment—a sort of stage concert rather than a drama expressed in music. When Handel, after one of the financial disasters that mark the course of operatic history in all lands, turned from opera to oratorio, he made a change of subject rather than of method; and, some day, an enterprising conductor will revive Handel's best operas in oratorio form and win renown, if not profit. The warfare that followed

in France upon Gluck's later efforts to reform the opera do not concern us; but it is of interest to note that Gluck's early success in Italy led to his being invited to London in 1745, and that the failure of his pieces here led to what may be called an *interim* reconsideration of his position before he reached the decisive reform of 1762. The only opera by an Englishman that took a regular place on the stage was the 'Artaxerxes' of Arne, produced in that important year, the year of 'Orfeo.' Neither Paisiello nor Cimarosa, both highly popular composers of opera, seems to have visited England. Haydn had passed the period of his unimportant early operas by the time he paid his visits to England in 1791 and 1794. Mozart, on the other hand, came here as an infant prodigy, and was dead before any of his operas had been produced here. The dates are worth recording. 'La Clemenza di Tito' was given in 1806, 'Cosi fan Tutte' and 'The Magic Flute' in 1811, 'Le Nozze di Figaro' (with Catalani as Susanna) in 1812, and 'Don Giovanni' in 1817. Beethoven's noble 'Fidelio' was not played here till 1832, when it was given by a German company, with Schröder-Devrient as Leonora. Three years later it was played in English with Malibran. Weber—like Verdi, a much finer musician than superior persons are willing to think—came here in 1826 to produce his 'Oberon' at Covent Garden, and to die. Rossini and Bellini both spent time here, the one in 1823 and the other ten years later, and their names are important, for the story of Victorian opera is largely the story of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, as told by a succession of famous singers.

We cannot dwell upon the almost legendary vocalists who made the earlier operas famous. The male soprano, of whom Farinelli is the perpetual type, took no high place in English esteem, though the taste of the present day, which finds suitable sensation in revivals of Wycherley and Vanbrugh, will almost certainly delight itself presently with the charms of a new Farinelli. The rivalry of singers is an amusing commonplace of operatic history, and begins at once in Handelian days with the antagonism of Cuzzoni and Faustina. It is later in time that we meet with names that affection has made part of tradition—Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, and Malibran.

The airs of the *dilettanti* provoked the usual comments. Hazlitt, in his acid manner, remarks that what the fashionables of Covent Garden really enjoyed about Pasta was not her art, but her fame, and that when Sontag first appeared in 'Don Giovanni,' they would have given a great deal to know what the papers would say about her next day. Fortunately, the great public takes its own way in these matters, and though it may be both partial and excessive, its affection is always well founded. It never loves a Patti or a Santley without good cause.

At the accession of Queen Victoria, the King's Theatre, original home of opera in England, changed its name to 'Her Majesty's,' and long continued its operatic career. Burnt down in 1867, it was rebuilt magnificently, and shared the fortunes of opera with Covent Garden; but towards the end the huge building, with its impressive interior, was a spectacle of untenanted desolation. Nevertheless, the final fall of its colonnades and the rising of the Carlton Hotel and the present smaller theatre on the site, was felt as the passing of a great London landmark. Covent Garden, too, was destroyed by fire and rebuilt in the 'sixties, and Drury Lane, besides having a minor operatic history of its own, served occasionally as a temporary home of the dispossessed. The strife that began in the 18th century as a rivalry of persons became in the 19th a rivalry of houses. In the 'thirties Laporte brought out at Her Majesty's many works by Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, and gave London the great quartet of singers—Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. His successor, Lumley, produced there some of Donizetti's best, and some of Verdi's earliest operas, and introduced such singers as Jenny Lind and Tietjens. But Lumley thought as much of ballet as of opera, and, in 1846, his principal singers and his conductor, Michael Costa, deserted him and went over to Beale at Covent Garden. To Covent Garden came the massive and great Alboni, and later, during the long reign of Frederick Gye (1849-77), the little and great Patti, who made her English début in 1861 at the theatre where, thirty-four years later, she made her last public appearance in opera. Here 'Lohengrin' was given in 1875, and 'Tannhäuser' in 1876. The first Wagner opera to be performed in England, however, was 'The Flying

Dutchman,' which was given as 'L'Olandese Dannato in 1870 at Drury Lane, with Santley as the hero.

While Gye reigned at Covent Garden, the irrepressible Mapleson ruled at Her Majesty's or elsewhere. His first season was given at the Lyceum in 1861. In the next year he leased Her Majesty's, and, having paid the required instalment and deposit, entered into possession (he tells us) with the key in one pocket and 2*l.* in the other as his capital for the season. According to his own account, Mapleson ran his seasons on a large deficit; but, at least, he conveys the impression that, of all ways of losing money, managing a grand opera season is the most delightful. It was Mapleson who first produced here 'Faust' (Gounod and Berlioz), 'Carmen,' 'Mefistofele,' 'Iphigenia in Tauris,' 'Medea,' and 'The Flight from the Seraglio.' The singers he brought out include such great figures as Christine Nilsson, Jean de Reszke, Trebelli, Nordica, Minne Hauk, Campanini, Santley, and Lilli Lehmann.

At Her Majesty's, too, during Mapleson's tenancy, Neumann's company produced for the first time in England the 'Ring des Nibelungen' (1882). Four cycles were given under Seidl's direction; and though the performances were in many ways inadequate, the great fact is that they took place. For this Mapleson can hardly claim credit, as he frankly disbelieved in Wagner. Mapleson afterwards declared that the New York 'Musical Journal's' summary of the production was 'not inexact.' It is certainly amusing enough to be quoted:

'The series was given under the special patronage of the Prince of Wales, who loyally remained in his box from the rising to the going down of the curtain, although he confessed afterwards that it was the toughest work he had ever done in his life. When Wotan came on the darkened stage and commenced his little recitative to an accompaniment of discords, the Prince took a doze, but was awakened half-an-hour later by a double-forte crash of the orchestra; and, having fallen asleep again, was startled by another climax, fifteen minutes afterwards, when he found Wotan still at it, singing against time. At the end of five weeks Mapleson's share of the losses was 30,000 dollars; and the Prince told him confidentially that if Wotan appeared in any more operas he should withdraw his patronage.'

Neumann himself tells a very different tale of the Prince's kindness and devotion, and those who knew how much the later Wagnerian productions owed to illustrious patronage will incline to the more sober view. During the same year (1882), a year more wonderful than opera-goers of the day imagined, a series of Wagner performances under Hans Richter was given at Drury Lane, where young Augustus Harris was manager; and London heard for the first time 'Die Meistersinger' and 'Tristan,' as well as repetitions of 'Lohengrin' and 'Tannhäuser.' This German season was a great success. Mapleson might denounce Wagner as 'an operatic failure'; but the remarkable fact was that though the fashionable public declared that Wagner was mere tuneless noise, it began to find 'Semiramide' and 'Lucrezia Borgia' singularly inadequate. Wagner was still a long way from popularity, as a subsequent German season in 1884 was to prove; but his coming indicated the end of what we may call Maplesonian opera.

By 1882 Gye of the Royal Italian Opera—as Covent Garden was called up to the 'nineties—was dead, and his son had proved a rather feeble successor. The years that followed were not happy. Mapleson, clinging firmly to the old tradition, got into deeper difficulties and ceased to exist operatically in 1889. A new adventurer, Signor Lago, who had served under Gye at Covent Garden, made a courageous attempt to carry on; but Lago and all such minor generals were presently swept from the field by a new Napoleon of opera, Augustus Harris, son of Gye's stage manager, and thus cradled in the theatre. He naturally became an actor, and with the imperial confidence that was always his, leased the huge and unprofitable Drury Lane Theatre when he was barely twenty-seven. There he specialised in scenic melodrama; but his own inclination and his association with Carl Rosa's company, which began in 1883, turned his mind steadily towards grand opera; and in the year of Jubilee, 1887, he crossed the Rubicon, and began his first campaign. Whatever Harris undertook he did magnificently, according to his lights. He knew that half-measures are fatal, and he had no intention of building a new opera season out of the ruins of the old.

The opening work, 'Aida,' was given on June 13 with a cast of singers new to London, the most notable of whom was the tenor. During the Mapleson régime, a young baritone called Signor di Reschi had appeared with distinction in such parts as Don Giovanni, Valentine, and De Nevers. This was the singer whom Harris brought forward as the tenor Jean de Reszke. The impresario was in luck. De Reszke was not only an immediate success, but was to be the mainstay of opera in London for a dozen years. The season of 1887 was so successful that Harris moved across the road, and in 1888 began to restore the operatic glories of Covent Garden. Luck was again with Harris, for one of his new singers was a young Australian, Nellie Melba, who made her English début in 'Lucia de Lammermoor.' The official experts were tepid. 'She will never be a great artist,' declared the 'Athenæum,' 'but in light soprano parts she will prove exceedingly useful, and this is the highest praise it is possible to give her.' But the public knew better, and took Melba to its heart. Harris's next season was made illustrious by the production of the 'Meistersinger' with the great Lassalle as Sachs, Jean de Reszke as Walther, and Albani as Eva. The Wagnerian purists complained of the Italian in which it was sung, but surely there were compensations! I heard the 'Meistersinger' one year in Italian with the following cast: Walther, Jean de Reszke; Sachs, Edouard de Reszke; Pogner, Plançon; Beckmesser, Bispham; Kothner, Gillibert; David, Bonnard; Eva, Emma Eames. It was the greatest assembly of great singers I have ever heard in one opera. I doubt if the history of opera can show a finer cast. The later German performances gave us some admirable features, but never such a feast of singing. This year, 1889, saw the final collapse of Mapleson and the production at the Lyceum of Verdi's 'Otello' with Tamagno and Maurel in their original parts. Besides the Harris seasons, the years 1890 and 1891 gave us some admirable productions by Lago. There were 'Orfeo,' with Giulia Ravogli's superb impersonation, 'La Gioconda,' first of modern Italian operas, and both 'Lohengrin' and 'Tannhäuser' with Maurel and Albani among the singers. The Wagnerian operas were steadily advancing in popularity.

It was Lago who first gave us Chaikovsky's 'Eugene Onegin' (with a young man named Henry J. Wood directing the orchestra) and the sempiternal 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' In 1891 came the attempt of D'Oyly Carte to establish an English Opera House before there was any English opera to occupy it; and thus the splendid Royal English Opera House opened in January with one opera and two casts. Sullivan had listened to the weighty persons who complained that he was wasting his powers on such things as 'The Mikado,' and he dutifully tried to be earnest and serious. The result was 'Ivanhoe,' a moderately good setting of an immoderately bad *libretto*. Upon a work that never had strength enough to take its place in a repertory of English opera the fortunes of the new opera-house were built, and soon collapsed. The irony of the situation became evident when the Royal English Opera House had to fall instantly back upon a French operetta, 'The Basoche.' After that came the end, and the Royal English Opera House entered into a new life as the Palace Theatre of Varieties. Harris's seasons of 1891-2 were remarkable, among other things, for his capture of Lago's successes. It was sometimes objected that Harris sought a monopoly of opera, and would not let a rival have a chance. He was right. He saw that in the enormously costly and hazardous world of opera in London, competition spelt a failure for some one. Proof was not lacking. Hammerstein's later attempt to set up a rival opera house in Kingsway merely added a spacious cinema-theatre to the London places of amusement. Nor can Harris's artistic policy be fairly indicted. It is easy to condemn him for not being German-Wagnerian in the 'eighties; but had he been he would never have survived commercially. He advanced steadily. 'Lohengrin' and the 'Meistersinger' with Jean de Reszke did more for the Wagnerian cause than all the propaganda of the elect.

In 1892 and 1894 Harris gave excellent Wagner performances in German at Drury Lane with Max Alvary as the pictorially ideal Siegfried. An English season at Covent Garden in the autumn of 1895 under E. C. Hedmond, a tenor, made 'Die Walküre' popular, and the production of 'Tristan' in German with Jean de Reszke

in 1896, and 'Siegfried' in German with Jean de Reszke in 1897, marked two great advances. The Wagnerian wheel came full circle in 1898 with the great production of the 'Ring,' to which reference has already been made. Harris himself had died in 1896, but it was the spirit of Harris that managed grand opera here almost up to the war. Jean de Reszke sang for the last time at Covent Garden in 1900. His passing was a great calamity; for in person, voice, dramatic art, and sheer range of parts he was indisputably the greatest tenor of our times. But the coming of Caruso and Destinn a year or two later reminded us that the race of fine singers never quite dies out. In 1908 a successful attempt was made to give the 'Ring des Nibelungen' complete in English. One persistent defect of opera in English was made singularly plain by the fact that in these performances the highest degree of intelligibility was attained by Bechstein (a German) and Cornelius (a Dane). Two more years of fair achievement brought us to 1910, when a new name of the first importance appears in the operatic story. To the achievements of Sir Thomas Beecham a volume might easily be devoted, and we hope that his cessation from regular musical activity will not produce in a short-memoried generation complete oblivion of all he did for music before, during, and after the war. Before we consider his record, however, we must revert to the beginning and follow another line of the story.

The success of Italian opera in England after the coming of Handel in 1711 was presently attested by the compliment of parody. In January 1728 was produced the famous 'Beggar's Opera,' written by Gay, with the airs arranged by Dr Pepusch, a German—the intrusion of the foreigner into our operatic story seems inevitable. The 'Beggar's Opera,' as every one now knows, is a 'ballad opera,' i.e., a play with spoken dialogue interspersed with musical numbers. To this pattern most of the subsequent English operas conformed, and they have survived, not as wholes, but in single numbers. The mere names of the works produced during the 18th and 19th centuries would fill pages. Even a list of the composers or arrangers makes a formidable array of names. Thus Dr Samuel Arnold, an admirable musician, wrote over forty operas, one of which, 'The Maid of the Mill,'

held the stage for many years. Sir Henry Rowley Bishop wrote and arranged operas innumerable, one of which has bequeathed us 'Home, Sweet Home.' Dibdin, Linley, Shield, Storace, Braham, Horn, Loder, and Macfarren all contributed to the enormous literature of English opera. The first notable modern season was that which began in 1835 at Drury Lane under the management of Alfred Bunn. Here Malibran played Leonora in the first performance of 'Fidelio' in English. Here were produced Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl' and Wallace's 'Maritana'—works which some people would be ashamed to admit that they had heard, but which are genuine survivals, thanks to their simple-hearted tunefulness. The enterprise of Bunn was followed in mid-century by the formation of the Pyne-Harrison company and the much more ambitious and deservedly famous Carl Rosa company, which began its work in 1875 and kept a remarkably high level of performance and personnel till Rosa's death in 1889. The most valuable work of these and similar companies was done during provincial tours. Carl Rosa gave not mere 'ballad opera,' but 'grand opera' in English; and a list of the works revived or produced for the first time by him and the company that carried on after his death makes a wonderful record of achievement. Even popular Italian works like 'La Bohème' and 'Andrea Chenier' received their first performances in this country from the Carl Rosa company. Charles Manners and his wife Fanny Moody heroically kept the torch of English opera burning for many years in many unlikely places, and gave works that ranged from the operatic classics to revivals of forgotten pieces like Wallace's 'Amber Witch' and Balfe's 'Puritan's Daughter.' All these managers ventured into the unknown; but fortunately, in the life of a travelling opera company, it is usually found that the money lost on producing a new work can be got back by giving the 'Bohemian Girl' on Saturday night. We can mention only with a brevity that does injustice to a remarkable record the courage with which the 'Old Vic' company has continued to put up good operatic performances with an incredible poverty of equipment. Its recent Mozart revivals were astonishingly good.

At this point our present story joins the earlier, for

we reach once more the name of Thomas Beecham. Beecham's operatic activities began in February 1910 at Covent Garden, when he gave the memorable performance of Strauss's 'Elektra' and introduced Ethel Smyth's 'The Wreckers' and Delius's 'Village Romeo and Juliet.' In the summer of the same year he gave at His Majesty's a series of performances in English that included Strauss's 'Feuersnot' and four Mozart operas. At an autumn season in the same year he produced at Covent Garden Strauss's 'Salome' and other works new and old. Strauss's 'Ariadne auf Naxos' came in 1913, and later in that year, as well as in 1914, we had 'Sir Joseph Beecham's season' at Drury Lane, when London, for the first time, heard the Russian operas in Russian with Shalyapin as the bright star of the company. It was during these years that Stravinsky's 'Le Rossignol' and 'Le Sacre du Printemps' came, and left in the memory an odd nightmarishness that seems, on reflection, to have been the fitting prelude to the terrible dawn of August 1914.

The war itself did not quench Beecham's ardour, and I recall one thrilling night at Drury Lane when Figaro sang his 'Non più andrai' to the thunders of an air-raid. Among Beecham's productions during this period were Ethel Smyth's 'The Boatswain's Mate' and Stanford's 'The Critic.' But in spite of many adventurous productions over a wide field, it is as the apostle of Mozart that Beecham deserves our fullest gratitude, and I am sure a large audience would welcome his return to operatic activity with a cycle of the Mozart operas from 'Idomeneo' to 'The Magic Flute.' As it is, his services to the cause of opera in England exceed those of any other man, and have a special value because of the care he gave to the performances in English itself. The British National Opera Company is the child of Thomas Beecham.

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas do not belong to the tradition either of grand or of ballad opera, though they embody features derived from both. They descend from the kind of entertainment that used to be called 'extravaganza' or 'burlesque.' But, whatever their origin, they form the only authentic and successful contribution of this country to the literature of operatic

music. Their scale is small, but even with that considered, they make a perennial group comparable only to the Mozart operas. Their continued success should teach us a little both about English opera and about opera in English. It is excessive to demand, as some people do, that opera performances should invariably be given in the native language. Surely we should have mental flexibility enough to enjoy 'The Magic Flute' in German or Italian or English. The success of an opera rarely depends upon our comprehension of every word. Even when it does—as it does very largely in the first act of 'Tristan'—we do not gain perceptibly when we hear Isolde exclaiming, with terrible scorn :

'In shrinking trepidation,
His shame he seeks to hide,
While to the king, his relation,
He brings the corpse-like bride.'

In any case the supposition that opera in English will be more intelligible to English people than opera in German or Italian is rather optimistic. I have heard sopranos sing some of the Wagner scenes at concerts without being certain what language they were using, until the absence of any German sounds convinced me that it must be English. Now, if opera in English is to be genuinely successful, the words must be as worth the trouble of singing as Gilbert's, and the enunciation as clear as that of the old Savoy singers.

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas touch the different question of English opera. Our various operatic enterprises are periodically blamed because they give no chance to native work. The accusation is unfair. Just as the first duty of a government is to keep in office, so the first duty of an opera-manager is to pay his way. What English operas have helped him to do that? The Carl Rosa company, Harris and his successors, Thomas Beecham and the British National Opera Company, have all produced native works and given them every chance of success. I have heard every new English opera produced here for the last twenty-five years, but I have encountered nothing resembling an English 'Hansel and Gretel' or 'Madame Butterfly' or 'Louise.' Speaking as one of the ordinary paying public (for whom, after

all, however despicable we are, the operas are written), I have often felt that our English opera writers have been trying to write somebody else's music. Further, they have usually been writing beyond their means. Balfe did not try to write a 'Fidelio' or Wallace a 'Don Giovanni.' It is absurd for a ballad-opera talent to think in terms of a Wagnerian trilogy. We must really try to grow out of the mechanical view that serious art is a matter of length, breadth, and thickness. Simplicity is not triviality, and, even in music, brevity may be the soul of wit. The humour that rarely fails the Englishman in literature and drama seems to desert him when he approaches music. Can he find nothing to encourage him in the unshaken popularity of Gilbert and Sullivan? By all means let him write his trilogy, if he must; but it will do him no harm to remember occasionally that the field of light or ballad opera is always open to him. The recent success of 'Lilac Time' is not without its lessons, for what was 'Lilac Time' but a pretty ballad opera? When our ambitious young composers are great enough to be simple the later story of opera in England may become the story of English opera.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Art. 5.—AGRICULTURAL FACTS AND FALLACIES.

1. *The Agricultural Crisis, 1920-1923.* By R. R. Enfield. Longmans, 1924.
2. *Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation—Final Report.* Published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1924.

AGRICULTURE, possibly more than any other staple industry, suffers from an alteration in the general level of prices, that is to say, an alteration in the purchasing power of money. This arises from the fact, inseparable from farming operations, of the long period which elapses between the time when the farmer lays out his money, and the time when he reaps the reward of his industry, added to which there is a 'lag' in the movement of wages and other costs behind the movement of produce prices, thereby increasing the loss sustained in a period of rapidly falling prices. Rising prices tend to bring about an increase in productive areas, particularly in exporting countries, and when once the equilibrium between supply and demand has been greatly disturbed, on account of the difficulties of obtaining adequate knowledge of demand and other reasons, the readjustment is slow and painful.

Such being the case, monetary operations resulting in the rising, followed by the lowering, of the general price level were bound to throw the agricultural industry into a state of economic disorganisation. By money, during and after the war, the whole agricultural machine was put out of gear, and the economic disabilities of agriculture became magnified into difficulties and even dangers of unprecedented importance. While the readjustment to a lower price level in certain branches of agriculture, such as stock farming, would seem to have taken place relatively quickly, where the reaction to high prices brought about the ploughing up of large new areas, not only in England but in many foreign countries, the readjustment has been protracted long after the downward price movement came to rest. What agriculture needs is the stabilisation of prices.

Such is the explanation offered by the economist of the problems which to-day distress the agricultural community, and puzzle the general public. Many people

hardly know how much to believe of the so-called agricultural crisis. Does it merely represent a new phase in the chronic grumbling of the farmer? Or is our oldest industry in a moribund condition? There is good reason for perplexity upon this point. One page of the daily paper contains long lists of agricultural grievances and proposed remedies—many of them strangely inconsistent—while we are assured that it is now impossible to grow corn, and most other agricultural products, at a profit. And then it is surprising to learn from a subsequent page of the same newspaper that agricultural land is selling well and the demand for farms has seldom been greater. One school of thought advocates intensive farming based on co-operation, and dangles the picture of prosperous Denmark before the eyes. Another warns us that the present situation can only be met by what is known as 'ranching' or 'prairie farming,' and Canadian methods. One standard work advises a system of continuous cropping whereby the land is kept in a state of constant cultivation; while another agriculturalist of experience sees salvation in lucerne or clover leys, and cultivation once in five or even seven years.

It is believed, therefore, that a sketch of the present position of agriculture as it appears to one whose means of livelihood is the land would be useful. Material for such a study is supplied by the experience gained in the management of a scattered agricultural property of 30,000 acres, and in farming 500 acres through the so-called crisis. The writer has no political object to serve, and it may be that he occupies a point midway between the economist who tells the farmer how he should farm, and the farmer who tells the economist what he should write. Like all agriculturists he has had plenty of expert advice—by some of which, but not all, he has profited; his practical experience at least includes a great many mistakes. His hope is to present to the reading public that is interested in agriculture a simple, intelligible picture of farming conditions to-day and of the parties engaged in it—the landlord, the farmer, and the labourer; to examine their difficulties, which are alternately exaggerated and minimised, and to consider the practical remedies, after discarding the more violent ones, which may be applied to things as they are. The object is

neither ambitious nor profound. Much that is contained in the following pages must, of course, be common knowledge to those who have studied the subject.

The first crop of fallacies with which the public is confronted originates in the practice of dogmatising, or rather of speaking about agriculture as though it were a single industry which requires one set of conditions and a standard treatment. For example, it may be said that 'the farmers wanted to forbid the import of store cattle,' or 'the farmers want rain,' whereas the truth is that a great many farmers wanted to import store cattle, and if some farmers want rain at any given time, there are others who do not. British agriculture is not one industry, but a congeries of industries carried on under varying conditions. There is as much difference between a large arable farm in the eastern counties and a small stock farm in Wales, as there is between the businesses of a brewer and a butcher, and it by no means follows that conditions of life or legislation which favour one section are equally favourable to another; indeed, it often happens that they are most unfavourable.

A second crop of fallacies arises from the practice of generalising from the experience of a single year. This is particularly true of the post-war period with its rapid price fluctuations. On a typical mixed farm these fluctuations have produced the following surprising results in four successive years: profit 400%, loss 1200%, loss 300%, profit 50%. Incidentally, the year in which the general conditions were most favourable to production resulted in the heaviest loss. Even in normal times it is recognised that the results of a grazier's business can only be estimated over a term of years, depending as it does on three variable factors—the price of stores, the price of meat, and the weather. The same has always been true of pigs. The profit depends primarily on the relative prices of feeding-stuffs, pork, and bacon—with this further consideration, that in the case of a prolific animal a period of prosperity inevitably brings the supply ahead of the demand. Fruit growers and market gardeners know that in an unfavourable season they have little to sell, and that in a favourable season they cannot find enough buyers.

If, however, the above truism is recognised, and if

the fortunes of farms of different types and sizes on a single estate were examined during the decade preceding the war, it may safely be said that most of the farmers had improved and were steadily improving their position. Few of them kept strict accounts, but some were prepared to take additional land, some were able to stock farms for their sons, some were buying motor-cars, some were offering to pay interest on improvements, and none of them wished to give up their farms. The general tendency was one of consistent progress, both in methods and results. Landlords were paid their rents punctually, and labourers' wages were rising, though unfortunately the labourer was the last person to benefit by the improving conditions. Then followed the war when, in the words of a typical tenant farmer, 'no one but a congenital idiot could help making money.' Farmers are seldom favoured by fortune; but during this brief period it was possible for many of them—like those engaged in some other special industries—to combine the maximum of patriotic effort with the minimum of personal sacrifice. The one condition which assists all farmers is high prices for agricultural produce, and for four years the prices for agricultural produce moved up faster than the cost of production. But though many farmers made money, and many more made large paper profits, the number of those who were able to set aside cash and invest it as a reserve fund is probably smaller than might be expected. Good prices encourage high farming, and some put their profits back into the business. Good prices also encourage lofty ideas, and war profits were soon swallowed up by new motor-cars or tractors or by a higher standard of living.

It is far more difficult to trace accurately the financial progress of the post-war farmer. To the casual observer it must appear disastrous. He never meets a farmer now who admits that he is making money, and probably knows several who have lost a good deal. Many different types are represented in the latter category. There are the old-fashioned tenant farmers, who have been farming all their lives; there are others who have purchased their farms in the break-up of estates which followed the war. There are men with education and capital, landowners, men with war profits to spend, and many

others, who believed that a new day had dawned for agriculture and that a generous outlay and improved methods would be rewarded. There are ex-officers in bungalows, surrounded by expensive pigs in steel shelters, and there are ex-soldiers on County Council small holdings and poultry farms. The general tale is one of an uphill struggle against falling prices; and it is only reasonable to conclude that if so many different people are finding agriculture a losing business there must be something radically wrong with it. The dispiriting impression gained from individuals is confirmed with no uncertain voice by speakers and writers on agricultural topics. One of the results of war-time legislation affecting agriculture has been to teach the agricultural community the importance of what is called propaganda work. Already notable results in this direction have been achieved by the Central Landowners' Association, the National Farmers' Union, and even by representatives of the agricultural labourer. Whether an agricultural crisis exists or not, the agricultural community has convinced itself, and its public, that a crisis does exist.

War-time legislation has had another important effect on agriculture—it has taught the farmers to keep accounts. The farmer learnt that by keeping the simple form of accounts prescribed by the Inland Revenue Department he could set a limit to the profit upon which he must pay income-tax (at first double his rent, reduced subsequently to the amount of his rent), that if he made no profit he need pay no tax, and that if his farm accounts showed a loss, he could obtain a rebate of the tax paid on his other sources of income—if there were any. It would be instructive to learn how many converts to book-keeping have been made by this valuable concession, which no other industry enjoys. The accurate information afforded by the farm account books is supplemented by the practice of cost accounting, and the researches made in this direction by the various institutions which work under Government auspices.

Admitting the widest divergence between the financial results obtained in different districts and on different farms, in most cases the accounts of the past four years may be summarised as 'profit and loss variable, balance

sheet bad.' This is not surprising when it is remembered that farm account-keeping is a war-time, or even a post-war, growth, that the average price of representative agricultural commodities of Michaelmas 1923 was about half what it was at Michaelmas 1920. But it must also be remembered that at Michaelmas 1920 it was 200 per cent. above the pre-war average—as revealed by the 'agricultural index number' worked out and published by the Ministry of Agriculture. This goes far to explain the depressing effect of post-war farm balance sheets and accounts, particularly for the numerous class of farmers who took their farms when prices were at the top. Assuming that they have been able to pay their way and live, they have got their live and dead stock—and as a result of four years' work it is worth half what it was.

Where, however, a farm has been in the same hands for a period of ten years the position is different. Take the case of a tenant who was farming 200 acres in 1914. There is not much variation from year to year in the quantity of his live and dead stock. If it was worth 2000*l.* in 1914, it had increased to 6000*l.* by 1920, and in 1924 is probably worth rather over 3000*l.* What really matters in his case is the relation between receipts and payments. And there can be no doubt that many such farmers, notably in the corn-growing and the beef-producing districts, have sustained heavy cash losses since the war. In their case the price of their product has been dropping faster than the cost of production. But it is equally true that if a great many other farmers—more especially in the dairying and mixed farming districts—were to produce their accounts for the past four years, these would show an average balance on the right side—of receipts over payments. This balance would not be very encouraging. Generally, it would represent a poor return on the farmer's capital, and a low rate of payment for his own labour and supervision; but his farm gives him a free house and garden, and he can, at least, reflect that in other branches of industry he might have had a worse experience.

This view of the results of post-war farming is corroborated by two other indisputable facts. If a farm is vacant to-day it can usually be sold well, and can certainly

be relet without the slightest difficulty. So striking is the competition for farms that it is sometimes urged that this in itself disproves the existence of the alleged agricultural crises. But it must be remembered that a farmer does not readily adapt himself to another trade or business, even when the conditions in other industries are less discouraging than they are to-day. There has been a displacement of tenant farmers, partly due to the break-up of estates, and partly to the influx of a new farming class after the war. And there are many ex-tenant farmers who must apply for farms because they cannot find anything else to do. But after taking this into account, the general competition for farms is hopeful for the future, and was not experienced during the depression of the 'nineties.

Additional evidence is afforded by the official returns of agricultural bankruptcies, quoted in a recent article* in the 'Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture.' The writer states that the annual average of public insolvencies for the whole period for which figures are available—1891 to 1923, covering some of the best and some of the worst agricultural years in living memory—is 352, and concludes that about 300 cases per year may be taken as normal. In 1918 the number of public insolvencies had dropped to 33; in 1923 it had risen to 482. As failures make more stir in the agricultural world than success, this alarming increase has had its full effect on the public. It is but fair to point out that the total for 1923 must be taken to include a great many farmers who started when prices were at their zenith, often with inadequate capital and little experience, and that even so it represents a failure of only 27 out of every 10,000 engaged in the industry in 1923, and a loss of 22% out of every 1000% of farming capital employed in 1922. This is at least a brighter record than some other post-war industries can show, and can scarcely be said to constitute a crisis.

The conclusions suggested by figures may be tested by an examination of the present circumstances of the three agricultural classes—landlords, farmers, and labourers. The first-named have gained little by the

* 'Insolvencies among Farmers,' by A. W. Ashby.

era of high prices in the net revenue derived from their estates. Most of them have been able to raise their rents; but the general increase has seldom exceeded 20 per cent., and this represents nothing like the increase in expenses of management, repairs, insurance, tithe, and other inevitable outgoings. Maintenance is now difficult, and the cost of improvements is prohibitive. The effect of death duties and increasing taxation, dating from the pre-war period, presses on each succeeding generation, and increasing numbers have found it impossible to carry on. Figures have been provided from large estates to show that they produce an annual return of 1 per cent. or even less on their present capital value (based on a fair market rental). It is only just to add that others give considerably better results. But the individual landowner weighing up the pros and cons of ownership has usually found that the amount of his capital which is locked up in land produces a low return, or perhaps no return at all, and that what may be termed the amenities of ownership have been seriously curtailed by the trend of modern legislation. He is providing land, houses, and cottages for others upon terms unremunerative to himself; while his contractual relations with his tenants are subject to and regulated by the provisions of various Agricultural Holdings Acts and Rent Restrictions Acts. Meanwhile, an attractive alternative has offered itself in the form of a safe 5 per cent. to be derived from trustee securities. It is small wonder that the number of large estates has diminished.

One important result of the break-up of estates is the recent remarkable increase of owner-occupiers—their number has nearly doubled since the war. These are mainly tenant farmers who have purchased their farms. As a rule they have done so reluctantly, and the sequel has justified the reluctance. The new owner is speedily confronted with the various technicalities of estate management, which have hitherto been dealt with by a specialist at the estate office. When the interest on capital, or interest on mortgage, as the case may be, and the new burdens of ownership are taken into account, he usually finds that he is paying the equivalent of a considerably higher rent than he was paying as a tenant. It is sometimes said that the effect

of ownership is to stimulate production on the farm, but so far this tendency is not noticeable. Nor has the change been in progress long enough to produce any noticeable deterioration of the buildings, because capital is no longer available for maintenance and improvements. In the country-side there is little difference to be observed between the owner-occupier and the tenant farmer. The latter now enjoys almost complete security of tenure by virtue of various legislative enactments, and the really serious thing for him, as for the owner-occupier, is the present and future uncertainty of the industry.

It is, of course, impossible to generalise about farmers, as about any other class; but attention may be called to the more fallacious impressions to be obtained from a superficial acquaintance with them. To a business man they often appear stupid, narrow-minded, and unprogressive. He is impatient of their perpetual complaints, their interminable bargaining for trifles, their conservative methods. There is some justification for this criticism, but it would be modified after personal experience of the conditions of the industry. The farmer of to-day has been brought up in adversity, or on a record of adversity—the 'bad times' between 1880 and 1900—and this involves a somewhat parsimonious outlook and a habit of counting the pennies. Moreover, the successful coup of the business man is rare in agricultural operations, where success consists of piling up small profits and cutting down trifling expenses. This is the true explanation of the desperate deals for an extra shilling a head at the market, or sixpence a sack for corn: also for the petty economies on the wage sheet which have earned for the farmer the reputation of an oppressive employer.

There is the same misconception in regard to the methods and practice of the farmer as with his business ability. On a certain farm in the wet summer of 1920 a twenty-acre field of winter oats had 'gone down,' and instead of cutting ten acres a day with a binder, every man on the farm was engaged with a reaping hook—with which the more skilled might reap a quarter of an acre during the day, with a woman or child to bind the sheaves for him. The additional cost, and the consequent

delay to other pressing work on the farm, did not bear thinking about. A passing visitor from the town, leaning on the gate, watched for a time with apparent interest the strange scene reminiscent of Anglo-Saxon or of Scriptural times, and moved on with the caustic remark, 'Unprogressive men these farmers.' Such misconceptions, based on a happy ignorance of the results of the British climate, are sometimes encouraged by observation of the innate conservatism of the farmer. He is conservative in his methods because it usually pays to be so. Many beginners who have farmed under post-war conditions will agree that their most expensive mistakes have been due to departure from traditional methods. The most scientific agriculturalist would admit that all his science might be of no avail in remote spots in the north and west where conditions of soil and climate are equally unsuitable, but where the most backward type of farmer contrives to make a living. Where progressive methods mean money, the farmer has adopted them—not perhaps as quickly as could be desired, for experience has taught him the importance of the 'safety first' maxim. Yet if one compares agricultural conditions in a small county with what they were only fifteen years ago, it is possible to point to a Farmers' Co-operative Society (mainly for purchasing), a Co-operative Bacon Factory, a Milk Recording Society with over 100 recorded herds, and a number of Bull and Boar Societies, as new institutions. The farmer now considers the chemical value of the various feeding-stuffs in relation to the production of beef, mutton, bacon, pork, poultry, and milk—witness the weekly queries in the agricultural papers. Modern developments in stockbreeding are closely followed, and special sires are in demand for special purposes—bulls with a good milk record behind them, Western and Ryeland rams to produce early maturing lambs, and middle white boars to breed the correct side of the bacon for the factory. All these are comparatively recent developments.

The exceptional conditions of the war period called for new methods, and offered generous rewards to the enterprising. The most conservative farmer was pushed out of his groove, and went with the flowing tide—he

was making money and he spent it freely with a view to making more. The watchword of the industry was increased production, justified by rising or guaranteed prices. Then the tide turned: prices dropped faster than the cost of production, and many farmers suddenly discovered they were producing at a loss. In every case the margin was very fine, and it became necessary to scrutinise and curtail every item of expenditure. But even if all war profits are lost, the industry has gained on balance by the stimulating effects of the brief boom.

What of the agricultural labourer? One party represents him as starving on 25s. a week. Another assures us that the war period has given him fixed and shorter hours and standardised wages—that he gets a Saturday half-holiday, and that his work on the other days is not worth what it was before. It may perhaps be helpful to analyse the actual conditions of labour on a typical mixed farm. A, the head-carter, with wife and children, earns 30s. a week with free cottage. B, is under-carter, single, over sixty, and earns 31s. a week without a cottage. C, the head cowman, described as 'not very good on his feet,' earns 35s. with a free cottage; his son, aged sixteen, earns 18s. a week, as a milker, and his wife earns something for occasional work in the dairy. D, an old shepherd, nearly seventy years old, earns 28s. and a free cottage; his son, employed on the railway, lives with him. E, in receipt of the old-age pension and unfit, earns 16s. a week as a labourer, and his son—living with him—earns 27s. 6d. as a pigman. F, another day labourer, single, earns 25s. a week, and lives with his father, who is a carter on another farm. G, a boy of fifteen, living with his parents, earns 16s. a week and looks after the poultry. All of these labourers are able to earn overtime money during the summer, and rates are paid for them on the cottages. They work together as 'a side' at hay-time and harvest, and though this work is not done in record time, it is done pretty well.

Two points about this particular unit may be noted. The men are not highly paid—they earn about the standard rates of the district, which are low, but, owing to family conditions and other circumstances, they all can live in reasonable comfort on their wages. The same sort of thing is true of most village communities:

a young man is not underpaid at 25s. a week while he is living at home and learning his job, and when he has learnt it, he ought to have qualified as a carter or stockman for a higher wage. The second point which calls for attention is that the labour is not grade A. Of the nine persons employed three only can be described as able-bodied men; the other six are either old men, with various physical disabilities, or boys. This, too, would be true of many other farms, and lends colour to the tradition that all the best and able-bodied men are driven to the towns by the low agricultural wages.

But has the reformer, who would have the farm work carried on by grade A men only, considered what is to become of the lower grades? Granted that six or seven of the former could do the work of nine of the latter, and give less trouble to the employer, where else are the nine to find work? At present they are usefully employed, profitably to themselves, and not uneconomically to their employer. The truth is that agriculture can absorb and employ to advantage the lower grades of labour more readily perhaps than any other industry. The carter is slow, but he belongs to the soil, and has an unerring instinct for the right way to treat it. As the cowman hobbles across the yard, it is difficult to imagine him in an industrial centre, but his stock is a credit to him; and the same is true of the old shepherd. Even the pensioner, who cannot do a man's work and is untrustworthy with animals, is the best man on the farm at fencing, walling, and draining; the fact that he does it slowly is immaterial. There are so many operations on the farm which suffer little from being done slowly, so long as they are done conscientiously and correctly. And it must be to the interest of the community that agriculture should provide employment for the 'slow' men, who are more or less unemployable elsewhere.

This is the real peril of fixed wages. Granted that the agricultural labourer needs protection against an unfair employer, the remedy may prove worse than the disease. If a minimum wage is fixed which is fair for a grade A man, the lower grades and the slow men must go. And if a minimum is fixed above the present standard, every farmer will be considering how he is to

contrive with one man less; and the victim will be the man who is unemployable in any other industry.

It is often urged that agriculture should provide some future for the labourer, by paying him on results, and by offering some definite avenue for advancement. Various plans have been tried for providing a bonus for the labourer, to give him a definite personal interest in the success of the farm. But, generally speaking, the results of such experiments are disappointing. It may be because our agricultural labourers do not want to become rich—they prefer to be comfortable. As one of their representatives remarked, 'If the farmers can afford to pay a bonus they can afford to pay a bit more on Friday night.' And with regard to advancement, it will be found that in every district there is at least one prosperous farmer who started life as a labourer, and in some mysterious way advanced to prosperity through the dark days of the 'eighties and the 'nineties—before the days of County Council small holdings or agricultural credits.

This sketch of the individuals may be completed by a picture of the industry itself during the so-called crisis. To-day the almost universal tendency is for the farmer to curtail expenditure in every direction and by every possible means, and to farm warily. He has become an unconscious student of the law of diminishing returns. If he contemplates a top dressing of artificial manures for his crops, he must reflect that the immediate outlay can only prove profitable if it results in a certain increase of yield of grain per acre saleable at a certain price—and he probably decides not to risk it. Additional cake for the cows will produce more milk, but will the latter pay for the cake? He is more likely to content himself with a lower yield. Expenditure on hedging, ditching, thistle-cutting, and the like produces no immediate cash return, and it will be some years before the effect of his neglect causes him inconvenience or pecuniary loss—so he decides to postpone this until times are better. Such is the process of transition to a lower, but not necessarily less profitable type of farming. For the farmer everything points to the same solution. His landlord tells him that he has no money to spare for improvements under present conditions, and if he has bought his farm he has

probably arrived at the same conclusion. Experience or tradition teaches him that the last depression was met by laying down arable to pasture and reducing labour. Similar measures are being resorted to to-day. In a typical sheep and barley district, where the traditional practice has been to enrich the land for corn by folding sheep on roots, a shrewd north-countryman has laid down a tract of 1000 acres with mixtures of grasses and clover. It now carries 2000 Cheviot and Border-Leicester sheep and 100 head of cattle: two shepherds and a stockman replace the numerous carters and labourers, formerly required to cultivate it. This is not bad farming—both the grass and the stock are extremely good—it is merely an adaptation of farming to present conditions, and an exponent of its economic merits is to be found in nearly every arable district. The system, sometimes described as 'ranching,' is often misrepresented. It cannot be indefinitely extended, because it requires adequate fences and a good water supply. Many farmers will never attempt it, because they are satisfied with the results of their present system. But a great many will, and are adopting it in a modified form—witness the annual returns of additional grassland in the country. Wherever it is adopted, a great reserve of fertility will accumulate in the soil for potential corn crops, when they are required or when it pays to grow them again. Until that time, the system must result in a reduced output per acre, and a reduced agricultural population.

Brief mention may be made of the various remedies suggested for the present state of things, which if not really critical is at least unsatisfactory, for all of these remedies have already been investigated and reported on by the Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation.

Those who believe that it is worth while for the nation to pay for increased production, and to maintain the agricultural population, have seen the only solution in a policy of protection or some form of subsidy to secure better prices. The latter has been advocated by the members of the Agricultural Tribunal after considering all available evidence and alternative remedies. But as they have not persuaded the majority of their countrymen, this course is for the present outside practical politics. Last year the National Farmers' Union

produced a programme of help from outside, comprising thirty-three separate proposals, among them provision of State credit facilities, control of trusts, and combinations for the distribution of food products and farm supplies, the provision of motor transport services, and the like. Little was said of the doctrine of self-help. The basis of the programme was State assistance, and (with unconscious irony) no Government interference. But though farmers generally may subscribe to the doctrine that 'there is no harm done by asking,' the more practical men are not really sanguine of a solution on these lines. In every county there are windbags and workers; and while the former are calling loudly for assistance without interference, the latter are quietly but resolutely helping themselves.

In another direction more revolutionary remedies have been foreshadowed by the Independent Labour Party. These may be summarised as better wages and more arable farming, more cottages for the labourers, land nationalisation, and a 'Guild structure' for the industry. Agriculture is to be managed by County Agriculture Committees, composed of representatives of the farmers, the labourers, and the State. Its higher destinies are to be entrusted to a Board of Supply to erect a State monopoly for the purchase, importation, and storage of staple food-stuffs. But all those who have had practical experience of State control of agricultural operations during the latter part of the war are sceptical. They recall the thankless labour of the Agricultural Committees, and reflect that only the gravest national crisis could possibly induce their members to serve again. They have experienced the discouraging results of all agricultural operations undertaken by the State—farms taken over temporarily by the County Councils, or Government tractors with their attendant armies of officials, which seldom achieved more than half the work of tractors in private hands. Nor is it clear where the capital for the reorganised industry is to come from. Hitherto this has been provided by the landowner on unremunerative terms, and it seems unwise to demolish this source of supply until a better is forthcoming.

Turning from these more violent remedies, which are really outside the scope of the present article, it is happy

to find one remedy already in progress and proving effective. This is the stabilisation of prices for agricultural produce in this country, resulting from natural causes assisted by the action of various Governments to stabilise world prices. In September 1922 the index figure published by the Ministry of Agriculture showed that the average price of our agricultural products was 57 per cent. above the pre-war average; in September 1923, when the farming year usually ends, the corresponding figure was 56 per cent., and the agricultural community as a whole admitted that 'things were better.' Though it is only reasonable to expect a further drop, it must be remembered that the figure was 202 per cent. at Michaelmas 1920, so that we may fairly conclude that we are nearer to stabilisation.

Another encouraging sign is that farmers are realising that their best hope for the future lies in their own efforts. War-time legislation led them from this virtuous path and encouraged them to look for outside assistance; but it is believed that the wiser have learnt their lesson. They know that before anything can be done for them it must be clear that in an imperfect world they are doing the best they can for themselves. They have a right to expect the same fair treatment and assistance from the Government as is accorded to other industries, with just so much extra as the country may at any time be prepared to pay for a more productive countryside and a thriving rural population. Nor has the agricultural community any reason to complain of Government neglect since the war, whatever may be said of the reversal of the policy of guaranteed prices. None of the recent concessions made or measures adopted by the Government is sufficient in itself to revolutionise agricultural conditions; but their effect is cumulative, and taken together they have afforded a measure of real relief in a distressing period.

In the first place, by virtue of successive Agricultural Holdings Acts embodied in the Act of 1923, the tenant farmer enjoys almost complete security of tenure: machinery is provided which ensures him a fair rent, adequate buildings, liberty of action, and compensation for loss arising from almost every conceivable circumstance except his own fault or the vagaries of prices or

climate. A commentary on this legislation is the fact that many of the provisions of the Act are almost unknown to the average tenant farmer and are never resorted to. Apparently they still pin their faith to the personal element and prefer a direct deal with the landlord.

It has already been pointed out that with regard to income tax the industry is rather more favourably treated than any other industry in the country. The concession, made last year, with regard to rates on agricultural land has relieved many farmers of a definite cash payment. It is true that this constitutes a relatively small proportion of his outgoings, but assistance in cash can never be disregarded.

A considerable advance has been made in recent years in agricultural education and research under Government auspices. For the present purpose it is sufficient to indicate some of the results achieved at Research Stations and Experimental Farms which are accessible and valuable to the ordinary farmer. These include the treatment and prevention of various animal and plant diseases, special systems of cropping, of feeding and breeding different classes of stock, of the application of chemical manures, and many other eminently practical matters. Short courses for farmers' sons are now available throughout the country, where the practical knowledge which they have already gained at home may be reinforced by science.

Much is written to-day about agricultural credit, and agricultural credit societies. Advances from the Government on mortgage are now obtainable by those who bought their farms at inflated prices during the period of the Corn Production Act. There is, moreover, abundant evidence that the country banks have acted generously in affording credit facilities for the ordinary purposes of the farmer's business. The same is true of the agricultural traders and merchants, and it is a matter for doubt whether the ordinary farmer does not suffer from too much credit rather than from too little. If a man is producing at a loss and getting into debt, the last way to help him is by lending him more money. Easy credit, and a hope of 'better times' or Government assistance, are demoralising influences. There are, of course, special circumstances about farming which some-

times render short term advances desirable or essential. But if credit societies are required for this purpose, the initiative should come from the agricultural community itself. Since the war, there has been a slight reduction in railway rates on agricultural produce, which are still believed to be too high, and it is not too much to hope that further reductions may be effected.

If the average farmer considers the effect of these different measures of assistance on his farm accounts for the past three years, he finds that, though none of them taken by itself amounts to much, yet in the aggregate they have proved of substantial help. He may also reflect that many of them are capable of further extension. And it only remains for him to consider how far he can supplement them by remedies which lie in his own hands, and which may be summarised as co-operation, better methods, and harder work. At present the farmer is a little tired of being advised to adopt co-operation as a panacea for all his difficulties. It is the favourite remedy of what may be termed the academic agriculturist. Granted that it has achieved astonishing results in other countries, and notably in Denmark, it appears on examination that the circumstances under which it has succeeded there are not the same as they are here, and that the logical fallacy of argument from false analogy will not assist the British farmer. There is no intention of belittling the benefits to be derived from co-operation, but it is a mistake—and does the cause no good—to expect too much of it. On the typical farm which has already been considered, the virtues of co-operation have not been ignored. All feeding-stuffs and artificial manures are bought through a co-operative society: they are not bought appreciably cheaper than they could be from a dealer; but it is something to know that any profit to be derived from the transaction goes into the pockets of the co-operators, and it is probable that the existence of the society keeps the dealers' prices down. The Co-operative Bacon Factory, organised on Danish lines, gives about the same price for fat pigs as other factories. Wool sold through the Co-operative Woolgrowing Society realises much the same price as can be obtained from the local dealer, and the same is usually true of cattle

sold at the annual sale of the Milk Recording Society. The principle is right, and the results are encouraging; but, taken by themselves, they would not make the difference between success and failure to the farm. There are difficulties inherent in co-operation which must limit the application of the system and the results to be obtained, quite apart from the attitude of the British farmer—whether this be described as sturdy independence or bigoted conservatism. *Prima facie* there should be scope for the co-operative use of expensive implements—drills and self-binders for small farms, or threshing tackle for large ones. But it is usually more important to the farmer to be able to carry out these operations at the right moment than to save something in the cost of the necessary implements. To be a successful buying agency for its members, a co-operative society must have a really competent manager and staff: this entails liberal salaries which must to a great extent take the place of the dealers' profit. And so far as selling is concerned, no co-operative society can improve on the practice of selling direct to the consumer, and in a country predominantly urban the practice is more common than is generally supposed.

It is frequently overlooked, when comparing agricultural conditions at home and abroad, that the striking difference between the two in most cases is not so much one of system as of the amount achieved in the working day. It is not urged that the hours or conditions of labour here should or could be as exacting as they are elsewhere. But neither the labourer with a 52 or 48-hour week, nor the small farmer who prefers supervision to manual labour, can hope to claim protection against the produce of the harder workers of other European countries, if this is only to be achieved at the expense of the urban population. The same is true of farming methods. Under the present abnormal conditions the farmer must produce the maximum turnover at the minimum cost. It has been indicated that the law of diminishing returns sets a limit to this, but there must be very few farms in this country where the annual turnover cannot be profitably increased. Of the fifteen million acres of grass land and the five million acres of rough pasture in England and Wales, how many can be made to carry more stock, and to do the stock better,

without an uneconomic expenditure on improvements? Of the thousands of milking herds in the country, how many have attained to the maximum economic yield of milk per cow? Of the millions of tons of beef, mutton, bacon, and other food-stuffs produced by the farmer, how many are produced at the minimum cost? How many farmers really believe that they are buying and selling upon the best possible terms, and that nothing more is to be achieved in this direction by better organisation and co-operation? All the materials for further improvement are present—the results of research and education, increased facilities for co-operation, and on the whole a sympathetic Government and public opinion. In the last resort the solution of the agricultural crisis must depend on the efforts of the British farmer.

Four main conclusions are suggested by this survey of the agricultural situation, and of the remedies adopted or proposed. The first is that though the industry has been hard hit by the falling prices which followed the war, there is abundant evidence that it can still produce a livelihood—if nothing more—for those engaged in it. The second is that the various partners in the industry are facing their respective difficulties—landlords are accepting a reduced return from their estates, if they have been able to retain them; farmers are improving or recasting their methods, and labourers are making the best of lower wages. But it is a hard struggle for all of them, and results in decreased production and rural depopulation, which are matters of national concern. The third conclusion is that the remedial measures adopted by the Government have been effective—so far as they have gone—that they are capable of further extension, and demand a corresponding effort from the agricultural community. The fourth is that it is better on the whole to rely on the cumulative effect of small practical measures, about which there can be little divergence of opinion, than to advocate more sweeping changes, which add to the existing uncertainties of agriculture and may never be adopted. It is more helpful to the struggling farmer to know that prices and conditions will be reasonable, than to hope that they will be exceptional. Stable conditions restore confidence, and confidence is perhaps the first requirement of the industry to-day.

GEORGE T. HUTCHINSON.

Art. 6.—THE PERSONALITY OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

To seek for the personality of a poet in his works is not only a fascinating pursuit, but also the best way of studying what he has written. No revelation, if rightly sought, is quite so intimate. The painter may reproduce on canvas the face, features, habiliments, pose of his sitter—the outer man with something of his spirit; while the biographer often is able to disclose familiar details of the daily life of his subject—his birth, death, and relatives, those equal aspects of eternity; but, to the mind capable of rightly distinguishing, the truest expression of the soul of a master is found in the thoughts and dreams that himself has outpoured, written, realised; for unconsciously he is there revealed as he could not be, even in a planned autobiography with its limitations and opportunities for showing off purple passages in experience and expression. The man's own artistic creations are generally his truest autobiography. He may work, as Shakespeare did, through stage characters presented as kings and queens, peers and peasants; the man in the street, the courtier, the jester, the lover, the bawd, the soldier, the philosopher, bully, cynic; all of them posturing within the frame of a proscenium. Puppets or marionettes they sometimes may appear, yet to the discerning heart those creatures of a man's invention incidentally often reveal himself.

The personality of Geoffrey Chaucer is more easily discovered from his writings than is that of most of the poets; for in all that he penned, from his earliest, 'The Court of Love,' written when he was 'young at eighteen years of age,' until the depressing epilogue to the *Canterbury Tales*, where he discloses himself as weary of the world and wrought upon by the fears and the mystery of death, he does not hide his personal opinions, and his readers find themselves associated with a definite, a consistent, and a lovable being.

It will be useful, before beginning the search, to remember the times in which Chaucer was placed, and so gain some idea of his everyday circumstances and environment. He lived through the second half of the reign of Edward III and the whole of the disastrous

reign of Richard II, to die some twelve months after the accession of Henry IV—a moving period, years of passionate national pride, and, also, of an equal humiliation, the heights and depths of martial victory and of moral defeat being within that period attained or suffered. Chaucer was six years old when Crecy was fought and Calais was besieged; sixteen when Poitiers was won: so that his young imagination, sensitive and eagerly receptive, must have been stirred and illumined by the chronicles of war—through wandering bards and old soldiers gossiping in hostelry and hall—as well as by the example of the *preux chevalier* of those days, the Black Prince.

It was an age of tournaments and luxury, possibly the brighter in seeming because of the misery of the very poor, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, whose backs have ever sustained the dead-weight of the glory of their lords; until, with the sharp irony which is surely an aspect of Omniscience, disaster fell. The Black Death swept over southern and eastern England. Pestilence and famine took the sorest toll, especially of the poorest and least; for even the dark-winged Azrael sometimes discriminates, sparing those with resources and the means of escape. The whole of settled England was swept by the visitation, which in its indirect effects was not altogether evil, for eventually it helped to restore the prosperity of the labourers. Meanwhile, the peasants, driven by necessity, rose in revolt. John Ball, the father of English democracy, raised his belated protest, for the misery of the poor was extreme, as 'Piers Plowman' testifies; the starved things working in the winter fields with their bare feet bleeding.

The religion of those days was infinitely corrupt. It gave to Chaucer, as to the firmer spirit of William Langland, opportunity for protest. The Great Schism which established rival Popes at Rome and Avignon, marked the decay and degradation of Christendom; while the progress of Lollardy and the glorious failure of Wycliffe were too young to give great hopes to plain men, who felt rather than knew the need of spiritual comfort. The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed. Amid the glistening beauty of daily life a sense of discontent festered and cankered in the common heart. Among such

movements of the mind and spirit Chaucer grew. Had he been made of sterner stuff some of the passages of his poems and Tales must have been wrought in darker and angrier colours; for his heart, we well can see, was stirred by the sufferings of the poor and the evils of false religion; but he lacked the iron and gall which make reformers effective and sometimes detestable.

His personal surroundings must have been delightful to him, for his temperament—poetic, artistic—was sensitive to natural beauty, and he lived in the London of the Middle Ages with its painted buildings and clear skies. Born of a vintner on the south side of 'the fishful river of Thames,' near where Blackfriars Bridge touches the Surrey shore—let us accept these pleasant traditions, which, at least, have had no effective counterblast—he would have gazed northwards to the Hampstead Hills and seen the spire of Paul's quivering against the blue; while on his left hand the towers of Westminster shone as an inspiration. Old London Bridge was to eastward with the many masts of the traders beyond it. Swans and gilded barges drifted on the tide; while across the river the grey towers and red roofs of the town were set amid gardens, orchards, and meadows, rich with the flowers he was ever praising:

'The daisy, or else the eye of day,
The emperice and floure of floures all';

for this was his favourite, as elsewhere he declares in the same 'Legend of Good Women':

'Then love I most these flowers white and red,
Such as men call daisies in the town.
To them have I so great affection
As I said last, when comen is the May
That in my bed there dawneth (for) me no day
That I nam (am not) up, and walking in the mead
To see this flower against the sun spread . . .
The blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.' *

* I have modernised the spelling wherever the change does not hurt the music or the meaning of the verse. This is permissible because in Chaucer's days the orthography was left to the pleasure or the carelessness of every copyist, and often on one page the same word is spelt in different ways. As Artemus Ward said of him, 'Mr C. had talent, but he could not spell: he is the worst speller I ever knew.'

Spring was to Chaucer, as it must be to every lyrical poet, a continuous source of inspiration and delight. He enjoyed its fresh vitality, its music, abundance and laughter; he enjoyed as well the travelling circumstances of the day—the knights in their armour riding, the bright attire of the women, the bustle of merchants, shipmen, tradesmen, labourers, wandering soldiers, beggars and minstrels, nuns, priests, friars, and all else of the passing multitude in their variegated raiment, ceremonies, and social play.

Although the poet became a Court official, a page at first, but later of consequence enough to be sent on missions to France and Italy, his inspiration was mainly derived from the surroundings of home; though, indeed, after the pilgrims had left their inn in Southwark, London is hardly referred to in his works. His mind, of course, was enlarged and stimulated through his travels. There is no question of the great and excellent influence upon him of Petrarch whom he knew, and of Boccaccio, whom probably also he met. If he did make the acquaintance of those inspiring representatives of the romantic and poetical impulse of Italy it must have been before he was twenty-five, when their impress upon him would have been exceptionally luminous; but with all his travels, Chaucer remained thoroughly English in spirit—English of the spring-time and of that foredawn of the Renaissance of which, in his own country, he was the particular, and almost a solitary, star.

Gentle is eminently the adjective for him. It is the characteristic which mars as well as makes the quality of his verse; for as we know from his frequent references to 'the great poet of Itaile,' Dante, whose name he puts with Seneca and Juvenal into the inappropriate mouth of the Wife of Bath, he had read well and loved his works, but was utterly incapable of the powerful hatred and bitter angers of the man who had walked in Hell. Had Chaucer been of a harder temperament, he would probably have flayed alive his Pardoner, Frere, and the other unworthy followers of the Church whom he saw deceiving humanity and betraying Christ; instead of which he merely exposed their simoniacal and luxurious tendencies through the veils of a kindly humour.

It was, however, by just so much that Chaucer missed

supreme greatness; for while to be kind and loving is to possess a vitalising quality—no literature being so pleasantly alive as that written with geniality as well as power; yet without some element of sternness it misses the divine. His gentleness brought him, however, to a finer sympathy. He recognised the gleam which may illuminate even the commonest man. 'The voice of the people toucheth Heaven,' he says in the 'Knight's Tale'; and although these words to him did not bear the spiritual meaning that we may apply to them, such a thought as in this extract they suggest was anyhow in his heart. For he was truly gentle, and in love with kindness. Frequently he refers to this truth. 'He is gentle that doth gentle deeds,' he says;* and in the 'Romaunt of the Rose,'

'He is gentle because he doth
As longeth to a gentleman . . .
A churl is deemed by his deed';

while the Wife of Bath—who with all her comic frankness over marriage is a profound moralist—details at length the qualities of the 'greatest gentleman'—and always gentleness was the prime essential. Chaucer proved his faith by his practice, for in 'Troilus,' after he had told the full tale of Cressida's treachery, and won from her the significant plaint, 'and women most will haten me of all,' he cannot help pitying her. He sees her in a lasting loneliness, held up for all time as an example of feminine falsity.

'Her name, alas, is published so wide
That for her guilt it ought enough suffice;
And if I might excuse her any wise,
For she so sorry was for her untruth,
I wis I would excuse her.'

The test of a man's heart is proved by his dispositions towards simple childhood. There is plentiful evidence in his works that Chaucer had a loving sympathy for

* Compare with this the words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of the Shepherd in his 'Winter's Tale':

'For we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.'

The similarities between Chaucer and Shakespeare are, however, illimitable as was suggested in an article in the 'Q.R.' (No. 267) of January 1863.

children. The story put into the mouth of the Prioress, if expressed in blunt modern prose, would possibly stir the ridicule of the philistines; for since Paul Dombey died the deplorably good or wise and pathetic child has not impressed; and Chaucer's story of the little lad who needs must sing, for hour after hour through every day, his lauds to the Virgin, *O alma redemptoris*, and who carried his devotion to religion so far that he felt bound to pass repeatedly through the Ghetto chanting the hymn at the top of his voice, overleaps the scope of modern sympathy. Naturally this frequent practice of the super-serious child annoyed the Jews; until one of them—'a Herod all new'—cut his little throat 'to the neck-bone,' and cast him into a pit of muck. And still the dead boy sang—sang and sang—the same intolerable song, 'that all the place began to ring.' This drew the attention of the 'Cristen folk,' who found and took him up, 'singing his song alway,' and gave him the honours due to a martyr, placing his body on a bier in the adjacent abbey—and still he sang *O alma redemptoris*. At last the abbot discovered that the child—with everybody else—could not have peace until 'the grain' was taken from his throat. So the grain was removed, and 'he gave up the ghost full softly.' It is, I dare say, not entirely fair to outline the old story in this plain prose manner; but it is hard to take it seriously, and, with all its crudeness of 'plot,' it does reveal the truth of Chaucer's love for children and of his sympathy with wounded motherhood.

The same note of touching maternal affection is reproduced by him elsewhere, as in the tale of Griselda, 'this flower of wifely patience'—a story which must grievously annoy serious-minded feminists—when the poor 'marquisesse,' already deprived of her daughter through the folly of her brute of a lord, is compelled also to part with her 'knavé child':

'On her arms this little child she laid
With full sad face, and gan the child to bless
And lulléd it, and after gan it kiss.'

It is amusing to see how the honest, happy common-sense of Chaucer reacted against the philosophy of this tale, 'learned at Padua of a worthy clerk':

'He is now dead and nailed in his chest
Now God give his soul well good rest—
Francis Petrarch,'

for after he had completed its record he protests in an 'Envoy' against such watery meekness, and begs married ladies, instead of subduing themselves in Griselda's manner, to fire their husbands' jealousy.

The outward appearance of Chaucer is familiar. It is a mark of his popularity as man and poet that so excellent and reliable a portrait of him as that adorning the Hoccleve manuscript, 'De Regimine Principis,' in the British Museum should have been drawn. It illustrates admirably the description given by 'our Host' in the Prologue to Sir Thopas—of Chaucer's habit of staring on the ground as if he would find a hair; of his shapely waist and daintiness—'a poppet'—small and fair of face, elvish of countenance, 'for unto no wight doth he dalliance'—meaning that, with his quick wit and quiet humour he need bow before none, because he was easily able to hold his own anywhere in speech and readiness. The portrait in the British Museum manuscript suggests such a personality. It is well known—the round face with the small moustache and pointed forked beard, the eyes down-bent in contemplation, the sensitive hands, one in the gesture of indication, the other holding a rosary. It suggests a gentle, thoughtful, and possibly a yielding disposition; one whose tongue could not easily be rough, but yet who, when he liked, was able to say the little things which mildly pierce and sometimes stir and puzzle. . . . Now what exactly did he mean by that?

Like Shakespeare, he suffered from sleeplessness. Insomnia is the price often paid by the sensitive and swift-minded for their nerves and clamorous thoughts, and the dreams which cradle inspiration. The great thing is not to allow sleeplessness to become a tyranny, a wakeful nightmare; but to guide the beast and allow it to bear its victim to pleasant scenes and attractive places. Shakespeare—we may read between the lines—was a slave to the tormentor, the deprivation harassed him; but not so with Geoffrey Chaucer. Possibly he read too much and too late, for he was a great lover of books. 'I read alway,' he confesses in 'The Parliament

of Birds.' He read till he was dazed and often went to bed with his mind so excited and alive with images and fancies that, eagerly as he might woo the dark god who often has proved fitful as a spoiled woman, he needs must lie awake listening to the wings of the hours as they journeyed to dawn. Chaucer was wise. When Morpheus forsook him, he forsook Morpheus, and took the opportunity to light his candles and return to his reading. His lesser poems afforded plentiful evidence of this resourcefulness in the wakeful night-hours. In his 'Book of the Duchess' he tells:

'I have great wonder by this light,
How that I live; for day ne night
I may not sleep well-nigh nought,
I have so many an idle thought
Purely for default of sleep . . .
Till now late this other night,
Upon my bed I sat upright
And bade one reach me a book,
A romance, and it me took
To read and drive the night away;
For me it thoughté better play
Than either at chess or tables. . . .'

When, however, he was sleepless in the spring or summer-time, it was to the book of Nature that he turned; for, as he says in 'The Flower and the Leaf':

'I withouten sleep so long lay,
And up I rose three hours after twelve
About the springing of the day.'

In his poem, 'The Cuckoo and the Nightingale,' he is yet more explicit, for he tells us that, as he was lying awake on the night of the third of May, the thought came that he would hear the nightingale and the cuckoo sing; for the nightingale, as all lovers and poets know or ought to know, spends his heart in outpouring his praise of true passion. He is its champion; whereas the lewd cuckoo defames love, and with his cry mocks married men. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

'And right anon as I the day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But unto a wood that was fast by
I went,'

and there, hidden among the flowers, he watched the birds and waited; and heard the cuckoo and the nightingale in their ancient argument, and thought that he knew 'all that the birds meant.' It is possible that Chaucer did know pretty well the idioms of their language, for he had an extraordinary love for birds and studied them closely. He was an eager child of Nature—that 'Vicar of the Almighty Lord'—and happier in the woods and fields than amid the ceremonies of life at Court, of which he divulges nothing; for any reference there be to Court life and John of Gaunt and his Duchess Blanche are oblique and shadowy.

'When that the month of May
Is come, and that I hear the fowles sing
And that the flowers gynnen for to spring,
Farewell my book and my devotion.'

He loved the birds, but sometimes strained the truth of their characters, overdoing that knowledge of their meaning, of their minds, which, as has just been suggested, he all but possessed; for, in 'The Court of Love,'

'On Mayday, when the lark began to rise,
To matins went the lusty nightingale,
Within a temple shapen hawthorn-wise,'

the congregated birds—the eagle, popinjay, robin-red-breast, turtle-dove, throstle-cock, peacock, linnet, lark, and cuckoo, in extraordinary association—sing lauds and Latin hymns far, far removed in spirit and in speech from their own realm, over which rules 'Pan, that men clepe the God of Kynde.' Chaucer was able also to sympathise with them in their troubles. He was openly on the side of Chanticleere of the Nun's Priest's Tale, when the lordly bird through the cocksure vanity of his kind had come to disaster and was being carried in the mouth of Dan Russell, the fox, to his den; as also he was with the more sympathetic skylark:

'What might or may the silly lark say
When that the sparrowhawk hath him in her foot?'

His tendencies to make a moral from the wisdom of the bird-world were, however, easily forgotten when it came to the chanting and busy life of the woods, among the trees and the flowers he loved. More than once in

the simple delight of writing them down on paper he details the names of birds, flowers, and trees, as though merely to catalogue them is to revisit and enjoy again their haunts.

The fairies, of course, must be included in any survey of the mind of Chaucer, for they invariably peopled the mediæval vision.

'In old days of the King Arthur . . .
All was this land full of fayrie
The Elf-queen with her jolly company
Danced full oft in many a green mead.'

The elves of his fancy, if related to her at all, were, however, very distant cousins of Oberon's queen. They most nearly approach Titania or Queen Mab in the story of May and January, where the mimic immortals haunt the trees unhallowed of those lovers. For these fairies are named Pluto and Proserpine—think of it!—and discuss the Israelite champion, Samson! As if the dear elves would or could care a golden twopence for anything so far removed from the English wood—bordering Arden and near Athens—in which Master Bottom and his fellow-craftsmen rehearsed their tearful tragedy! Yet this circumstance marks the difference between Chaucer and Alexander Pope. When the Augustan rimester re-versed and incidentally vulgarised this tale, his fairies went on to discuss the kings David and Solomon—but what could the mannikin of Twickenham do with fairyland, although in his 'Rape of the Lock' he does make elves the not unsuitable accessories of a dainty toilet-table, using such quintessences of nature and the superworld as an added touch of elaborated artifice? Elsewhere in his work Chaucer introduced the fairies, but rather as ladies, dressed in green and white, singing their grown-up songs. It must be remembered that the fairies were not yet the beneficent, pretty beings they became after Titania and Oberon had mended their quarrel, and that to the Middle Ages they were relics of the haunted darknesses of ignorance and night, always doubtfully good, and, if thwarted, apt to be malign and dangerous.

So far we have dilated on the qualities of Chaucer's

heart and imaginative nature; which, after all, are the most vital to a poet. Intellectually, he ranked only a little way beneath the Olympians. He was, as we have seen, a close observer of mankind as well as of the creatures of the wild, watching humanity and the play of nature, with an eager insight, humour, and sympathy. He also had an excellent brain, trained in the schools and in that oldest and best of universities when rightly used, experience of the world. His range of thought was noble. It never was mean or petty, as even Wordsworth's could be, for the reason that Geoffrey Chaucer was not a vain man. His was a simple nature. He was not flown with the idea of being divinely appointed to write great poetry, and, therefore, was free of the narrowness and passing envy against which Wordsworth was not immune. Chaucer was strangely uncertain as to his gifts. Often in his verse he suggests that he has not the power to realise his vision in words. I suppose that frequently true artists feel that disappointment, that diffidence.

He was well read, knowing Latin, Italian, and, of course, French, because that was the language of the Court and of Parliament. Although the native tongue was regaining ground, it still was rather the instrument of the lowly than of the established and great. Being in close communion, professionally and through sympathy, with high and low, poor and rich, Chaucer expressed himself fluently in both the native and the official languages; and so it happens that his verse has a wider scope and diversity than was the fortune of earlier poets, being at the same time expressive of the old French and of the new—or the older—English. He read Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; he translated Boethius; he was able to quote Juvenal, Statius, Ovid, and Virgil; while even if he did not know Greek he was aware of the outstanding position in thought and letters of Homer, which is saying a good deal considering that in 1400, when Chaucer died, more than half a century had yet to go before the cataclysm which indirectly caused the Renaissance fell upon Europe.

His freedom from anachronisms is striking. It is true that he puts quotations and references from the classical writers into the mouths of his very common people; but

at least it may be said that he does not get lost on any seacoast of Bohemia.

He was, as were most of the cultured men of the Middle Ages, a student of, or dabbler in, Alchemy and Astrology, and began to write for his second son a treatise on the Astrolabe. He had some measure of faith in the potency of the heavens :

‘For in the stars, clearer than is glass,
Is written, God woot, whoso could it read
The death of every man.’

But possibly through his imagination, which brought him to a consciousness of the vastness, the universality, of existence—over which the majority of men are curiously blind—he knew himself too ignorant to wield with confidence the starry science. Alchemy he enjoyed; and his many references to it, especially the details expressed through the mouth of the Canon’s Yeoman, have the zest and unction which show that he, too, in thought at least, had played with the ever-fascinating problem of the philosopher’s stone.

The artistic progress of Chaucer is easily followed. His earliest works show the customary outpouring of poetical youth, emotions, passions, and images flowing from the pen with an ease which experience would have checked; for such exuberance of thought as he then uttered was generally held and expressed even in commonplace by the young and the lyrical. Love, virtue, and the beauty of womanhood; the delight of the fields and the flowers; manliness and the end of all things—those and such other universals were the subjects of his mind and muse. Much of the early work of an established poet is read because it is the first flow of his genius; and having found the flower—to adapt the idea of Tennyson—it is interesting to examine the seed. So must it be with Chaucer.

His early work, compared with the best of the Canterbury Tales, is excellent without being striking; but measured by the quality of the verse of his contemporaries it is outstanding. No other English poet of the time, at his best, is superior to the young Chaucer for impulse, melody, scope, or workmanship of utterance. With ‘Troilus,’ ‘The Romaunt of the Rose,’ ‘The Flower

and the Leaf,' 'The Book of the Duchess,' and other of his poems, he passed an artistic apprenticeship splendidly justified in the Tales. The chronicle of 'that parfyt glorious pilgrimage' proved that his powers were complete; while for subtlety, balance, insight, humour, and a generous knowledge of humanity, no item of the rich gallery, I venture to think, excels the Pardoner's Prologue and Tale—a compendium of mediæval life, thought, and cupidity, simplicity, wonder, which, while it does not stand alone, being a single jewel of a galaxy, is yet for its artistic qualities just a little better than its companion tales. As these include the Wife of Bath's frank and jolly talk, the Clerk of Oxford's narrative of Chanticleere, the knock-about stories of the Miller and the Reeve, the Doctor's simply-told tragedy of *Virginus*, and the detail of the rival hearty insolence of the Frere and the Summoner, it is venturesome to assert that for subtle wisdom and wit, playful characterisation and bold suggestion, the Pardoner's Tale is the best of all. Yet I feel that it is so. Its qualities when examined are found to be immeasurable. Obviously the religious scoundrel into whose mouth this Tale is set appealed to the heart of the poet—appealed to him much as Falstaff did to Shakespeare, with his rich immortal humour triumphing over villainies. For the Pardoner had travelled through the world showing his 'Bulls of Popes and of cardinals':

'Then show I forth my long crystal stones
Icrammed full of clouts and of bones,
Relics they been . . .'

with his old shoulder-bone of 'an holy Jew's sheep,' which he passes off as a saint's relic, telling the simple folk of the villages he comes to that when it has been dipped in their well—of course, after they have paid the money price—the water will heal the diseases of oxen, cows, calves, and sheep, will cure a man of jealousy so that never more shall he mistrust his wife, while his grain, whether of wheat or oats, will multiply. The fellow is frank; he confesses that he loves good liquor and other indulgences forbidden to his cloth; but these venal or serious offences do not hinder his preaching morality in a loud voice or taking the pence of poverty for the spiritual benefits he has been licensed to sell.

'For though myself be a full vicious man,' as he confesses, he could tell them a moral tale.

His story, certainly, is moral enough, according to the old canons which decree that punishment should fall heavily and promptly on outrageous sinners. Its peculiar cleverness is found not so much in the detail of the treachery and equal death of the three thieves; but in the way this Pardoner exults, almost in the same sentence, over his own moralities and trickeries. With the skill of the juggler he balances cant and cupidity, humbug and impudent frankness, as, doubtless, was necessary to a wandering man in the Middle Ages living by his wits. He is ready for anything; but because, with all his knavery, at the back of his heart he is conscious of the supreme things that end all and, it may be, mend all, he touches heights and depths which are not attained even by the finer souls of the pilgrimage. The three vicious accomplices had plotted, and

'As they sat, they heard a bell clink
Before a corpse was carried to the grave.'

(Parenthetically, what a touch, bearing with its simplicity the reality of the mediæval funeral!) Then the youngest of the thieves encountered in the road a man so old that his face was that of a corpse and he had a poor fringe of white beard. This ancient proved to be unreasonably wrath because he could not find any one in the world who would give him youth in exchange for his old age. An echo of the despair of the Wandering Jew.

'Death, alas, ne will not have my life . . .
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knock with my staff, early and late,
And say "Leeve (loving) mother, let me in!"'

In these pages we discern something of the power, terror, and tyranny of the thought of death to the people of the Middle Ages; for in those days, at any rate, the consolations of religion rarely did console. Fear must have been there always as, beyond the gates of death, glowered for them almost visibly the everlasting fires, and in a different plane, as a separate cause of haunting dread, waited the serried and calculated ordeals

of purgatory, with, beyond their pains, far beyond them, the vaguely flickering promise of a conditional Paradise—a trembling Perhaps; while in the forefront was the costly and over-organised religious system with its thumping intolerance and ceremonies, its frauds, cheats, and fictions, its false teachers and tricky profiteers, with their indulgences and pardons, flourishing. The true pastors, the simple village clergymen, who taught of Christ and His apostles twelve, they were overlooked or derided and forgotten. Upon that cruel system, upon that bruised reed, mankind depended, and because of its helplessness often was frightened and lost. Among the manifold uncertainties abounding, only one thing was sure, the 'privé thief men clepen Death.' They might cower, they might flee, but always the monster must be faced.

'We will slay this false traitor Death.
He shall be slain that so many slayeth,
By Godde's dignity, ere it be night.'

But the false traitor, the privé thief, the old enemy, remains unvanquished, and still is a terror to mankind; although the men and women whom Chaucer knew—they who, like the folk of this Tale, would gladly have slain him—themselves are less than dust, are less than shadows—in very brief, are nothing.

These suggestions, in their quality infinite, derived from one tale show that Chaucer could reach the heights even to the edge of the eternal mysteries; just as, with the coarse but appropriate farce of his Miller's and Reeve's Tales, he could touch depths of broad fun; but he could not stay on the heights for long. He was not hard or stern enough to wrestle with the sublimest possibilities. He was no Puritan, for he liked his cakes and ale. With his heart he heard the laughter of the world, and was prepared to be deaf to the crueller voices. These playings with and speculations over the mighty finalities, suggested through the tragical course of the story, are, however, only contributory to the diverse subtleties of the Pardoner, who all the while was enjoying his own tale and, under the spell of the telling, was forgetting that it was fiction; until, suddenly, he broke off, remembering that he had relics to exploit, pardons

to sell, profits to win for Mother Church and incidentally for himself.

'Thou shalt kiss the relics every one.

Yea, for a groat; unbuckle anon thy purse.'

This tale shows the art of Chaucer as consummate. His zest for description was great. The moving accidents of flood and field—as of Theseus at the hunting, in the Knight's Tale, suggesting an interesting comparison with the like incident in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and the Sea Fight in the 'Legend of Good Women'—caught his imagination, so that he painted their circumstance in glowing colours. He had in full the spirit and art of a great story-teller. He might justly be called, not so much the Father of English Poetry—for that, in truth, he was not—as the Father of English Fiction and Romance.

Another respect in which Chaucer proves his power is in his choice of the stories and their tellers. The right tale, without exception, is put into the right mouth. His lewd fellows and vulgar folk have their appropriately improper tales, told with a natural gusto; while the refined among his pilgrims show the quality and colour of their minds in the subjects they choose. The Knight tells of prowess and chivalry, recording with an enthusiasm which shows how brightly the thought of Chaucer shone over the pageantry of the age, with the lists, the marching, and the jousting; while the young Squire, who, like so many of the youthful in these writings, is 'fresh as is the month of May,' begins the fantastic story of the Enchanted Horse, and promises to tell much else of Kambynskan, and Algarsif, of Theodora, Cambello, and Canacee, when his Tale abruptly ends. Evidently Chaucer felt that this youth's share of narrative would become disproportionate and unwieldy. The Sergeant of Laws in his turn tells calmly, precisely, as a parchment lawyer would do—and also not too convincingly—his Tale of the suffering Constance and her conventionally unpleasant mother-in-law, 'this scorpion, this wicked ghost.' The Nun, in her turn, recounts the legend of St Cecilia, with its simplicities so exceedingly simple as almost to be arch; for the holy maid was no sooner married than she blandly requested her husband

not to trouble her with his attentions, for the simple reason that she happened to be living with an angel. Well, M. Anatole France has shown another side of such sublime association.

One other aspect of Chaucer's personality also is notable. His Shipman, his Miller, his Reeve, and his Cook, telling their tales do not mince facts when dealing with the indecent revelries and intrigues of their Absalom and Alison, Simkin John and Allan, Perkyn the apprentice, and the rest of the *farceurs*; but yet the mind of Chaucer was essentially clean. It was right that his common people should talk frankly of the natural incidents which to them were the humours of life—"Te-he!" quod she, and clapt the window to—but at least two things show how unusually pure of mind he was for the days in which he lived. He broke off his Cook's Tale abruptly; because of the three stories already told two had been indecent, and for a third of the same character to follow immediately was rather too much:

'I will now tell no further

For shame of the harlotry that seweth (followeth) after:

A villainy it were then of more to spell

But of a knight and his sons my tale I will further tell';

and, therefore, he tells of Gamelyn, which is a crude and early version of the story of 'As You Like It,' and with Rosalind, Celia, Touchstone, and Jaques left out. The other example of Chaucer's natural disinclination from indelicacy is found in his treatment of Troilus. Remembering the opportunity given by that story for an Elizabethan or a mediæval sniggering, it is worthy of note that he could detail at length its intimacies of passion and treachery and not lower the tragic dignity of the theme. He made no call on Thersites, and his Pandar was not the old rascal of Shakespeare's play. His version, moreover, brings into greater contrast the dirty vulgarity of Pope in his so-called imitation beginning, 'Women ben full of Ragerie.' Unquestionably, Geoffrey Chaucer has been badly served by his transformers and imitators.

He was a true man. He could laugh with the world and yet not forget the deep issues—of fellowship, duty

life, and death. He was of a spiritual nature. The contrast of his poor serviceable clerks and priests with the wastrels of religion show how clearly he distinguished the true from the false, and how thoroughly he detested the licensed charlatan. It is not without significance, in the days of Wycliffe, that Chaucer's most spiritual cleric, the poor Parson, was, according to Harry Bailey the Host, a Lollard. 'I smell a Loller in the wind!' An extraordinarily serious person that good man proved, for the 'merry tale' he promises turns out to be a very lengthy sermon on Penitence, Contrition, Confession, and the Seven Deadly Sins, quite after the pattern of some soul-searching covenanting Poundtext on the Scottish hills. With this 'Loller's' earnest words Chaucer brings to an end his *Canterbury Tales*, and that is the pity of it, for by then darkness was clouding the joyous mind and heart.

His last years were shadowed with anxieties and grief. He was poor. He addressed lines to his purse, begging it to be heavy again or else he must die; but worse than the threat of worldly evil was the fear of the pains *post-mortem*, when this game of life is done and the Judgment falls 'at the great Assize,' as he calls it in 'Troilus.' He trembled before the dark unknown. This was made very plain in the 'Preces' to the *Canterbury Tales*, where—worked upon by dread of the future and the deep thoughts which his own sermon had roused; remembering, too, the contrast of present deprivation and anxieties, with the abundance and magnificence of the days at court—he groped among fears and doubts. And so, in the evening of his life, which had come near to the night, he lamented over the happy things he had written; as if, forsooth, they were deadly sins.

'That God have mercy on me and forgive me my guilts, and namely of my translations and enditing in worldly vanities, which I revoke in my retractions as in the book of Troilus, the book also of Fame, the book of twenty-five ladies, the book of the Duchesses, the book of St. Valentine's Day and of the Parliament of Birds, the Tales of Canterbury, all this that sounen (tendeth) unto sin, the book of the Leo, and many other books, if they were in my mind or remembrance, and many a song and many a lecherous lay. . . .'

He goes on to take consolation—'so that I might be one of them at the day of doom that shall be saved'—in his translation of Boethius, of his legends of the saints, homilies, moralities, and books of devotion—things forgotten, writings happily forgotten; for what are the blessings given by such mumblings and ramblings of superstition and ritual compared with the joy, laughter, and simple helpful kindness and seriousness of his lay works, with the songs of the birds at their mating, the glory of the flowers and woods, the glimpses of fairies dancing, of princes and knights in congress, the sadness and delight of lovers, the passion of Troilus and the grief of Cressida, the gossiping wonder of the Canterbury Pilgrims, those English folk, gentle and simple, riding through the lanes and meadows of Kent?

The mediæval Church has much to answer for when so pleasant a spirit as that of Chaucer was frightened into black penitence because of the triumphs of his pen, which had rejoiced many and were further to rejoice generations to come. For his was a gentle spirit, and one the world has learnt to love. Chaucer went quietly through life, sharing the sorrows of his fellows and joining their mirth in the ways of human brotherhood, watching with amused eyes the ardours and vanities of ambition and romantic love, contrasting with all that splendour and clamour and pride the simplicity of the daisies starring the grass at his feet.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

Art. 7.—THE RETURN OF THE TURKS.

FROM the peace of Karlovitz in 1699 to the autumn of 1922 the Turkish dominions in Europe had gradually diminished. The 19th century, which witnessed the liberation of Serbia, Greece, and Roumania, and the practical independence of Bulgaria, marked the decline of the Ottoman Empire in a continent where it had always been a stranger. The first Balkan war of the present century almost entirely eliminated the Turkish flag from the Balkan peninsula, and the treaty of Sèvres in 1920 restricted European Turkey to the capital and the tiny slip of territory which stretches as far as the Chatalja lines. The European possessions of Turkey were very much what those of the Byzantine Empire had been just before the capture of Constantinople, and it seemed as if the time were at hand when the Turks would recross the Bosphorus and return to the continent, whence they came in the middle of the 14th century. Then arose the 'National' movement at Angora, of which Mustapha Kemal had made himself head; in March 1922, the Paris Conference (on paper) restored Smyrna and its *Hinterland* to direct Turkish rule and extended the frontiers of European Turkey to a line drawn from near Ganos on the sea of Marmara to the Bulgarian frontier on the west of the Stranja Mountains. Six months later the victories of the Turks over a demoralised Greek army drove the Greeks out of Smyrna and so greatly alarmed diplomacy that it made further concessions, by which in the Mudania Convention of Oct. 11, 1922, and at the Conference of Lausanne, the Turkish frontier was further advanced to the Maritza. Thus, the clock had been set back, and the Turks have returned to Eastern Thrace, one of the granaries of Greece. Some writers, arguing superficially and without due perspective, see in this retrograde movement the sign of a great Turkish revival. But, to quote the words of Prof. Freeman* over forty years ago, 'we see in it a transitional state of things, which diplomacy fondly hopes to be an eternal settlement of an eternal question; but of which reason and

* 'The Historical Geography of Europe' (Ed. 1), I, 460.

history can say only that we know not what a day may bring forth.' The Greek defeat of 1897 caused the loss of certain strategic points in Thessaly; but it was completely wiped out by the crushing defeat of the Turks in 1912. Only on this present occasion, the Powers, in their fear of war, have ignored Lord Salisbury's maxim, that Christian territory once wrested from the Turks must not be restored to them. Lord Salisbury was no Crusader; but he was a man of great historic insight and common sense, who knew that the Turks, although good fighters, were poor administrators, unable, as their whole history shows, to govern subject Christian populations. Unfortunately, nowadays there is no European statesman of the moral force of Gladstone or Lord Salisbury, while of the Allied Ministers, Signor Mussolini, while admitting an extension of Turkish territory, alone had the courage to tell the Turks that there was a limit, beyond which they must not go. Once more, as in the days of Abdul Hamid II, the Turks have played off one Power against another, and thus, having defeated the Greeks in the field, have defeated the Powers at the Council-table. Yet surely the experience of half a century should have taught us that at palaver the Turks can easily outwit Europeans; past-masters in the art of procrastination, they can spin out discussions indefinitely, unless they are brought face to face with the only argument which Orientals understand and respect—force. They knew full well, however, that this was the one argument that the Powers would not apply. For, at so short a distance from the terrible carnage and expense of the world-war, no European nation wanted a fresh appeal to arms. Besides, France and, to a less extent, Italy had been pursuing a Turkophil policy. Italy, since the occupation of the Dodekanese in 1912, had been opposed to Greece, especially since the Kakavia incident and the bombardment of Corfu; Great Britain, and still more France, had been opposed to King Constantine. Mr Lloyd George, indeed, probably under the influence of his personal friend, Sir John Stavridi, formerly Greek Consul-General in London, warmly espoused the cause of the Greeks. But he was alone in the Cabinet in his enthusiasm for them, and his famous speech of Aug. 4, 1922, injured, rather than helped them

and made him partly responsible for what has occurred. 'Moral sympathy,' unaccompanied by material support, is of little use in the day of battle. And material support public opinion in Great Britain would not have allowed the Premier to give. For he had against him not only the Anglo-Indians, whose fathers had opposed Gladstone in 1877, but also the Labour party and not a few Liberals, anxious to avoid war at any cost. Moreover, had Great Britain gone to war in the unpopular cause—as it was represented—of King Constantine, she would have fought alone, for neither France nor Italy would have joined her.

What are the causes of this temporary—for history shows that it will be only temporary—turn of the Turkish tide? First the defeat of M. Venizelos in the elections of November 1920. Before that event, Greece had alike in Great Britain and France an enormous number of friends, who supported her, not because they were Philhellenes but because they admired and trusted M. Venizelos. As Mr Lloyd George once said, 'owing to Constantine all my colleagues are against me.' All the declarations of Constantine's admirers could not efface the impression made by his telegrams published in the Greek White Book. Secondly, there was the French evacuation of Cilicia, which not only diminished European prestige in the eyes of the Turks, but also provided them with weapons; for the retiring French left a large amount of arms and munitions behind them. Had the Allies before the peace given the Turks a knockdown blow, these things would not have had such influence, for at that time the fatalist Turks would have accepted their humiliation as *kismet*, and even the restoration of Santa Sophia to Christendom would have been endured. But the Powers, occupied in the West, allowed the psychological moment to pass; the Turks recovered self-confidence and found a leader; while they became more recalcitrant, the Allies became less united; and the world was treated to the unedifying spectacle of a British Minister of Foreign Affairs and ex-Viceroy of India waiting at Lausanne upon the good pleasure of a Turkish Pasha for over two months, while his presence was urgently needed in London! It was no wonder that the Turks should have felt elated and that Angora

should have been intransigent in its demands. It is still more so now, as both France and Italy realise.

What are likely to be the results of this Turkish return to the Balkan peninsula? Sooner or later further wars. When the victories of the Balkan League in 1912 almost expelled the Turks from the peninsula, which they had first entered in 1353 owing to the divisions between those same Christian States, it seemed as if at least one cause of dispute and the chief source of misgovernment had been removed. For, although the Balkan Leaguers were sure to quarrel among themselves, and their administration was by no means as yet up to Western standards, still they were thenceforth to be masters in their own lands, and their administrative methods, even at their worst, were admittedly better than those of the unprogressive Turks. Now, however, a portion of the work of 1912 has been undone, and the Christian States of the Balkans are naturally confronted with the recurring problem of protection against their ancient foe. Jugoslavia, for example, which had ceased in 1913 to have a common frontier with Turkey, was immediately alarmed by the prospect of a Turkish restoration to Thrace. For, although Eastern Thrace is not conterminous with the Serbo-Croat-Slovene frontiers, the Turkish boundary now marches with that of Bulgaria, the bitter enemy of Jugoslavia. The Bulgars are *Realpolitiker*, who have no objection to an alliance with their old oppressors, provided that they can thereby achieve an immediate success at the expense of their Christian rivals. Thus, the young Yugoslav kingdom might be taken, as in a vice, between Hungary on the one side and a Turko-Bulgarian combination on the other, at a time when the Greek army had not been reorganised and Roumania—never since the exploits of the Roumanian army before Plevna in 1877 a formidable military power—was threatened by the Bolsheviks in Bessarabia, which it is the ambition of Russia to recover. The spread of such a conflagration would be probable, for most wars begin in the Balkans. The Little Entente might be involved as a whole, and Western interests implicated on one side or the other. But the territorial contact between Turkey and Bulgaria affects yet

another European, and especially British, interest. One of Great Britain's main objects in the late war was to prevent the realisation of an all-German line from Berlin to Bagdad. But now that Bulgaria and Turkey once more touch one another, the sole obstacle in the way of such a railway is Jugoslavia, hemmed in, as we saw, between the Hungarians and the Bulgarians. Nor is it a real Italian interest to have an aggrandised Turkey. For Italy is understood to seek commercial expansion in the Levant, following the historic traditions of Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Amalfi. Throughout the Levant the trade and the banking are in the hands, not of the Turks, but of the Greeks and the Armenians. At no time have the Turks been a commercial people, whereas the two Christian races above-mentioned have always been traders. Consequently, Italy's interest would seem to consist in being upon friendly terms with them. Signor Mussolini, who is a realistic politician, appears to have realised this in the case of the Armenians, who have gained a certain amount of moral sympathy alike at the Vatican (because some of them are Roman Catholics) and with such far-seeing statesmen as Senator Luzzatti, upon whom the mantle of Gladstone may be said to have fallen in this question. Moreover, a growth of the Pan-Islamic movement might embarrass Italy in Libya, for the more chauvinist Turks have not forgotten that it was Italy who, in 1912, took from them the last direct African possessions of Turkey. The recent creation of an Italian naval base at Leros is accordingly by some considered to be directed against Turkey.

Some ingenuous persons believe what the Turkish delegates were fond of asserting at Lausanne, that a 'new' Turkey has suddenly arisen, with a new mentality and a Western civilisation. But Europe has been told that story once before, when, in 1908, the 'Young' Turkish Revolution was proclaimed to be the beginning of a new era. Some amongst them, even statesmen such as Lord Grey of Fallodon, were so enchanted by the blessed word 'Constitution,' that they took the 'Young' Turks seriously, until facts opened their eyes. Not so with experienced travellers like Miss Edith Durham,*

* 'The Struggle for Scutari,' p. 8.

who replied to an enthusiast, 'You can pass a law, if you like, that all cats are dogs; but they will remain cats.' Human nature, especially in the East, cannot be changed in a day, and it will soon be found that the 'new' Turk is only the 'old' Turk with another adjective. The Turkish history of the 19th century is full of 'reforms'; they remained a dead letter; they were all 'window-dressing.'

Even in the interest of the Turks themselves, a return to Europe would seem to have been scarcely advisable. Nearly a century ago Moltke advised them to retire from our continent and concentrate in Asia, whence they came and to which they belong. There lies, and always has lain, the root of their power. There they could have a capital city out of the reach of European navies, and needing no special regulations for its protection. They do not become 'Europeans,' in our sense of the word, by settling in Europe, whereas they do thereby enter into the perilous zone of European complications. No one wishes to hinder the consolidation of a really Turkish State in Asia; but what people do desire to avoid is a repetition of the Balkan history of the hundred years prior to 1913 by the re-establishment of Turkey in the 'powder-magazine of Europe,' from which it was one of the original objects of the late war to expel her. No wise Turkish statesman can seriously believe at this time of day, after the great development of nationality among the Balkan peoples, and even with the Albanians, that a Turkish reconquest of any large portion of that peninsula would be possible. To defeat the divided Greeks in the interior of Asia Minor was one thing; to rout the Balkan races on their own ground would be another. Besides, Turkey is not a naval Power, so that the transport of troops across from Asia would be difficult. This was proved during the first Balkan War of 1912, when the Greek Fleet, under the present President of the Hellenic Republic, Admiral Kountouriotis, rendered great services to the Balkan League by preventing Turkish reinforcements arriving from Asia Minor. Nor can it be pretended that the return of the Turks to the Balkan peninsula would be of any economic advantage. They occupied a large part of it for over five centuries with the result that, when they

were driven out, its harbours were still undredged, its marshes undrained, its roads unrepaired or else were non-existent. Turkish rule had done nothing of lasting benefit for Macedonia, Thrace, or Albania; the grass had not grown, as the proverb says, where the Turk's horse had trodden. The return of European territory under Turkish rule may benefit, and is said to have been partly due to concession-hunters, but is of no economic value to the world. We can quite understand the natural desire of the Turks to be masters in their own house; but that house is in Asia; they have never in all these five centuries had more than a tent packed with explosives in Europe. The exchange of populations will make them still less 'Europeans,' and Asia still more Asiatic. Indeed, the very same people who have no objection to replacing Turkish rule over a Christian population, are the first to cry out against the abolition of the capitulations. They know well what Turkish administration, if left to itself, would be, and are determined that they at least will have none of it for themselves.

The horrors of the war have dulled the moral sense of most people. Every one is wearied with horrors; no one is any longer moved by 'atrocities.' Stay-at-home persons refuse to believe them; cynics soothe their consciences and save themselves trouble by arguing that many races besides the Turks—the cultured Germans and gentlemanly Austrians, for example—have committed them. It is only in the United States that they seem to have had any effect. But the United States are far off and still are resolved to meddle as little as possible with the troubles of the Old World. For this, indeed, we can scarcely blame them, as they neither possess the trained diplomatists of Europe, nor have they a detailed knowledge of European problems, the roots of which go back for centuries. Yet the Americans have considerable educational interests in Turkey, such as Robert College at Constantinople, now threatened by the exclusive policy of the 'Young' Turks. Their missionaries have great experience of the Near East; their newspapers have been less guided by considerations of material interest in their judgment of the Eastern question than those of some European countries. Had, for example, the United States undertaken the protec-

tion of the Armenians, they would have done an immense service to that unfortunate race, which has no established Armenian kingdom to assist it, such as the Greeks of the dispersion found in the Greek State.

The Turkish diplomatic success over the Powers forms also a dangerous precedent for Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria. If Turkey, by sheer force, could constrain the Powers to revise the treaty of Sèvres, why should not those other enemy States compel them to reconsider the treaties of Versailles, St Germain, the Trianon, and Neuilly? So they may argue, feeling sure that no one wants a fresh war to enforce the terms of those 'scraps of paper.' Thus the fruits of the Allied effort may be lost, thanks to the bold initiative of Mustapha Kemal and a comparatively small number of Turkish troops. To have nullified one of the peace treaties in less than three years from its signature is no mean achievement for a band of fighting-men. It confirms the unpleasant theory that, as the result of our elaborate civilisation, the least civilised peoples are the best able to go to war. They have less to lose by defeat, their simpler life is less impeded by military operations, they have no complicated machinery to be destroyed, no manufacturing towns to be laid in ashes or bombed by aviators. As the Serbian proverb says, 'A naked man will jump far'; for this reason agricultural or nomad populations can take up arms with less risk than industrial nations. The history of the Balkans will supply numerous examples, beginning with Montenegro's five centuries of warfare against the Turks. It is when the less civilised country comes to the time of peace that its difficulties begin. The late King Nicholas found it hard to employ his warriors when there was no more fighting to be done. The Turkish leaders at Angora will find it a severer strain upon their capacity and their resources to organise a modern state, such as they claim to be inaugurating, than to win battles over disorganised soldiers. Their friends in Europe will doubtless lend them money; but that obligation will sap their independence, for bondholders have usually wished to have a hand in the administration of the States which they finance, and the bondholders in the last resort are supported by the diplomatists. But more than money

is wanted to start and keep up a modern Government, and so far the Turks have produced eminent generals and an occasional diplomatist—although most of their diplomatists have been of other races—but hardly a single great administrator. Midhat shared the fate of a reformer who was before his time; and no second Midhat has yet appeared. Already it is evident that the trade of Smyrna cannot be revived without the presence of a Christian population there, so that massacres and expulsions are not only moral crimes but economic blunders. History is herein repeating itself; the destruction of 'Giaour Smyrna' in 1922 is a financial loss similar to that caused by the massacres of the mastic-island of Chios in 1822. Yet a hundred years have not taught 'the unchanging East' this lesson.

'There is a soul of good in things evil,' and the return of the Turks to Europe, temporary as we believe it to be, may prove to have been not without some benefit, if it only convinces the Balkan States of the necessity for putting their own houses in order in face of the common enemy. This is especially the case with Greece, the country which has lost most by this rapid revision of the map of the Sèvres treaty. It is high time in their own interest that the Greeks should bury the hatchet of civil dissension—always the bane of Greek history, ancient, mediæval, and modern. Royalists and Republicans should unite for the common defence of what remains, forget the past, and work for the future. This should be all the easier, because M. Venizelos has plainly stated that he has no intention of returning to political life in Greece, but will be content to serve the interests of his country by remaining abroad. As ex-King Constantine is dead, the two protagonists of the civic drama are removed from the stage, and with their disappearance much personal bitterness has vanished from public life—for M. Papanastasiou, the first Republican Premier, had no past and no enemies. In her external relations Greece has already made further concessions to Yugoslavia at the port of Salonika, thus remedying an old-standing Yugoslav grievance. Bulgarian aspirations to an outlet on the Ægean, awarded at Bucharest in 1913 but taken away at Sèvres in 1920, are more difficult to gratify; but, in view of possible

Turko-Bulgarian combinations, some amicable arrangement between Greece and Bulgaria seems desirable. There are signs that the Greeks are anxious for the solution of their pending questions with Italy and the Italians of theirs with Greece, foremost among them that of the Dodekanese. Signor Brambilla, the new Italian Minister in Athens, is credited with the desire, not shown by his predecessors since the pre-war mission of that cultured and charming Philhellene, the late Marchese Carlotti, of making Italy and her representative popular among the Greeks. M. Karapanos, the new Greek Minister in Rome, whose selection was excellent—for he knows the country and speaks Italian well—may be expected, whenever a favourable moment arrives, to signalise this, his second, occupancy of the Greek Legation there by discussing Italo-Greek differences with Signor Mussolini, who, if no Philhellene, at least possesses the great merit of knowing what he wants and of being able to enforce even an unpopular solution upon his recalcitrant followers. Moreover, a Greek naval programme which should include an adequate force of submarines—two have already been ordered—should make the Hellenic Republic a neighbour calculated to inspire respect in those Italian statesmen who know the sterling qualities of the Greek sailors and the great natural possibilities of the indented coasts of Greece—both of them factors only equalled by those of Jugoslavia Dalmatia. Possibly, one day Italy and Greece may collaborate in the pacific penetration of Asia Minor—a result economically worth more than Italy gets out of the thirteen Southern Sporades. British interests are to see Italian and Greek differences amicably settled on a permanent basis, which, while safeguarding Italian *amour propre*, will recognise the incontrovertible ethnological claims of Hellenism.

But, above all, the events culminating in the treaty of Lausanne should teach the Greeks to rely rather upon themselves than upon any Great Power, however much of a Philhellene its Premier may be. Byron warned them in 'Don Juan' to

'Trust not for freedom to the Franks,'

and he was a true prophet. The brilliant success of

1912 was due to their own work; the failure of 1922, like that of 1897, was partly due to the exaggerated hopes of foreign backing. There is apt to be an erroneous, if natural, conception in the Near East that, because the Eastern question perforce occupies the foremost place in the public controversies of Athens, Belgrade, and Sofia, this elusive problem forms likewise the constant occupation of politicians in London, whose attention, on the contrary, it engages only spasmodically, in the rare intervals of their domestic controversies. 'The calf of the leg,' as Theokritos wrote, 'is farther off than the knee'; the Dardanelles are more remote from Westminster than Ditchborough. All friends of Greece, too, must deplore, but face, the fact of the lamentable decline of classical education in England—I am informed that at Byron's old school last spring only sixteen boys were learning Greek. This is, unfortunately, likely to diminish interest in Greek affairs among those cultured classes, who have not yet realised that the Greece of MM. Papanastasiou and Sophoules may be worth studying as well as that of Pericles and Socrates, whereas we do not confine our reading of English history exclusively to the golden age of Elizabeth. But Greek scholars are not necessarily interested in Greece. Professors of ancient Greek history and literature are not always well posted in modern Greek affairs: indeed, one of the most famous of them, an Englishman of European reputation and a delegate to the League of Nations, asked the present writer, who had drawn his attention at Geneva to the sacrifice of the heroic Cheimarra, what and where that place was. To him the Acroceraunian Mountains were only interesting as a poetic trope; the secular liberties of their inhabitants under their hereditary *archegós*, were 'post classical' and, therefore, outside his 'period.' Byzantine studies, indeed, which give the clue to much of Greek policy, are still only in their infancy in England. Besides, as we have seen in a recent instance, not all Byzantine professors are Philhellenes. All these things show that Greece should rely above all on herself; and, if she be united, she will not rely on herself in vain.

To sum up, the Powers can scarcely regard with satisfaction the result of the fighting in Asia Minor and

the Conference at Lausanne. They have not thereby increased their prestige; their solemn treaty has been cut to pieces by the sword of a Turkish commander; their diplomatists have had to wait on the good pleasure of a dilatory Turkish negotiator. The Balkan States are once more alarmed; Greece has been deprived, not only of Eastern Thrace but of all that M. Venizelos had bestowed upon her in Asia Minor with perhaps too lavish or too hasty a hand, for it is possible that his overseas creation presupposed his presence for its preservation. But historical students cannot accept the return of the Turks as final. The whole trend of the last two centuries is against it, and there will probably be written one day another chapter in blood upon the plains of Thrace before the Turks at last leave Europe for ever.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Art. 8.—SPORT AND SPORTSMANSHIP.

RECENT events have brought into prominence certain questions connected with a very interesting but by no means simple subject: namely, Sport, and the kind of behaviour of those who take part in it, known in this country as Sporting. It is a common expression that so-and-so is a 'real sportsman': common, that is, not among those groups of our fellow-countrymen who scrupulously weigh the exact meaning of every word before they utter it, but rather among those who may be described as men of action rather than of words: men with more belief in intuition than in ratiocination; men more at home in the smoking-room of a West-end club than in the chamber—wherever it may be—devoted to the proceedings of the Aristotelian Society. Among such critics of men and things the expression 'a sportsman' would always be one of high praise; and may not unfrequently be bestowed on one who is giving his energies neither to field sports, such as shooting and hunting, nor to games of ball. Similarly, 'unsportsmanlike' would be applied to certain kinds of conduct with almost as much freedom and over nearly as wide an area as the word 'ungentlemanlike.' Most of the derivatives of the word Sport in many of their connotations can hardly be said yet to belong to the most dignified kind of English diction. We can hardly imagine our greatest orators, sticklers for loftiness and purity of speech in public and private, using any of them. Nor can we remember that among their warmest admirers the term a 'real sportsman' was ever applied to Mr Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield. Nevertheless, it is not only interesting but desirable at the present time that the signification of the adjectives 'sporting' and 'sportsmanlike' should be considered with a view to their being used with some approach to precision. We need hardly say that in addressing ourselves to the task we forbear from passing even the most cursory judgment on the questions that have come up in connexion with the Olympic Games.

Clearly some rough definition of the substantive Sport is required before the adjectives can be analysed. As soon as man subjugated or extirpated those wild creatures which were a constant menace to society,

sufficiently to feel secure at home, he, or certain individuals rather, found that there was a pleasure attached to the process of the combat, vivid enough to make it worth while to go out of their way to seek it either in the pursuit, for their destruction, of dangerous beasts in distant lands, or of harmless birds and animals at home. The eagerness with which the pastime is indulged in, even in its most artificial forms, wholly unconnected with risk to life or limb and very remotely concerned with procuring necessary food, has been often ascribed to atavism: that is to say, to a hereditary instinct which impels men, and still more boys, to make an enemy of the timid rabbit or the innocent partridge, though there can be hardly a shadow of pretence that the proceedings are anything but an agreeable recreation. The country gentlemen of the old school who recall the pleasant traditions of fifty years ago or more, have never been thought to have pushed logicity to an extreme. But we cannot suppose that even they really believed that animals and birds, which they had bred, nourished, and protected, needed to be treated as enemies and destroyed as such. Yet hunting, shooting, and fishing, though not defended on such absurd grounds, are often indulged in with passionate eagerness, exactly as if some vital issue were at stake.

This remark might bring us to the vexed and thorny subject of cruelty involved in sport. We mention this only to put it on one side; not that it is at all widely understood or is unimportant; but it does not necessarily belong to the inquiry on which we are engaged.* In ordinary parlance the attribution of good sportmanship to an individual has only an indirect connexion with the question whether he does or does not cause unnecessary pain. It signifies certain qualities of allegiance to a law more elusive and far less clearly defined, but, fortunately, less likely to stir acrimonious controversy.

So far, then, we have reminded ourselves that the primeval need of self-defence has issued in a curious development, viz. a recreation built upon what used to be a struggle of life and death. That recreation in

* The late Prof. Freeman's pamphlet on Hunting remains as perhaps the most forcible presentation of the 'humanitarian' case. A book that should also be read is Williams on the Ethics of Diet (Sonnenschein).

course of time has come to be practised under a set of unwritten regulations fairly well recognised by most of those who take part in it. The good sportsman is one who obeys these regulations without cavil or protest. Of what sort are they? The consideration of this question will form a preamble to that of sportmanship in the playing of games; the object being to see if there is a common signification to the word as used in regard to two such different activities as deer-stalking and Rugby football.

It is advisable to consider some instances of the popular use of the words 'sporting' and 'sportsmanlike' as applied to field sports; and the first indicates a curiously mixed notion when applied to the substantive 'chance.' How does the adjective qualify the noun? For at first blush it is difficult to see any connexion whatever between the very doubtful word 'chance' and self-defence. What, in short, is a 'sporting chance'? We hazard this answer: that when in fox-hunting, for instance, there seems every likelihood of the prey escaping the pursuer, suppose the huntsman tries a bold 'lifting of the scent,' and selects a spot which to others appears most unpromising: before the experiment is verified, rather than after, it might be called a 'sporting chance.' Again, a 'sporting shot' in a covert-shoot would certainly mean a difficult one, the reverse of certain. No one would use the adjective of a shot at a sitting rabbit or a running partridge. Difficulty, then, and uncertainty and skill seem to be inherent in the notion of 'sporting' as applied to certain experiences in hunting, shooting, and fishing. An 'off-chance' would mean a very uncertain chance; a 'sporting-chance' one which, besides being uncertain, calls for such gifts as skill, resourcefulness, courage, and the like.

Further: we have to explain why this element of difficulty is artificially induced in some forms of shooting. Why does the owner of a covert arrange that his pheasants should fly high over the guns stationed between two plantations, using for the purpose a tall sloping bank of trees by the side of some dell or valley-bottom? Some would say it is merely because there is a keen satisfaction in cleanly bringing down a high bird, which is forfeited if only low birds are to be shot. But

it is important to note another fact. Many sportsmen would hesitate to justify the taking of life merely because we have chanced upon a way of doing it which happens to gratify us, much as hitting a half-volley to square leg would please the cricketer. It is clear that another motive has crept in. There is a desire—often unexpressed—to make sure that the animal has a fair chance of escape; and this is manifested, we may say not only in field-sports proper, but in the more than dubious pastime of rabbit-coursing. An instance or two would soon settle the question. A low form of sport is the doing to death of scared rabbits when a wheat-field is being cut. The animal is bewildered; and if he were not, the surface of the ground is clogged with lying straw; and, what with men with guns, boys with sticks, and dogs of various sizes, scarcely one rabbit runs the gauntlet successfully, any more than the bulls in Madrid escape death in the arena on Sunday afternoons with the élite of the city looking on. The bull-fight is to our taste disgusting; but that is not the question now. Where we are bound to find fault is that no fair play to the animal is shown: its brain-power is known to a nicety, and even the Spanish spectators would cry shame if there were not an apparent balance between the danger to the man and to the beast. But it is only apparent. The conflict is so far a foregone conclusion that each animal, whatever his pluck or strength, is killed in much the same time. The only excitement is at the beginning of each fresh bull's trial, when the foot-men have to show some pluck and much agility. But the whole show is vitiated by monotony: everybody knows what is going to happen, and it happens accordingly. The unanswerable accusation against the proceeding is that the butchery of a magnificent animal in an average of twenty minutes is a certainty. In England, wherever, and in so far as, this element of certainty comes in, public opinion condemns the proceedings as unsportsmanlike. The shooting of tame pheasants is condemned, not because tame birds suffer more than wild ones, but because they are easily managed; and there is no credit in securing that very few get off.

An interesting development, however, has been reached in this demand for fair play for an animal,

the death of which is compassed with an enthusiasm hot enough to make light of severe fatigue and considerable danger. What a curiously complex thing human ethics are! Why do we create, if we can, an atmosphere of hate against the fox, or the wild stag, so strong among boys as to be explained and condoned on grounds of atavism, and when shown by adults commended as the keenness of a fine sportsman, when at the same time we demand that for the quadruped some chance of escape be provided? If our eagerness to catch our prey and slay it is a righteous eagerness, why do we not permit ourselves to make the capture a certainty? A not very dissimilar question will arise when we come to deal with games of ball. But there the antagonist is a human being with equal rights to consideration. Here the antagonist is an animal, the death of which is desired for one reason or another; and the keener we are to compass that death, the better sportsmen we are; but only on condition that the death will not be certainly achieved.

Thus two contradictory sentiments or impulses seem to be involved; one, let us notice, egoistic, the other altruistic; though there are many good sportsmen to whom both terms would be unfamiliar. Of the two it is probable that the egoistic impulse is a form of atavism; the altruistic, a step forward in civilisation, and certainly the younger of the two. Indeed, the modern very loose and complex notion could not have been elaborated except in a highly civilised society with stable and secure habits of life, and a large amount of leisure time to devote to a primitive form of self-defence, which by a kind of legal fiction is turned into a keen pleasure.

There remains the large subject of sportsmanship in games, some analysis of which will throw light on Sport in general, and on the kind of demand made on those who take part in it. The best exponent of the very mixed principles of Sportsmanship in games will clearly be the British schoolboy, since in him atavism is at its strongest. The lad of fourteen who for the first time is allowed to stalk rabbits on a neighbour's farm knows no keener joy—or anyhow did not fifty years ago—than the compassing the death of a single, almost harmless, little rodent on which a year or two previously he had

lavished kindness, for it or its cousin was his pet and playmate. How singular, then, the trouble he will now take to kill it—the elaborate cunning, the stealthiness of his approach, the triumph of his success! Let us consider the same youngster at football.

Atavism again is unmistakable here, though it is more wrapped up in certain social sentiments of later origin, and forms part of an inextricable tangle of motives and feelings, egoistic, corporate, and sometimes almost heroic in character. Bearing in mind that the notion of Sportsmanship in cultivated, or anyhow spoken of, by the section of society least likely to affect precision of definition, and that the word is changing its meaning to-day quite as rapidly as ever, we note the following indispensable qualities in a truly sporting football player. He must be filled with such a desire to win the match that he is prepared to suffer contusions and fatigue without minding: that is, he will not notice such things till all is over; so single-hearted has been his loyalty to the curiously worded precept commended by Pericles to his countrymen, that each man was to 'use his body as much as possible as though it were some one else's body.' That is to say, the desire for victory must be burning in his breast; for football is a *ludicra belli*; our schoolboy *pro tem.* a warrior; the opposing team the enemy; his captain is his commander and his fellows are his war-comrades to be helped, backed up, cheered on, exactly as if he and they together were 'going over the top' in the Somme Valley. There is little doubt that some of the greatest qualities shown by our officers in the War were encouraged by their athletic and social training in the Public Schools. But probably the national character has made the schools, quite as much as the schools the national character.

Yet, with all this, there is no more central ingredient in the notion of Sportsmanship than that of fair play: that is, of consideration for your opponent. There again appears the contradiction. You ought—so the critic would insist—to be so keen on victory in a match that for a time you think of and act towards a group of fellow-men or boys as if they were enemies. The hostility may be fictitious, trumped up, unreal, nevertheless, you are in duty bound to inflame it in the

breasts of yourself and your comrades-in-arms to a heat commensurate with the greatness of the demand made upon you. It is true that the standard of self-control set by this requirement is very exacting and it may be said that few attain it. Still it is clear that all would admire its achievement, even if the practising of it brought defeat on their party or side. We note that the negative virtue is common enough; in England at any rate. For instance, if a wicket-keeper feigned to throw the ball back to the bowler, anticipating that the batsman, deceived, would step out to 'garden' the pitch, and then stumped him and thereby won the match, everybody would condemn the action; none more heartily than the winning side. Why? Not for conscience' sake so much as that the satisfaction of a well-earned victory was denied them. Though they did not know it, their desire was not to win by hook or by crook, but openly, fairly, and squarely. That is, the regret would be largely self-regarding, egoistic. Again, it was possible in most games, before the rules were fully elaborated, to take advantage of loop-holes for the benefit of your side, and in the 'seventies the Eton Field game gave a rich opportunity. The rule against sneaking forbade any player hanging about in the enemy's lines; if he did so he must not touch the ball. A player, presumably of partly foreign descent and later on, as credible report says, a successful lawyer, was right away from his proper place on the enemy's back-line; a hard kick was made over the heads of the bully by his own attacking 'back'; and the ball was on the point of going 'behind,' whence it would have been kicked off a long way up the field again, when this deft strategist caught it, breaking the rule against sneaking and that against handling as well. There was a yell of wrathful protest from the other side, 'and e'en the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear'—the opposite of 'a cheer.' For the only penalty was a 'bully' on the spot, so that the offence brought the attacking side just where they wanted to be, right on the enemy's line with a very good chance of scoring. It was felt that the rules must be altered at once, and so they soon were. Yet the indignation marked a growth of right feeling: 'that play must be really fair, in spirit as well as in letter. In other

words, victory is of less account than sportsmanship: the sporting spirit. It might be objected that there is no great moral credit to be won by insisting on fair play; simply because we prefer it to sharp practice. We do not wish to spoil our fun. True: but the interesting fact is that unfair play does spoil the fun. It violates a desire, and that desire is, not entirely, but chiefly that your opponents shall enjoy opportunities of winning equal to yours.

Thus we find in good sport of various kinds, demands for fair play for animals bred to be killed and for human opponents in a game of ball; though a 'really good sportsman' begins by being ardently eager for the success against which this fair play militates. Meantime a partial explanation of the anomaly is to be found in the fresh complication noticed above; viz. that the pleasure of the sport is diminished in proportion as success is gained by any but perfectly 'fair' methods even though nothing is done in violation of any law or rule of the club. If it is against the spirit of sportsmanship it spoils the pleasure of the encounter.

* This remark reminds us that historically the conception of Sport has, from the earliest use of the word, included that of pleasure. The healthy effect of deer-stalking, golf, fox-hunting, and all games in the open air, constitutes a large part of the exhilaration, and accounts for the fact that, apart from the giving of consideration to your opponent or to your furred, feathered, or scaly victim, difficulty and fatigue and even danger add a zest to the pleasure which nothing else does. Thus it is no matter for surprise that in Elizabethan English and till definitely modern times the word meant simply pleasant recreation. We recall the grim statute of a Grammar School—obviously not in any sense modern—which prescribed that the Headmaster should not 'sport himself' for more than twenty days in the year!

At first sight, then, it would appear that we have in the original meaning of the word compared with its later developments, evidence that the French are right in noting how we take our pleasures sadly: for here is a word which lately has been gathering round it graver and graver associations as life has become more complex, after starting with the simple idea of innocent mirth and play. It is not a mere matter of making amuse-

ment strenuous, for the best recreation may be full of effort if, and only if, it be quickened by interest; but we have imported into our sports a cluster of ethical questions about consideration for our opponents, etc.—along with a new demand for specialisation and perfecting of skill with a view to ultimate victory as the grand goal in sight. How far is there truth in this disparaging criticism? Have we, in short, shorn away something of the essential of true recreation, its spontaneity, and joy?

The criticism was made, we believe, with a reference similar to that contained in Matthew Arnold's lines:

‘in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o’ertaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife’—

that is to say, when games were played for fun and for no other reason. It is not our way to show our appreciation of a game by cachination. Once in Dresden the present writer joined in a game of football got up by the English residents and watched by some two hundred Saxons. Their verdict afterwards was how gravely we played! and from what one has learnt of the Germans since 1879, it may be supposed that their way of playing football would have been to stop every ten minutes and laugh aloud by order of the municipality. Our game was pure sport and enjoyable; and there was a time when most of our recreation was of this simple kind, and certainly more recreative than a great deal of what is called Sport to-day. What has happened?

This question is properly outside of our subject, which is the consideration of the desirable elements in some of our recreations with which the word ‘sportsmanlike’ is naturally connected. But if we disentangle these elements from their later developments, or rather substitutes, we shall see what exactly we are talking about in a singularly complicated discussion. Unless our analysis has been all awry, the ingredients in our field sports and games to which the term of praise ‘sporting’ or ‘sportsmanlike’ are strictly appropriate, are those by which egoism of manifold kinds is sternly checked. In earlier days what required checking was simply the too keen desire for

success; over-concentration on this aim. For this, egoism is not always the right word; we want an expression to denote the natural propensity to gratify the hostility towards animals and towards opponents due to atavistic inborn pugnacity. As to games, egoism will serve better. What required checking in them was an over-intense desire for victory: a kind of corporate egoism, and, so far, greatly to be preferred to the desire for self-display which in modern times is stimulated to the most grotesque degree. For the former, provision has been made by the already-mentioned law—generally, not always observed—that a reasonable chance of escape shall be allowed to the animal, or bird, or fish; not, let it be noted, if their slaughter is simply to save man from starvation; but as the element of enjoyment for man has been introduced, there has been a kind of *quid pro quo*. If man is to make a pleasure out of stocking his larder, the animal, so far as possible, is to be treated as an opponent at lawn tennis; one, that is, to whom consideration is due, though this consideration makes success less certain. Further, this duty is not to be performed because it makes sport more enjoyable—though it does—but in virtue of some higher law which need not here be explained, for the bare statement of it carries conviction: viz. that if all that goes counter to our inclinations, propensities, desire for conquest and exercise of power, were banished from the world, life would not be worth living.

We are now in a position to draw out some result of this very incomplete inquiry into a complex phase of modern life. The inquiry is incomplete because the use of the word Sport has been lax and vague, and its significance is constantly changing. We have made no attempt to define the limits of the area covered by the word, and some critics might be severe on this count. They may point out how many activities lie on the border-line. Is golf a sport? or croquet? or chess? or swimming the Channel? or aeronautics for its own sake? or sculling from Goring to Windsor? or dominoes? or an Arctic expedition? or sticking seaweeds in old maids' albums after the example of the Rev. Hopley Porter? Most of these would probably be ruled out as lacking in the disciplinary element, which provides the check to the desire

for effortless victory or in the element. It would be absurd, in the case of a word denoting a very fluid conception, to attempt any set or formal definition. We suggest, however, that in popular phraseology the word signifies a pastime predominantly recreative in aim but disciplinary in character; the latter quality having been voluntarily or unconsciously imported into it not contemporaneously, but later than the former; for experience soon taught the paradoxical truth that recreation ceases to be recreation if self-indulgence becomes the dominant motive. Hence in most sport, by way of eliminating the self-regarding motive, an artificial motive is provided in the shape of a fictitious antagonism, between man and the animal, or between man and man.

For we are beginning to learn—at least it may be hoped so—that the introduction of any stimulus to effort with anything of a selfish aim, tends to ruin the recreative character of sport. Betting has done untold harm to the noble pastime of horse-racing; gate-money to cricket, compelling first-class matches to drag out their length for three dull days, instead of being finished—as they easily might be—in two lively days; professionalism to league football; and, at one time, the childish desire of 'Society' to fix the end of the London season by the delightful picnic in St John's Wood, went far to turn athletics at Eton and Harrow into an idolatrous bondage. As soon as victory in a game is thought of as an object of worship, recreation becomes a meaningless fatigue. It was rumoured in the 'seventies that Bob Grimstone, the Harrow coach, unable to stand the excitement, retired into a church to pray.

Sport, then, is, or ought to be, recreation; and recreation is what many nations, in an age of unreflective hustling, sorely need. Hence in our country our forefathers blindly and with much blundering succeeded in evolving simple but lively pastimes as a counterpoise to that which we have always loathed: the drudgery of toil. They succeeded because they knew how to temper primitive instincts of adventure, roaming, and conquest with discipline and self-restraint; to which later on was attached the joy of corporate endeavour. The instincts were sublimated for a time and held in check by a fine gentlemanly respect for a fictitiously conceived

antagonist. But by the time the age of Francis Drake had given way to that of W. G. Grace, a deep and disquieting change had set in. According to an old maxim, when any good movement in any large group of mankind is on foot, 'in steps the Devil.' The result is not to be mistaken. What with publicity, posters, films, kodaks, and all kinds of excess, a 'grievous murrain' has seized upon our Sports and Pastimes. We have lost much of our self-restraint and moderation, yielding more and more to a craving for excitement, self-display, publicity, and filthy lucre, which has invaded, and taken captive, all sections of society, and has by no means spent its force down to the present day.

But we have retained the other half of the moral element which is vital to the continuance of all sport deserving of the name of recreation. Public opinion is still in favour of fair play, and we have not gone all lengths in specialisation. It is true that in the spectacular games department ugly stories may be heard of crowds hostile to referees; of 'booing' and hooting; and of menacing onsets and lawless interference with umpiring; but all of this may probably be due to nothing but want of training and unfamiliarity. Far more serious is the professional and commercial spirit, so generally deplored but feebly resisted. In using the term 'professionalism' we would guard ourselves against being supposed to be indicting the many splendid sportsmen who are professional. It is greatly to their credit that they are what they are. The system is not ideal.

Serious also is excessive specialisation, which means a lamentable disproportion in the view taken of life and its responsibilities. It is rumoured that some of the victories won over us in the Olympic Games or in golf are due to our opponents having given more time and more exclusive effort to the one contest. Now training for a contest is within rather narrow limits sensible and wise; for a period of carefully restricted diet and healthy exercise would be good, as a change from their ordinary life, for a large majority of the population. Moreover, every prudent athlete knows the value of gradual preparation of muscles preliminary to the final strain. But the concentration of public interest on contests of individual skill is a pitiable sign of the times; for, as distinct

from corporate achievement, feats of individual excellence mean nothing at all. Has England the slightest reason to boast if she produces a bruiser with a harder skull than a negro's? Not many months ago there were two letters in one number of the 'Times,' given equal prominence and printed in equally dignified type. The one was signed by two prominent Churchmen, and was a serious moral appeal to the nation to lift up its heart and brace its resolve in presence of incomparably difficult and urgent problems. The other was a hectic admonition to the golfers who were going to represent England against the U.S.A., that they should withdraw from civilised society for the space of some months and consecrate every faculty of mind, body, and soul to the winning of the contest: train, in short, as men ought to train who are in for the greatest and most sacred, most sublime, event in their lives, banishing all thought of every other subject, especially and most scrupulously of that set of subjects belonging to the obsolete idea of Eternity: for can there be any claim upon time, energy, money, and mentality more august and compelling than that man—thinking man—man endowed with a thirst for the Infinite, should learn between the cradle and the grave how to strike a bit of gutta-percha farther and straighter than another man? What matter if the proudest achievement of the human organism, the imposing fabric of civilisation itself, be reeling from its foundations; a golf-match is in prospect; let the strife of tongues be hushed. Who cares if the League of Nations crumbles to nothing or not; or if the welfare of the world is committed to the British Empire at a crisis unparalleled since man appeared on this planet; never mind the planet; the golf-ball claims our souls? That is the Gospel of modern life; a prophetic message to which all sport must conform. There was a teacher long ago, often said to be the greatest of human beings, who used the expression, 'When I became a man I put away childish things.' The estimate of individual athletic success as of an ideal which could satisfy the loftiest patriotism is worse than childishness.

This is not the place to consider what ought to be done, partly because we are still in the stage when there is a general non-recognition of the nature and extent of

our loss. Public opinion may be trusted to be on the right side when once the majority of the population know the facts. Our people have not deliberately chosen the wrong thing; the truth being that there is no deliberation in the whole matter. As a nation we never have been strong in deliberation though often guilty of protracted delay; the delay being due not to continuance of controversy or long intent thought, but to a rooted disposition to believe that if things are called by the same names they persist unchanged. Or, if a radical change is undeniably in progress and strong vested interests are being established, most of us, after ignoring the change as long as we are allowed, wake up to find it has been widely accepted, and use that fact as an argument to prove that all is going well.

In answer, then, to the question which lately has been mooted, whether the English should continue to compete in the Olympic Games, we reply that if we believe we have inherited a purer tradition than other people—on that we express no opinion—our plain duty is to continue to co-operate towards a higher standard of sportsmanship, each nation being willing to contribute what it can of self-discipline, consideration for others, submission to rules, and invariably honourable reciprocity. We are in danger of excess of specialisation which is likely to lead later to the total loss of the blessed boon of recreation, though at first it secures to a few men of brawny and elastic framework, a palm of very fading leaves; and even though victory is taken by the vast army of the unthinking to be a sign that England is retaining her position as the foremost nation in the world. Victory purchased by slavish professionalism will sound the knell of Sport. It will be—not certainly, but in all probability—an indication that we are throwing away our heritage, and subscribing to an ugly and devastating idea that individual excellence ought to be purchased at the cost of a huge irreparable national loss. Sport is England's contribution to the recreation of mankind; and just at the time when recreation is more imperatively needed than ever before, we are in danger of succumbing to certain poisonous influences which we rather hastily suppose are telling upon other peoples more than on ourselves. If that opinion is justified, great and

urgent is our responsibility for preserving the true idea of Sport; a delicate blend of the artificial and the natural: like all our achievements in evolution, unnoticed during its long period of growth but liable to a very rapid and final decay. In short, whether our continued participation in the Olympic Games works for weal or woe entirely depends on whether we can plough our lonely furrow, refusing to purchase success at the cost of bondage, but showing that excellence is still possible to true sportsmen; or whether we allow ourselves to be besotted by the spell of filthy lucre and self-display.

If the meaning of the word Sport be traced through history it is instructive to note the predominance of the idea of play, fun, gamesomeness, and the like. It seems that the ethical colouring of such a word as Sportsman-like is a recent innovation; and though it has affected conversation everywhere there is little trace of it in literature. If this statement is correct, we have an interesting instance of society under stress of a practical necessity, not choosing a new word to denote a new thing but recognising, subconsciously we may suppose, that an old notion was in process of evolution, has expanded the meaning of a word to correspond with the development. Thus, in days when life could be led more easily than to-day, our forefathers conceived of recreation as undiluted fun, merriment, and dalliance. To-day, though we hear many doleful warnings uttered by older people to the young, that they must resist the spell of amusement, it is perhaps all to the good that we have stiffened the connotation of the word Sport by introducing into it something of a disciplinary element: not because we have less discipline than we need and are aware of the deficiency, but because we have learnt that unmixed sheer amusement palls upon the human spirit. The innovation is wholesome. We trust it may be lasting.

EDWARD LYTTELTON.

Art. 9.—IRELAND TO-DAY.

DURING the past twelve months the government of the Irish Free State has been carried on without the menace of Republican violence. In the early stages of Mr Cosgrave's tenure of office, his primary business was the restoration of order in a country distracted by civil war, so that neither life nor property was secure. That unhappy state of things has come to an end. The Republican forces have been thoroughly subdued, and their leaders have been obliged to announce that they will no longer pursue a policy of force. So completely has civil order been restored that the ministers of the Irish Free State have felt it safe to release from the gaols where they were interned some twelve thousand rebels, including de Valera their chief, whose prediction that Ireland would run deep in blood before his dreams were realised has proved to be true, but without any realisation of his dreams. Mr Cosgrave and his colleagues deserve great credit for the courage and resolution with which they have shown the Irish people that they must obey the law. Those who have watched the course of events from this side of the Channel have observed with genuine gratification that military courts have ceased their work, save for purely military offences, and that the civil courts have now been fully reconstituted, Irish juries being again in a position to discharge their duties without fear. Last year it was necessary to maintain an army of 50,000 men, while the new estimates provide for only 19,000,—too large a force indeed for the Free State to keep up, but the reduction is a notable indication of the condition of the country. All this is very satisfactory, and it is right that the British public should understand the magnitude of Mr Cosgrave's achievement.

There is, to be sure, much yet to be done before the institutions of the Irish Free State can be regarded as stable. The financial outlook is not promising. For the current financial year the estimated revenue is twenty-seven millions, while the estimated expenditure is thirty-six millions, including eight millions to meet compensation claims. That is very serious, and it is clear that still more drastic reductions must be made in

the expenditure of the State departments (especially in the military department) if the minister of finance is to balance his budget next year. Taxation is very high, the income tax still standing at 5s. in the pound, and the cost of living is much higher than in England or in Scotland. The Government last year were able to borrow ten million pounds at 5 per cent. interest, the loan being issued at 95. That was good business, and that the support of the loyalist classes was freely given is a favourable omen. The Church of Ireland put 250,000*l.* into this fund, at the outset, and this was an invaluable encouragement to smaller subscribers. The price of the loan has dropped in the open market to 91 or 92; and it is not likely that another loan can be floated on such favourable terms as the last for some time to come. It has also to be remembered that the Free State has not yet begun to pay its share of the pre-war debt of the late United Kingdom. The amount has not as yet been fixed, Great Britain having waited until the exceptional financial burden of Ireland caused by internal strife and the cost of the army has been materially reduced. But the 'Treaty,' to which Irish politicians point with unanswerable logic when the boundary question is under discussion, provides with equal explicitness for an annual payment to the British exchequer on account of the War Debt. Great Britain will be well advised to be content with a small sum only being contributed in this way, but it will be fatal to the 'Treaty' and its implications if she allows this payment to be abrogated, supposing that the Irish people were so shameless and dishonest as to ask for its annulment.

Hitherto, the Irish Government has been as impartial in its dealings with the various conflicting interests of the country, as it could well afford to be. But, naturally, in the making of appointments to positions of emolument, it has considered in the first place the claims of those who by taking up arms in the Rebellion of 1916 manifested their hatred of England. It is right to say that some of the newly appointed judges are Protestants, which generally means loyalist. But no minister or high Government official has been selected from the old loyalists. Mr Cosgrave has had to reckon at every turn with de Valera's policy of hate and the Republicans who

adopted it. They would like nothing better than to attack the Government for including in the Cabinet a man with 'English sympathies.' It is unfortunate, none the less, for Mr Cosgrave is thus unable to strengthen his Government by enlisting the services of some of the best brains in Ireland. He is, in fact, trying to defeat the Republicans (as a sportsman has put it) with his Second Eleven.

More ominous, however, is the educational policy which the Free State Government has approved and is putting into practice. The attempt to impose the Irish language upon schools and school teachers will probably be abandoned in a few years; and already protests against the 'Irish language movement' are being made in unexpected quarters. But, meantime, it is costing a great deal of money. The Free State schools are closed for three months' holiday each summer to enable the teachers to learn Irish. Thus they are distracted from more important subjects, such as science. All this is helping to make permanent the division of Ireland, which the Irish Government profess to deplore. Mr MacNeill, the Minister of Education, is said to be a good Irish scholar, that is, he is something of an expert as to the ancient literature and history of Ireland; but he has no other claim to control the education of the country, and he is not even effective as an administrator. He does not seem to have perceived that he is trying to build a barrier between Ulster and the Free State, which would be impassable if his policy were to succeed. No sane person can imagine that in any circumstances whatever could the inhabitants of Co. Down or Co. Antrim be persuaded to adopt Irish instead of English. And, further, this foolish educational experiment is injuring the Protestant schools in the South, and is giving a special privilege (especially in regard to State grants recommended by Government inspectors) to the schools under the control of the Roman Catholic clergy. The educational policy of the Irish Government is not impartial in this aspect; and there are other signs which indicate that it is being influenced by a desire to favour special institutions. The abolition of the Royal College of Science, and the proposal to utilise its noble laboratories for the sole use of the National University, of which de

Valera is Chancellor, and whose students were anti-British during the war and supplied many recruits to the rebels of 1916, provide an unhappy illustration of the readiness with which educational efficiency is made subordinate to political expediency by Irish ministers.

Indeed, the anti-British bias is unmistakable in nearly every new departure made by Mr Cosgrave and his colleagues. The Union Jack is replaced by the tricolour, with no advantage to anybody. The judges who have recently been appointed were not sworn in the King's name. They were admitted to office on declaration of allegiance—not to the King, but to the Free State. The King's health is not drunk at public entertainments which ministers attend. At a recent banquet given by a committee in honour of guests attending the Tailteann games, the Governor-General of Ireland—the King's representative—was not treated as the principal guest. Mr Healy must find his position somewhat galling, for outside loyalist circles he is not received with the respect due to the representative of His Majesty. Presumably—for we believe Mr Cosgrave to be an honest man—this policy of humbug, which affects to declare that Ireland is not really within the British Empire and that her inhabitants are not subjects of the King, is adopted to appease (or deceive) Republican dreamers. But it is not straightforward. It suggests to plain people that the Irish ministers would prefer a Republic to the Dominion status which Southern Ireland now enjoys; and that not only would they prefer it (which would be quite legitimate for them as individuals), but that they are endeavouring at every point to obscure and depreciate the King's dignity, while they hold office as His Majesty's ministers in Ireland.

We do not forget the difficulties under which Mr Cosgrave carries on his work. Not the least of his embarrassments must arise from the circumstance that in the *Dail* there is no official opposition, for the small knot of Labour members do not count for much. The Republicans who were elected to the *Dail* have never taken their seats, for they, of course, cannot make the Declaration of faithfulness to the King which the Constitution requires. They would be very dishonest if they did so. The consequence of this state of things

is that every one who is discontented with the Government for any reason whatever will cast his vote for the Republicans if he votes at the next election, for there is no other way of putting Mr Cosgrave and his colleagues out of office. Now the vigour with which the Free State ministers have restored order, and their insistence upon the payment of taxes, as well as their reduction of the Army, which has sent 30,000 unwilling young men back to civil life, have made them very unpopular. Any Government which really governs is always unpopular after a period of years, and the Irish Government is not exempt from the operation of this law. It will not be at all surprising if the Republican deputies elected to the *Dail* gain fresh recruits at the next election, not because a majority of Southern Irishmen desire a Republican form of government, but because the Free State ministers—and in especial Mr O'Higgins and Mr Hogan—have displeased many who thought that under Home Rule land could be had for nothing and every man would be a law to himself. This few Englishmen have, so far, understood. There is a good deal of foolish speculation as to what change of policy would be right for Great Britain were the so-called Republican deputies in a majority. The obvious truth is that there ought to be no change of policy whatever. Great Britain has set up the Irish Free State within the Empire, and British ministers have explicitly assured the Irish loyalists that in no case will further concession be made to those who talk of an independent Ireland. And to throw to the wolves Mr Cosgrave and the other ministers who have, despite all opposition, sedulously observed the main provisions of the 'Treaty,' and have, however reluctantly, accepted the partition of Ireland and the status of a Dominion for the twenty-six counties, would be a grave breach of faith.

The question of the boundary between the Irish Free State and Northern Ireland has now become acute, and it is of the highest consequence to the Empire as well as to Ireland that it should be settled legally, impartially, and peaceably. It is a difficult question, and both parties to the dispute are able to point to utterances of British ministers which seem to decide it in their favour. Nor was the 'Treaty' of December 1921 drawn up as care-

fully as it ought to have been. It was drafted in haste, to avert the continued peril of civil war, and to this much of our present perplexity is due. To understand the situation we must go back to the Irish Act of 1920, which proposed to divide Ireland into two parts, each having a Parliament of its own for domestic purposes, but both Parliaments being subordinate to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. 'Ulster' accepted the Act, although under protest, for she would have preferred to have had eight counties instead of the six which now comprise her territory. But Southern Ireland refused from the beginning to have anything to say to an Act which divided the country into two parts and which did not satisfy the political aspirations of the majority in the South and West. British ministers were warned, again and again, by loyalists as well as by rebels, that the Act could not be enforced in Ireland except by the sword, but Mr Lloyd George and his Liberal colleagues thought that they knew better than these advisers, both friends and enemies; and they put the Act on the Statute Book for All Ireland. The miserable bloodshed of 1921, and the half-hearted efforts of British soldiers to suppress rebellion and outrage, followed; and accordingly negotiations were opened between the Cabinet and de Valera, who was then the leader of the Irish rebels, in order that the Act of 1920 might be replaced by some other Act which would give a larger measure of independence to the majority of the Irish people. De Valera insisted all through that he would only negotiate with Mr Lloyd George, as the Chief Minister of one nation negotiating with the Chief Minister of another. He refused to recognise the partition of Ireland as an accomplished fact, for he and all his colleagues had always refused to accept the Act of 1920 or any part of it. He claimed to speak for All Ireland. Ulster had been assured many times that she would not be 'coerced,' which meant in the minds of all reasonable men that she would not be forced to throw in her lot with Southern Ireland against her will. And, resting on this assurance, she declined to be a party to the negotiations between the British Cabinet and the Irish leaders; she held that they did concern her, claiming that the Act of 1920 was a 'final' settlement. Accordingly, the Treaty was signed Dec. 6,

1921, by British ministers and Irish plenipotentiaries, no Ulster signature being appended. It cannot, however, be pleaded with candour that this was all arranged 'behind Ulster's back.' If a man declines to take part in a conference, he has no legitimate ground for complaint that the decisions of the conference are not submitted to him before they are announced as final. It is right to add that Mr Griffith and Mr Collins would not have entered into conference at all, had Ulster been recognised as a third contracting party, for the essence of their claim was that they represented All Ireland. Indeed, the Parliament of Northern Ireland was inhibited by section 4 of the Act of 1920, which it accepted and to which it now appeals, from formally dealing with questions dealing with a state of war and with treaties.

The 'Treaty' was soon embodied in an Act of the Imperial Parliament. One of its clauses provided that Northern Ireland should not be coerced to come under the new constitution, which was drafted for the whole country, but that it might contract out should it so desire. The Northern Government took advantage of this provision, and withdrew the six counties, so far as it was possible for them to do so, from the purview of the new Irish administration. They were entirely within their rights in so doing, and their motives are quite intelligible. But it is to be observed that in order to secure their independence, they acted on the authority of the new Act of 1922, the binding force of which they now repudiate. Now Article 12 of the Treaty, which was embodied in the Act, provided that:

'A Commission consisting of three persons, one to be appointed by the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland, and one, who shall be chairman, to be appointed by the British Government, shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland, and *for the purposes of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and of this instrument, the boundary of Northern Ireland shall be such as may be determined by such Commission.*'

The words which we have italicised are highly important, as showing that the boundary as fixed by the

Act of 1920 was to be reviewed and revised. Few people in Great Britain, it is safe to say, supposed that such review would issue in anything more than a readjustment of awkward corners, here and there, in the existing boundary. None the less, the terms of the clause do not allow of any such limitation in the reference to be sent to the Commissioners. Captain Craig moved an amendment on behalf of Ulster to the effect that there should be no alteration of the existing boundary without the consent of the Northern Government, and he expressed his fears that under the Bill large portions of territory (such as Tyrone and Fermanagh, to which Mr Lloyd George had referred in the same debate) might be cut off from Ulster. This amendment was rejected by the House of Commons, influenced in part by the reiterated assertions of ministers that the Treaty could not be amended but must either be accepted in its entirety or wholly rejected. This was undoubtedly true. Had amendments of the character suggested by Captain Craig been accepted, the Irish leaders would have accused Great Britain of breaking faith, and the miseries of civil war would have begun again. Parliament is fully responsible for the Act of 1922, and for those clauses in it which supersede certain sections in the Act of 1920. Wisely or unwisely, Great Britain has pledged itself to the Act of 1922, and to all that it involves.

It became apparent, as soon as the Act was passed, that the problem of the boundary would prove to be troublesome and dangerous. Both sides claimed, quite irrelevantly, that the intentions of British Ministers had been, on the one hand to secure Ulster in her existing territory, and on the other that Southern Ireland might expect large concessions. But the intentions, expressed either publicly or secretly, of ministers do not affect the force of an Act of Imperial Parliament. And, again, as time went on it became more and more clear that it was impossible for Mr Cosgrave and Sir James Craig to come to an amicable agreement, for their extremists prevented both of them from conceding a point. The Republicans found a useful battle-cry in their denunciation of any form of partition, and Sir James Craig had to face the Orange fanatics, then as always impervious to argument, and intolerant of any authority save their

own prejudice. 'There is no boundary question; that is all fixed by the Act of 1920.' This was the usual reply of Ulster to any suggestion that she should appoint a boundary commissioner. And, finally, Ulster adopted the course of refusing formally to appoint any representative on the Commission. This was a clever bit of tactics, and, on being consulted, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided in July that the Boundary Commission could not be set up under the existing law, for Ulster's place could not be filled by any one whom her Government did not nominate.

This was the grave situation which confronted the Cabinet at the beginning of August. Southern Ireland was becoming restless because of the delay in settling what territory belonged to her, and what did not. The Irish Republicans were at once provided with a new grievance and a new argument with which to attack Mr Cosgrave's Government, and the Treaty on which it rests. This Treaty, they said, and still say, is being dishonoured by Great Britain. She has deceived the Irish people once more in promising that the boundaries as indicated in the Act of 1920 (which the Irish always repudiated) are to be revised. If Clause 12 of the Treaty of 1921 is not to be put into operation, Southern Ireland is free to repudiate the clause which requires a declaration of fidelity to the King. One clause is not more sacred than another. Ulster has torn up Clause 12, and England has acquiesced. Why should not we tear up, in turn, the clauses which offend numbers of our people? There was no answer to this, either in honour or in logic, and Mr MacDonald decided, rightly as we think, that a short Act of Parliament must be passed which would mend the imperfect drafting of the Act of 1921, by conferring upon the British Government power to appoint a third commissioner, who should have all the powers that, under that Act, a commissioner nominated by Ulster would have had. Mr Cosgrave, who concurred in this course, was anxious, in view of the delicacy of his own position, that the new Bill should forthwith be placed upon the Statute Book; but hasty legislation is always undesirable, and the Cabinet were wise to content themselves with a first reading of the Bill, and to summon Parliament to meet on Sept. 30 to proceed with it, if in the

meantime some friendly arrangement could not be reached.

No compromise unhappily has as yet been achieved. The leaders on both sides, as we have said, find it impossible to carry their followers with them in any *rap-prochement* for the sake of peace. The Free State Government are awaiting the passing of the Bill and the ultimate verdict of the Commission. Ulster has embarked on a new campaign in the endeavour to prevent the Bill from becoming law. One of the latest pleas that her advocates have put forward is that the Colonial Boundaries Act of 1895 forbids the alteration of the boundaries of a self-governing colony without her own consent, and that, therefore, the provisions in the Act of 1922 are unconstitutional. The argument is a poor one, for in the first place Northern Ireland is not, and never was, a self-governing colony in the sense of the Act of 1895; and, secondly, that Act only refers to the alteration of boundaries by an Order in Council or by letters patent, and in no way impairs the powers of the Imperial Parliament which in such a matter is supreme.

The next stage in the discussion of this problem will be passed before this article is published; and there seems to be some uncertainty in many minds as to what Parliament will do. Mr Chamberlain, as a signatory to the Treaty, Mr Macpherson as a former Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr Lloyd George also in his speech on Sept. 10 at Penmaenmawr, have declared their conviction that the intention of the Act of 1922 was to provide for the rectification of boundaries, but by no means to transfer large sections of territory. We have already pointed out that the intentions of ministers, on the one side and on the other, do not affect the plain meaning of an Act of Parliament; and we believe that Parliament will make a gigantic blunder, which may affect very injuriously the relations between England, her colonies, and the United States, if it allows Ulster intransigence to commit Great Britain to a breach of faith with Southern Ireland. Prophecy is always hazardous, but we believe that the Commons will pass the new Bill as it stands, while the Lords will try to amend it by limiting for the first time the powers of the boundary commissioners. This will not ultimately succeed, and

unless the Lords are bent on the destruction of their own House, they will yield to the considered judgment of the Commons. To throw out the Bill would lead at once to a General Election, in which the main issue would be the House of Lords against the people. There can be no manner of doubt as to what the issue would be, and in the ruin of the House of Lords the Conservative majority would be involved. Mr Baldwin has wrecked his party once, but it is recovering, and may soon be as powerful as before, for it has a strong case as against the extravagant measures which the more unruly of Mr MacDonald's followers contemplate. But if Mr Baldwin brings on a General Election on the issue of Ulster's interest and the will of the House of Lords as against the honour of Parliament, he will, we fear, wreck his party again, and this time more effectively than before.

In our view, Ulster has damaged her own case (and she has a case) very seriously by suggesting, in effect, that the majority of the Boundary Commission will necessarily be careless of her interests or of the claim which she undoubtedly has to considerate treatment. Two out of the three commissioners will decide the issue, for so the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have advised. It may be taken for granted that the Free State commissioner will claim large slices of Ulster territory. It is probable, on the other hand, that the Government will nominate on the Ulster side some one who has strong sympathy with Northern Ireland. Supposing (which it would be very wrong to assume in advance) that these two gentlemen find it impossible to agree with each other, after a careful examination of the economic and geographic conditions and a careful inquiry into the wishes of the people concerned, then the casting vote will lie with Mr Justice Feetham, who has come to us from South Africa with the reputation of a high-minded and impartial judge, who is not likely to be affected at all by party politics. It is not to be assumed that such a commission will make any very far-reaching changes of boundary, while it is probable that such readjustments as it may recommend will please neither Northern nor Southern Ireland. That will be the best proof of its impartiality. The difficulties which beset the com-

missioners are very great. There is no *natural* boundary between Northern and Southern Ireland, and it will be almost impossible to arrange that the new boundary line shall satisfy at once the wishes of the inhabitants of the border counties and yet conform to geographical conditions. In any case, the decision once made must pass into law, and for either Ulster or Southern Ireland to resist it by force of arms would be an act of rebellion against the Crown, which the forces of the Crown would have to be called in to subdue. That would be an unspeakable calamity to the North, to the South, to Great Britain, and to the Empire at large. But we cannot believe that responsible leaders on either side will be so foolish and wicked as to plunge the country into civil war, because they are dissatisfied—if such be the case—with the decisions of a Commission duly established by an Act of Parliament.

It is earnestly to be desired that the Irish leaders should meet once more before the Commission begins its work, and make a final effort to come to an amicable arrangement. A decision imposed from without on Northern or Southern Ireland can hardly fail to intensify bitterness and to cause further estrangement. The responsible men on both sides know that this will be so, and (despite the fiery language of their camp followers) are anxious to avoid bloodshed. Their difficulty is obvious. Should Mr Cosgrave agree to anything less than a transfer of considerable areas to the Free State, he will have to face the implacable opposition of the Republican party at the next election. And should Sir James Craig agree that the wishes of the border populations ought to be respected, and that they should be given a free vote as to whether they are to remain under the Northern Government, or be merged in the Free State, he will be denounced by the No-Popery Orangemen. Yet, after all, the duty of the leaders is to lead and not to follow. Mr Cosgrave will have to fight the Republicans, no matter what he does about the boundary. And the Northern Premier will find that if he does not, sooner or later, master the fanaticism of the Orange lodges, he will be powerless to govern his territory justly or peaceably. The large majority of moderate people on both sides of the border desire peace, and they will support

those who seek peace. If Mr Cosgrave and Sir James Craig would take the courageous and patriotic course of settling this dispute by a reasonable compromise, we believe that they would secure for themselves the gratitude of all Irishmen of goodwill. If this cannot be, we look forward with grave anxiety to the coming winter, when the decisions of the Commission must pass into law, unless Great Britain is to break her word.

There is a danger, however, that a different alternative to the acceptance of the Boundary Commission may be put forward by Northern Ireland. On behalf of Ulster it has been said many times that the present condition of the Free State is hardly to be distinguished from that of an independent Republic; and it has been suggested, although not by responsible statesmen like Sir James Craig and Lord Londonderry, that the simplest way of solving our present difficulties would be to permit Southern Ireland to secede from the Empire and to form an independent State, thus leaving the six counties of Ulster with their own Parliament, attached by the Act of 1920 to the British Crown. It is easy to understand why Ulster, in its present mood, should desire such a solution. It would finally and for ever cut her off from Southern Ireland, and any attempt by the new Republic to tamper with her territory would, of course, be frustrated at once by the British Army. Southern Ireland would then be an alien State, no longer having claims of any sort upon Great Britain, without any important resources, with a small population, impoverished and feeble, which would not dare to offend a Great Power, whether that Power be France or Germany or England. And thus, it is argued, loyal Ulster (for Ulster is always loyal when she gets her own way) would be secure.

It is right that this unscrupulous and selfish policy should be brought out into the light of day. First of all, it is not true that the citizens of the Free State are in the same position that they would be were the Treaty broken and Southern Ireland permitted to secede from the Empire. As things are, every Irishman has the inestimable privilege of his Imperial citizenship. He has the protection of His Majesty's ambassadors and consuls wherever he goes in the world. He is a British

subject, and can serve the King, if he chooses, in the Army, the Navy, or the Civil Service, whether in India, in the Colonies, or at home. There are a large number of Irishmen, including not only the old Unionists, but the Constitutional Nationalists, and many of the supporters of the Free State (some of whom would call themselves Sinn Feiners), who would bitterly resent extrusion from the Empire. And it is not too much to say that, making all allowance for the apparently half-hearted adherence of Irish ministers to the British element in the Constitution, of which we have already spoken, a majority of Irishmen do not really desire a Republic at all, although it would be easy to drive them into such a position that they would vote on the Republican side. Further, it is too often forgotten that the Treaty provides certain safeguards against the invasion of personal liberty, against the seizure of property, against partial legislation, which would all be swept away were the Treaty broken. There are no more loyal people in the Empire than the old Southern Unionists, of whom some 350,000 still remain. It is easy to be loyal in Ulster; it is not so easy to maintain and exhibit loyalty to the King in Southern Ireland. If the Treaty were broken, there would be nothing to prevent the savings of the Church of Ireland, amounting to nine or ten millions, which provide for the support of her clergy, from being confiscated under one pretext or another. There would be nothing to prevent Trinity College, with its revenues and its traditions, from being handed over to the National University with de Valera as its Chancellor. Indeed, the proposal was actually made last spring that the College buildings should be seized to provide accommodation for the *Dail*. The thing could not be done, but solely because the Treaty forbade such confiscation. And these are only illustrations. Once Southern Ireland became an independent State, Great Britain would be powerless to interfere with the spoliation of the minority who were judged to have British sympathies. All this is forgotten or is looked on with complacency by those who advocate the abandonment of the Treaty, which is working as well as any one could have expected, and which is being gradually discovered even by Sinn Feiners to give Ireland a measure of

independence, such as the most sanguine Nationalists of twenty years ago neither expected nor desired.

Should Great Britain break the Treaty by refusing to put any of its conditions, such as Article 12, into operation, Free Staters and Republicans alike would repudiate it wholly, and in such repudiation they would regain the sympathy of America and most of the Colonies, for they would be in a position to assert that Great Britain had acted with perfidy, and that she had not meant what she said in 1921. It would be very dangerous for British ministers to arouse once again the hostility of the United States and the distrust of the great Dominions.

Lord Birkenhead said in July to some American business men that 'in this country we had a singularity, almost old-fashioned, of paying our debts. We took the view, whether right or wrong, that the credit of a great country depended upon a simple but age-long fidelity to obligations.' Mr Baldwin has said, and truly said, much the same thing. Both of these Conservative statesmen were speaking of money-debts. But their boast applies to obligations other than financial. England is more than a nation of shopkeepers. We pride ourselves on keeping our plighted word. We have pledged our word to Southern Ireland as a whole, and in particular to those Southern loyalists who have suffered bitterly for their loyalty to the Empire. We have promised them that a Republican constitution will never be granted to their country, for we shall never drive them out of the Empire which they and their forbears have done so much to build up. We are not unmindful of our promises to Ulster, and we shall keep our word by preventing her citizens from being transferred against their will to the Free State, and placed under a Government which they detest. But we shall not, to please her, break our word to men equally loyal, who have already endured much suffering because of their devotion to the King and to the Empire of which they are still citizens.

Art. 10.—THE HOUSE OF AIRLIE.

The House of Airlie. By the Rev. William Wilson.
Two vols. Murray, 1924.

THE history of Scotland may be said to have been made by the history of its families. Before General Wade opened up the Highlands by his roads and communications, every territorial magnate reigned supreme on his own property. Communication with neighbouring chiefs was restricted, and, therefore, either took the form of an alliance or of a deadly feud. The clan system was the outcome. It was necessary for the head of a great family to attach every member of the same name to his interests, by protection, benevolence, and care for their children, so as to ensure a strong force of followers in every cause he undertook. The rugged mystery of the mountains and the glens created an atmosphere which turned this protection into something akin to that of Jehovah for the Israelites. The necessity of a good understanding with his clansmen fostered in the chief and his immediate family a habit of kindliness to, and interest in the welfare of, their dependents, which has ever been a strongly marked feature of the ownership of property in Scotland. The cause of their Head was the cause of every man, woman, and child of the clan, and personal fear of loss of life and belongings infused a bitterness into feuds, intensified in most cases by strong religious feeling and creating an alternate support of, or opposition to, the government of the day, according as to whether its policy was favourable or unfavourable to their claims. For some eight centuries the House of Airlie has played its part in the history of Scotland; but it has remained for Mr Wilson, the present minister of the parish of Airlie, to give us a book which is not only an historical record, but a study of character and a stirring romance. The interest is increased by the fact that the telling of the story has been a labour of love, and that the author has been moved to write it because the atmosphere which has surrounded him for many years is so impregnated with the history and the spirit of the family whose name has given its title to the book, that he seems to have been unable to escape from its com-

elling influence. The task must have been heavy, the labour involved very great, in disinterring the family history from its resting-place in old charter rooms, from feu charters, contracts of marriage, deeds of sale and of purchases, letters, edicts, hidden and buried behind the thickness of ancient walls as secret and more secure than the grave. 'The Ogilvys,' says the author, 'have always had an inclination for difficult situations, and the hazard of a position has held for them its chief attraction.' 'Every Ogilvy was a King's man,' wrote John Buchan, in his history of Montrose. These quotations form the keynote of the history of the House. Through losses in battle, and they were many, through loss by fire and sword, through ingratitude, or the impotence of those for whom they had risked and given all, through losses of property and name, twice attainted, and once completely stripped of honours, through danger of the block, the Ogilvys passed, and never altered their ideals, or their standard, or doubted where their allegiance lay. Like their motto 'A Fin,' they went on to the end they had chosen.

The mists of the twelfth century clear for a moment, and thence emerges the gigantic figure of Dubucan, owner of lands which stretched from the upper reaches of Glenisla to the gates of Dundee. He was one of the seven Marmoers or great hereditary chiefs, who had been appointed to bring order out of chaos in the realm of Scotland. Their authority in their particular jurisdiction was hereditary, and second only to that of the Sovereign. Dubucan ruled over the great County of Angus and Mearns, so called after Aengus and Moerne, the two brothers of Kenneth of Scotland. This was his province, and there, in due time, ruled the next of his line, his grandson called Conquhar, Cunehar, or Cunehat, whose daughter and heiress Finella was married to the chief of the neighbouring Marmorate. Her son and destined successor, Crathinlinthus, was in such haste to assume his position, that he murdered his grandfather, the Marmoer of Angus, in 994, and for this act was arrested and executed by the King. His mother Finella, a woman of proud and resolute spirit, revenged herself by treacherously stabbing the King near her Castle of Fettercairn, where he was residing

during one of his progresses. She stabbed him to the heart as he was hunting at the foot of the Grampians, and then fled towards the coast; the King's attendants pursued and overtook her at St Cyrus, 'close to a little ravine where the water falls from a height of about one hundred and fifty feet into a deep abyss'; from this height she leaped into the torrent and perished.

The lands of Angus were then annexed to the Crown, but who succeeded in the Marmorate is not recorded, though the old strain reappears in the reign of Malcolm Canmore. Gilchrist (the son of Christ) was then Comes, or Earl of Angus, and in 1124 was one of the leaders of an army into England, where at Allerton the English were put to flight and the Scottish army carried the Duke of Gloucester and the General of the English forces prisoners to Scotland. His son Gillebride succeeded him, and when David I of Scotland invaded England on the death of Henry I, Gillebride commanded the Scottish army and 'fought with great valour at the Battle of the Standard on Aug. 22, 1128,' and after the Scottish defeat escaped to Carlisle. He was always a trusted man at Court as well as a general of renown. When Malcolm the Maiden succeeded his grandfather David I, as a boy of twelve, the Gaelic districts revolted under the Thane of Argyll. Gillebride was ordered to raise an army and to proceed against the Thane. He drove him and his men over the Grampians, back to their dim Western Isles, and completely vanquished them for the time. So was heard the first note in the long battle skirl between Argyll and Airlie.

Gillebride, the fierce warrior, the trusted adviser, a man in all the secrets of the King, possibly as a reward, possibly to make him more completely one with the interests of the throne, was given the King's daughter in marriage. She was much younger than the scarred, grey-bearded, and battle-worn warrior, and he discovered, or thought he discovered, that she was unfaithful to him, and the fierce old man stabbed his princess wife to the heart in his Castle of Mains near Dundee. Summoned by the King to stand trial, he failed to appear. 'He was outlawed, stripped of his honours, his castles demolished and his lands confiscated.' He escaped with his sons to England, until a law was passed between the

two countries that neither should harbour an outlaw of the other, which forced them to return over the Border, wandering in misery from place to place, until chance brought them near their old abode at the foot of the Sidlaws, to a glen named Ogilvy, which still bears that name. William the Lion chanced to be hunting there. The author says that he was set on by the wild ruffians who infested the woods; but a more romantic tale is that in his ardour in the pursuit of a great stag, he became separated from his companions and the stag turned at bay. His hunting knife slipped from its sheath, and he would have been killed had not an old white-bearded man, followed by two younger men, all of gigantic stature, emerged from the surrounding thickets and put an end to his peril. All three were ragged, emaciated, and marked with signs of toil and suffering but something in their dignified bearing made the King of Scotland aware that he had to thank no common outlaws of the woods as they knelt to William, who raised them in gratitude for his escape. As he did so, he recognised Gillebride, the murderer of his sister, yet once his trusted counsellor, and now the saviour of his life. He pardoned them, and restored all his honours to the old man. He gave to the third son Gilbert, who had first come to his aid, the lands on which he had been rescued, the Barony, now known as the Glen of Ogilvy.

Little is known of Gillebride's son Alexander, a shadowy figure in the pages of history. Sir Patrick Ogilvy, his grandson, the Knight Templar, followed Alexander III of Scotland when he challenged the King of Norway to fight for the rights of sovereignty over the Hebrides wrested from the Scottish Crown by Magnus 'Barefoot,' and from then onward the name of Ogilvy appears through all the stirring events of Scottish history. The policy of Alexander III appealed to the hearts of the Scots. A large army assembled, and after a protracted campaign, the Scots charging the enemy left 20,000 Norwegians dead upon the field. Sir Patrick Ogilvy took the side of Robert the Bruce and rallied his men to Bruce's standard after the death of the 'Maid of Norway,' the last of the native Dynasty of the Scottish Sovereigns of Celtic descent in the male line. 'The Crown of Scotland then became a prize to be

contested for by the King of England, who asserted his claim of Lord Paramount, and a host of Norman Barons who claimed the Crown on account of their descent through the female line of the Celtic Kings.' Edward I of England encountered the forces of Scotland at the first battle of Dunbar and was completely victorious. Sir Robert Ogilvy, second son of Sir Patrick, was among the slain, and at the Parliament of Berwick on Aug. 28, 1296, the name of Sir Patrick Ogilvy (Dns Patriens Oggelvye-de-Com de Forfar) appears on the 'Ragmans Roll' as doing homage to King Edward. The names of heroic Ogilvys gleam like beacons through the darkness of history. Sir Walter Ogilvy of Auchterhouse, great-grandson of Sir Patrick, who founded the line of Ogilvys of Auchterhouse, was celebrated in his day as a man of great ability and force of character :

'Stout and manful, bauld, and wycht,
God like,
Wyse and virtuous,'

sings Wyntoun. He was also shrewd and far-seeing in business, and married the only child and heiress of Sir Malcolm Ramsay of Auchterhouse, thus becoming master of the lands of Auchterhouse, and by inheritance Sheriff of Angus. The site of the old mansion there is reputed to be the battle-ground of the last bloody struggle between the Scots and the Picts for the possession of Scotland. It stands near the 'Wallace Tower,' the remains of a square building occupied by Sir William Wallace and the French auxiliary troops he brought from Flanders when he landed at Montrose in 1303.

'Good Sir John Ramsay and the Ruthvens true,
Barclay and Bissett with men not a few
Do Wallace meet. All canty keen and crouse,
And with three hundred march to Ochterhouse.'

The Mansion House, white harled and severe, still stands. Its fine plaster ceiling and coat of arms were added in a later age. There are some living who have seen the beautiful form of a woman with long yellow hair at the foot of their couch at the dead of night in the old house, and have heard the eldritch shriek with which she disappeared.

But the King's counsellor was doomed. The fierce

wolf of Badenoch and his score of wild, stalwart, illegitimate sons, who sat at his board, with their father and his childless wife Euphem, Countess of Ross, broke across the Grampians, and, meeting Sir Walter acting in his duties as High Sheriff, at the head of an inferior force, slew him, his half brother, and sixty of his followers, north of Blairgowrie. Sir Walter's three sons, Sir Alexander, Sir Walter, and Sir John, were men of renown. Sir Alexander, Sheriff Principal of Angus, is described in the old ballad of the Battle of Harlaw * as :

'Of the best amang them was
The gracious gude lord Ogilvy
The Sheriff Principal of Angus,
Renowned for truth and equity,
He had few fellows in the field,
Yet fell by fatal destiny,
For he nae ways wad grant to yield.'

After that battle he lay among the slain. By him was the body of the Standard-bearer of Scotland, Sir James Scrymgeour, Constable of Dundee. The ballad mourns Sir Alexander too early, for when taken up for dead, he was found to be alive, though very severely wounded.

Sir Patrick, his son, was more renowned than his father. When a French Embassy came to Scotland to discuss the project of an alliance between the King's daughter Princess Margaret and the Dauphin, Sir Patrick Ogilvy was one of the three great dignitaries of the realm who returned to France carrying the consent of King James and his daughter Princess Margaret to the proposed alliance, and was rewarded by being appointed Constable of the Scots in France in succession to Sir John Darnley. On his return from a visit to France in connexion with this office, his ship was wrecked, and at thirty years of age, with his career only begun, Sir Patrick perished in the sea. When he died, there came, as has happened more than once in the history of the Ogilvys, a complete eclipse. His sons were weak-minded and extravagant. The lands of Auchterhouse passed into the hands of the Stewarts, through the eldest son's daughter Margaret, who married James Stuart, son of the Black Knight of

* Fought on July 24 in 1411 between the Highlanders under Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the Lowland Army, under the Earl of Mar.

Lorn, afterwards created Earl of Buchan, and did not return to the Ogilvys for more than two hundred and fifty years. Her monogram 'M.B.' still adorns the marvellous ceiling in the old house.

The second son of the Sheriff Principal of Angus, Sir Walter, was killed at Glaselune in 1392, just after he had purchased the lands of Airlie, once the property of the Marmours of Angus, which after the outlawry of Gillebride had reverted to the Crown. In those days land meant power, and Sir Walter concluded a satisfactory marriage with Isabel Durward, daughter of Alan Durward, the powerful Chief and Justiciar of Scotland under Alexander III, and Marjory the King's illegitimate daughter. So powerful was Durward that, 'perceiving that heirs to the throne were few and the situation precarious, he procured from the Court of Rome the legitimization of his wife in order that should the King die without heirs his own children should succeed to the Crown.' The prize of the day, Isabel Durward, as the historian well describes her, lived but three miles from the lands of Eroly or Airlie. Sir Walter settled down with the heiress to found the branch of the Ogilvys of Airlie, and to continue to increase his territories with the lands inherited by his wife. A gigantic man like his forbears, his great thigh-bone is still to be seen in the shrines of the Abbey of Aberbrothock, of which he was Baillie. He was High Treasurer of Scotland when he purchased the lands of Airlie. He was also Master of the Household to James I, and one of the body of commissioners from Scotland appointed to meet those from England to discuss the possibility of concluding a permanent peace between the two countries, now that the truce between them was on the point of expiring. He personally attended the Princess Margaret on her bridal journey to France.

His son, Sir John Ogilvy, seems to have been a man of little note. His association with the Abbey of Aberbrothock, and his life in Bolshan Castle, brought him dangerously near the lands of the Lindsays. Though they were allied by marriage, the Chief of the Lindsays, Lord Crawford, having married Margaret, only daughter of Sir Alexander Ogilvy, High Sheriff of Angus, the 'commingling of the Ogilvy and Lindsay blood,' as

the historian puts it, produced a wild, inflammable offspring in the person of the eldest son, who is known to history as 'Earl Beardy' or 'The Tiger.' A dispute arose as to who was to hold office as Chief Justiciar of the Abbey of Arbroath. The sword was the only way of settling the dispute, and in those days a chance of recourse to the sword was eagerly sought. The two clans prepared for the fight, and on Jan. 13, 1445, they met on the outskirts of Arbroath. As they were deploying for the attack, an old man was seen riding hard from the direction of Dundee with the evident intention of averting the conflict. Enraged at the prospect of losing the chance of a battle, a fierce Ogilvy attacked him, and he fell struck to the heart. It was the old Lord Crawford, husband of Margaret Ogilvy, endeavouring to stop the hideous battle instigated by his turbulent son. The fierceness of the conflict is still quoted in the annals of history—'at the loan of the Leys the play began, and the Lindsays o'er the Ogilvys ran.' All day long the battle raged, no quarter was given, and the moon rose on the bloody corpses of five hundred Ogilvys lying upon the field, while the Lindsays, though victors, were in scarce better plight. The sequel shows the undaunted fierceness of the Ogilvy blood. Sir Alexander Ogilvy of Inverquharity, own nephew to Margaret Countess of Crawford, was carried in a litter bleeding from wounds to Finhaven Castle as he could not journey further. There, in a dying condition, lay the aged Lord Crawford under the care of his wife, Margaret Ogilvy. In the dawning of the next morning he died. When Margaret learned who it was who lay dangerously wounded in the next chamber, she forgot Alexander's kinship and remembered only that he was an enemy. Seizing a pillow from under the head of her dead husband, she rushed into the next room, and with it smothered her nephew with her own hands.

Cardinal Beaton played a strange part in the history of the Ogilvys. Sir James Ogilvy, son of Sir John, created later first Lord Ogilvy of Airlie, was four times married. His first and third wives were women of little note. His second was Lady Mary Douglas, daughter of Archibald Earl of Angus, known to history as 'Bell the Cat.' His fourth wife, Janet Lyle, had two

daughters. The second, Marion or Mariot, a woman of commanding presence and great beauty, became the mistress of Beaton. He loved her with a passionate affection; and was of so jealous a disposition in regard to her, that he erected towers near his several abodes in which she could dwell. The Castle of Melgund, and the remains of the Castle of Balfour, are those best known, and the initials 'D.B.' and 'M.O.' can still be seen carved in both. She bore him several children, and the marriage of her eldest daughter to the tenth Earl of Crawford was celebrated with almost royal pomp at Findhaven Castle, on the banks of the Southesk, in 1546, Mariot herself being present. As he passed from Mariot's chamber in the Castle of St. Andrews, David Beaton fell by the hands of assassins, in 1546.

Sir James, her father, after fighting on the side of James III at Stirling, was appointed in the reign of James IV as Ambassador to the Court of Denmark, and 'did so brawley carry himself then and with such dexterity and wisdom performed his business to the King's contentment, that for his good service, at his return he was created Lord Ogilvy,' on April 28, 1491. On Sept. 9 was fought the fearful Battle of Flodden, the last of the great Border fights.* James, third Lord Ogilvy, led his clansmen, and fought in the Angus Division under the command of Lord Crawford, part of the army under James IV. In the afternoon the battle turned against the Scottish King. In the evening 10,000 Scots lay dead on the field; twelve earls, fourteen lords, an archbishop, a bishop, two abbots, and 'a marvellous number of goodly men well fed and fat, and James, third Lord Ogilvy, lay among them. His body was never found, but after that fatal day he was not heard of again.

James Lord Ogilvy was too old to take part in the Border Wars which followed the death of James V, and during the Regency of Arran. His son James, Master of Ogilvy, took his place, and as if urged by a presentiment, on his way to join the Scottish forces, at the Abbey of Coupar, of which he was Baillie conjointly with his father, remade a will, in which he appointed his spouse, Katrine Campbell, daughter of Sir John

* 'History of Scotland,' p. 151: Charles S. Terry, 1920.

Campbell of Cawdor, executrix of his goods, and guardian of his children. Then having set his house in order, he moved forward to join his leader the Earl of Angus. By the evening of Sept. 10, 1547, the Battle of Pinkie had been fought. Ten thousand Scots lay dead on the field of battle, the Master of Ogilvy among them. His aged father did not long survive him. The English determined to possess themselves of the person of the little Queen, Mary, who had been sent to a safe retreat in the lake of Monteith, and threatened the heart of the country by taking possession of the Castle of Broughty at the mouth of the Tay. Lord Ogilvy, with the other nobles of Angus, laid siege to the castle, where he was either killed, or died from his wounds, on Nov. 27, 1547, but two months after the death of his son.

Katrine, the young widow, was left with a family of three sons and two daughters. Two years later she married, as his second wife, David, ninth Earl of Crawford. A woman of great beauty and charm, she is the first of the long line of remarkable women who became the wives of the heads of the House of Airlie, and who added so much to the strength of a race of men already strong in character and will. This House owes much to the women with whom it mated. Katrine Campbell, Isabel Hamilton, Elizabeth Forbes, Helen Ogilvy, bonnie Margaret Johnstone, Grizel Lyon, all took their share in the making of the greatness of their men, and did not spare themselves in doing so.

The fifth Lord Ogilvy of Airlie, trained and educated under the good influence of his mother, entered upon public affairs at a most interesting period in the history of Scotland. The Scottish nobles had begun to suspect that the aims of Mary of Guise tended more towards the aggrandisement of her native land of France than to the interests of the country of her daughter; and this menace became more dreadful when a marriage was concluded between the little Queen of Scotland and the Dauphin of France. The danger was so clearly realised that it drew all parties together. The author tells us also how another movement was stirring :

‘Great spiritual questions were moving the hearts of the people everywhere. There was a general desire to lay hold

of the truth and to realise where the true value lay. . . The nobles led the movement, and to such purpose, that Knox has stated of that period that "there might have been seen the Bible lying upon almost every gentleman's table." This spiritual movement took practical shape and gave rise to what is known in Scottish ecclesiastical history as the 'First Covenant' (vol. I, pp. 111, 112).

When Elizabeth became Queen of England, and Mary of Lorraine had landed a force of French soldiers more than a thousand strong at Leith, the Lords of the Congregation thought it time to act, and in 1560, Lord Ogilvy, albeit a very young man, formed one of the body of Scottish Commissioners who met the Duke of Norfolk at Berwick-on-Tweed, on Feb. 27, and concluded a treaty with England, with the ostensible object of assisting the Lords in driving out the French soldiers, and supporting the cause of Protestantism in Scotland. An amusing commentary on Mary's fascinations is that although Lord Ogilvy had opposed the policy of Mary of Lorraine so strongly as to take up arms against it, and fought side by side with 'the Inglis men auld innemeis of Scotland,' as his father put it, no sooner did her daughter Mary come to the Scottish throne, than his feelings changed sufficiently for John Knox to term him 'apostate.' He resisted the attempt of Lord Huntly to oppose the policy of the Queen, and meeting with Sir John Gordon of Deskford in the High Street of Edinburgh, engaged in a brawl with him, ostensibly over some matter of the lands of Forther which Lord Ogilvy had purchased. The Queen put them both in prison, at which they were greatly astonished. Sir John Gordon escaped, and Lord Ogilvy was released by the clemency of the Queen. He was by now her faithful friend and slave, joined later what is known as the Queen's Party, and raised a regiment of Ogilvys to fight for her, though not in time for the Battle of Langside. Later, he acknowledged the sovereignty of James VI, probably as a matter of prudence, but after the death of Moray, endeavoured with Huntly and Crawford to place Mary on the throne again, and having failed, escaped to France, where he remained for two years. Once a signatory of the Covenant, he was now suspected of declining from the Protestant faith, and it is a fact that when the Jesuits

invaded the country with secret propaganda to obtain the release of Mary, then a prisoner, their head-quarters in the midlands of Scotland were Airlie and Forther Castles. Castles, lands, riches, and honour accumulated round the old man. Bolshan, Forther, and Farnell had been added to his possessions, and now he was dying. From Farnell it was he wrote how, 'seeing it has pleisit God of his unspeakable mercy to bring me through infinite trubil and feudis with honour, I commit to others particulars whereof and in special to my wyffe your Guidam quha knows best of any oweind my estait and whose counsel I pray you follow as ane quha has lived maist cairfullie in yat house for ye honour and weil of it,' and there, with simple pride, the old man adds, 'quhat in my time I have done for ye welfair of my hous, my charters chest will testify.'

His grandson, James, born at Airlie Castle in 1586, was carefully guarded, and when very young, was placed under a tutor at Airlie Castle. His mother's grandfather, Lord Ruthven, had been the assassin of Rizzio, and her brother the author of the Gowrie Conspiracy. It would have been too dangerous to leave him in such surroundings. From Airlie Castle he went to France, from France to Sweden, Switzerland, and Italy, and returned no more to Scotland till he had passed the age of nineteen, a fine tall man, with his head high, and a rather disdainful expression of countenance. At twenty-four, he married the masterful Isabel Hamilton, daughter of Lord Haddington, who brought a large dowry with her. He it was who sold Bolshan and Farnell, and bought the lands of Cortachy, Clova, and Alyth, and who, when he had reason to believe that his stepmother, Elizabeth Napier, had secretly carried off heirlooms and papers during her husband's illness to Airlie Castle at dead of night, shut her up in the Tower of Airlie in close imprisonment before the breath had left his father's body. For this cause he set aside her marriage settlements and cast her adrift without a home, and in spite of the interference of James VI, and later of Charles I, refused to be coerced into restitution. This firmness of conduct had such an effect upon Charles that, in 1627, he gave him the command of the wapinschaw * in the

* A kind of Territorial Force instituted in the reign of James IV to repel enemy invasion.

Presbytery of Brechin, and also made him Commissioner. Lord Ogilvy followed the King's party and voted in favour of 'Laud's Liturgy' being adopted in the Church of Scotland. The Scottish nobles, with the bulk of the nation behind them, drew up the 'Solemn League and Covenant'; Lord Ogilvy was one of those who refused to sign. When civil war broke out, he joined King Charles at York, on April 1, 1639, and was there given command of a cavalry regiment. The next day Charles created him Earl of Airlie. In August a terrible blow fell on him. The Lords of the Covenant took measures to punish those who had taken the side of Charles, and they sent the Earl of Montrose, first cousin of Lord Airlie, and dear friend of Lord Ogilvy, to take Airlie Castle.

The castle was then a large and strong fortress, seemingly inaccessible on every side but the south, built on a promontory at the meeting of the Melgum and the Isla, more than a hundred feet above their bed. There lived Lord Ogilvy with his two children and his gentle, delicate wife, the daughter of Lord Banff, and with Ogilvy blood in her veins. Small, pale, retiring, the darling of her stern, domineering mother-in-law, she had shown up till then no sign of the heroism that was in her. Into the peace of the sunlit autumn and the golden wooded country, came the Earl of Montrose with fire and sword, and summoned Lord Ogilvy to surrender. Lord Ogilvy replied that till his father ordered he would never surrender. It is reasonable to suppose that Montrose disliked his commission very much and was glad to relinquish it, salving his conscience by suddenly discovering that he had not enough men to take the stronghold, and departing. What followed is a mystery. The attack on Airlie Castle was renewed the following year under the Earl of Argyll, who was granted a 'commission of Fire and Sword for the purpose of routing out all enemies of the Covenant,' on June 12, 1640. He put a good deal of personal gratification into the carrying out of his task. On July 7, he arrived before Airlie Castle at the head of 5000 men, with every known organ of destruction of the time, and with a train of artillery. Whether Lord Ogilvy was misinformed as to the strength of the force, or whether he thought that if he were absent, the condition of the lady would excite mercy

even from 'Archibald the Grim,' as he was called, while he himself had not the number of men sufficient to defend the fortress, cannot be known. What is certain is that he left the brave woman with her children and a very small garrison, and rode hard to warn his mother, who was holding Forther Castle, and to call up his men in Glenisla. About noon that day in the bright sunshine, the corn 'brearing fairly,' as the ballad runs, the birds of Airlie singing, a blast was heard at the foot of the tower, and, looking from her window, Lady Ogilvy saw Archibald the Grim himself, at the head of troops which seemed to her to stretch for ever behind him, summoning her to yield. The little window over the great gate, from where she looked on the enemy of the House, still exists. She was now the only upholder of the honour of that House, and firmly she refused to yield. Argyll ordered the attack to go on and the work of destruction began. As the clouds of smoke arose up to heaven, and the boom of the guns, and the crackling of the flames filled the air, lately alive with the song of birds, with hideous sounds, Lady Ogilvy saw that she could do no more, and with her children, urged on by two or three faithful old servants, she fled down the steep path to where the river Isla flows over its rocky bed, climbed the hanging rocks on the further bank, and thought she was in safety, though her heart almost broke as she gazed on the fearful scene, where Argyll with his own hands was feeding the fire. There was no trace of a force coming under her husband, from the north, to her rescue. She could only flee. Two or three miserable shelts were collected from the farms close round, and on them the women and children in the wretched party rode, seeking shelter. But so great was the terror inspired by the invader that none durst grant this. History relates that only at the end of two days' and nights' exposure, when the old Lady Irvine of Drum threw herself at the feet of Argyll, was she permitted to take charge of her granddaughter, whose child Marion was born in her house the next morning. The whole of the country of the Ogilvys was laid under fire and sword. Forther Castle was burned by Argyll's orders. He sent his kinsman Campbell of Inverawe to do the deed, adding to his secret instructions, the words,

'ye need not lat know that ye have directions from me to fyre it.' The old account says that in the lands of the Ogilvys, 'they left him not a cock to crow day.' Lord Airlie, with King Charles and his cavalry in England, when he learned of what had happened, could not return to Scotland. He petitioned the King for redress, but got none; while Argyll, more powerful, got passed through Parliament an Act of Ratification and Exoneration 'in his favour, for any violence done to the liberty of the subject, or freedom taken with their property, houses or castles, for burning the same or putting fire thereto . . . or putting persons to torture or question . . . or to death at any time between the 18th day of June 1640, or the said 2nd day of August thereafter.' 'But,' as the historian says, 'the day of vengeance came.' In less than twenty-one years, when he stood charged with the crime of high treason, one of the fourteen articles of the indictment which brought his head to the block was the burning of Airlie Castle. There is another and even stranger sequel to the tale. As the work of destruction proceeded, piteous shrieks for mercy were heard from the tower, where a drummer was always posted in those times to give the alarm. His cries were heard, and the garrison realised that the drummer had been forgotten. They were about to try and save him, when they asked each other the reason why Argyll had been able to approach without the garrison being warned. Then they recollected that the boy was a Cameron, and as the Camerons were allies of the Campbells, they let him burn. The drummer was last seen amid the flames at the top of the tower, cursing the Ogilvys, and warning them that ever after in time of disaster they would hear his drum. He has kept his word.

The family troubles were not at an end. Montrose, through his friendship with Lord Ogilvy, joined the Royalists; Argyll and the supporters of the 'Solemn League and Covenant' joined the English Parliament; Lord Ogilvy, Lord Crawford, and others, on their way to explain the plans of Montrose to King Charles, met a strong force of Prince Rupert's Horse in full flight after Marston Moor. No Ogilvy would lightly lose the opportunity of a fight, and Lord Ogilvy, forgetting his instructions to 'make all possible haste and despatch and

stay for nothing,' took command of this body of cavalry, and tried to cut his way through to the King. But he was taken prisoner by a stronger Parliamentary force which had come up unobserved, and was sent to the Tolbooth, where he languished for over a year, his wife making a pitiful appeal in person for release before the Parliament in Perth, because the plague had broken out in Edinburgh. She succeeded so far that her husband was on the point of being removed to the Bass Rock, Edinburgh, when that town surrendered to the Royalists, and Lord Ogilvy was released. He immediately joined forces with Montrose near Bothwell, and in three weeks was again in prison in the Bottle Dungeon of St Andrews, condemned to be executed. He was saved by that remarkable trio of women, his determined mother, his brave wife, and his courageous sister, Margaret. The latter helped him to escape by changing clothes with him at the farewell interview granted by his gaolers, and remaining in his stead.

The old lord, his father, during this time was with Montrose, and fought at Inverlochy in command of the cavalry with his younger sons, Sir David and Sir Thomas. The Campbells fought in the centre of the Covenanting Army, and, deserted by the Lowland troops, were shown no mercy. They were pushed into the loch, and slaughtered as they fell. Their chief, in safety in his yacht, viewed the battle from the centre of the loch, and, heedless of his drowning clansmen, when he saw that the battle was lost, hoisted his sails and escaped, a deed that was never forgotten by the Campbells of his generation. The power of Argyll was broken, and in a great measure by the men he had wronged. 'Auld Airlie' had another revenge. With the Royalist Army he swept across to Kinross, and burned the great Campbell stronghold among the Ochil Hills, the Castle of Gloom on the river of Dolour, in the parish of Gryfe. At Kilsyth, in command of three hundred horse, eighty Ogilvys, two hundred Gordons, and twenty musketeers, he turned the tide of battle. The Gordons had left him to extricate some of their kinsmen ridden down by the Covenant Horse; they were surrounded, and the main body of the Royalist Cavalry appeared to be lost. Then Montrose, risking all, called to the old warrior of sixty-nine at the

head of his eighty Ogilvys, 'the eyes of the whole army are on you, my Lord Airly. You are the only man to bring off those brave fellows.' As the writer describes, 'headed by the chief of their clan, who himself knew no fear, the brave horsemen from the Braes of Angus rode to the charge. It must have been a strange spectacle. Stripped to their shirts, for the day was hot and they had to charge uphill, with their broadswords flashing' in the midday sun, the Ogilvys advanced to the charge with such extraordinary dash, that a panic ensued among the enemy, who took to the hills. 'Auld Airly' had turned the tide of battle. 'It was a braw day, Kilsyth,' said an aged Highlander long years after, 'it was a braw day. At every stroke o' my sword I cut an ell o' breeks.'

Charles II, escaping in 1659 from his gloomy surroundings at Perth, where, according to Burnett, he heard as many as six sermons on one fast day, arrived at Cortachy on Oct. 4. A Royalist plot was on foot, of which the castle was to be the centre, and Lord Airlie, the pivot of a scheme to obtain possession of the King's person, and establish the Royal authority. Charles could not stand the sermons longer, but the time was not ripe for his arrival, and there was too great a risk in his spending more than one night in the room—called the 'King's Room' since then—even though under the floor was a secret chamber, and a way of escape. He was found by the Covenanting Army in a filthy cottage, and returned to Perth, 'where,' it is recorded, 'he heard a comfortable sermon in his own chamber.' Early in March 1666, the old man of whom Charles II wrote 'that his deeds of loyalty would go down to the grave' died. Among his papers was found after his death 'A Short Prayer'—'The Lord's name be praised, his Church preserved, the King, Queen, and all the Royal progenie protected. Our lives amended, and our souls saved in the day of our Lord. Amen.'

Now his son James would live at Cortachy. 'A little, light man slow in Busnesse,' as a contemporary called him, James, second Lord Airlie, had three times suffered imprisonment for the Royal cause. The last time in the Tower of London, having been captured by Monk's cavalry while attending a Parliament at Alyth. For

six years he was incarcerated there. Poor, landless, his wife in straitened circumstances, he was released in 1658. Soon after the Restoration, he was made Captain of the Guard, and was given an annuity by the King, which was seldom paid. He seems to have done his best at Court for Loyalists less well off than himself. In 1664, his wife, his 'deare Hart,' died, and two years afterwards, Lord Airlie was at the feet of Marie, widow of Lewis, third Marquis of Huntly, a handsome woman with a grown-up son and three daughters. The courtship was full of incident; the lady coy, and professing to believe in all sorts of indiscretions on the part of her elderly lover (he was fifty-seven at the time), and also evincing a real anxiety as to how Isabel, Lady Airlie, his mother, would like the marriage. Isabel took it ill; she wrote in her usual direct way, pointing out that neither beauty, riches, nor Court favour could make up for the difference in religion. Lady Huntly was a Catholic, and there still exists at Cortachy the little cupboard in the wall, where the reserved Sacrament could be hidden to be administered when the priest crept in at dead of night.

Lord Airlie, at seventy-five, took command of a regiment of Dragoons under Claverhouse. He suffered much in the service of the King. His pension was now never paid, in spite of his appeals. When Charles died, and James came to the throne, he served his King till he realised that James did not mean to protect the Protestant religion. He was a strong Protestant, and it is strange that he could have brought himself to marry a Catholic. But having realised this, he forsook James and supported William and Mary. He was one of those summoned to London to explain the views of the Scottish people as to the best means of maintaining the Protestant interest. When the 'Revolution Settlement' gave Scotland over to Presbyterianism pure and simple, he withdrew from Parliament. In 1704, on Feb. 16, in his ninety-third year, the 'little light man always loyal,' died in 'Lord Airlie's Lodging,' where the breakers of the North Sea roll.

The history of the family from this time presents no very interesting features, until the advent of David, Lord Ogilvy, son of the fourth Lord Airlie. He was

born in 1725, while the earldom was still in abeyance, and became Lord Ogilvy when he was six years old, when his father was reinstated in the family honours. From then on, his career is full of charm. The biographer describes him as one who had '*un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain.*' The description of his love for his friends, his pony picked up by a neighbour for four pounds at a fair, his gallantries, his flirtations, his good looks, read like a romance. The extract from a pamphlet by Lord Perth, called '*The Female Rebels,*' published in 1747, is too good not to be quoted :

'When he came to the capital, he was soon drawn to follow the youthful gallantries of the town. Before he was much out of puberty he had run through all the various scenes of gallantry, and could early boast of wounds in the field of Venus. He was a universal admirer of the fair sex and delighted much in intrigues with women of the better sort. He never saw a handsome woman but he made love to her, which he carried as far as he found her complexion would admit of, and had of these kind of mistresses more in number than he had changes of cloathes in his wardrobe ; a new face set him on fire, and he was never easy till he knew if she was "come-at-able," as he termed it.'

Before he was seventeen, David had eloped with and married Margaret Johnston, daughter of Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, the toast of Society in Edinburgh at the time, he being then a student at the University. Forgiven by his parents, he was, however, made to understand that the step he had taken was not to interfere with his career, as it was impossible for the eldest son of the House of Airlie to be anything but a soldier, so it was impossible for him to accept a commission in the British Army under a Hanoverian King. So Lord Ogilvy went to France, received a commission in the French Cavalry, and remained there for three years, while his young wife had to make the best of life at Cortachy without him, under the rule of her mother-in-law, the heiress of Cluny Castle, and probably wondering what it meant when she heard that he was always called '*le bel Ecossais*' at the Court of France. In Paris he met Charles Edward and became his friend ; he joined his party, and Lord Airlie had hardly heard of the land-

ing of the Prince in the west of Scotland, before Lord Ogilvy rode up to the gates of Cortachy to gain his father's approval of the step he had taken—an approval he was certain of gaining, and gained to such an extent, that six hundred of the tenants followed Lord Ogilvy to Edinburgh,* equipped and armed with the money raised by the sale of Lord Airlie's silver plate and family jewels. These were the brilliant days of Prince Charles's enterprise. At the great ball which Charles gave at Holyrood Palace after the victory at Prestonpans, he opened it with Lady Ogilvy, in a white satin dress, still preserved at Cortachy, thus exciting, we are told, the jealousy of the Duchess of Perth, who considered that her rank at least entitled her to the honour. Three ladies rode with the army, and one of these was Lady Ogilvy. The author tells us how Lady Kilmarnock, then living at Callander House, and Lady Ogilvy set themselves to make the acquaintance of General Hawley, in command of King George's troops encamped near Falkirk, within sight of the Jacobite Army. The two lovely and charming women entertained him so well that he stayed half the night, and returned again the next morning for a pleasant renewal of the conversation and a late breakfast. All this while the Highland Army was drawing nearer and nearer, and Hawley, summoned from his Capua, found the army in such an advantageous position, that he failed to dislodge them and was defeated. The romantic tale of how Lady Ogilvy was taken after Culloden, and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, of how she escaped in the dress of a washerwoman to France, through the agency of her sister 'bonnie Barbara Johnston,' who bribed the officer guarding her sister, by her charms, to look the other way, is too long to give here, and is well told in the book. So is the story of Lord Ogilvy's wanderings after Culloden in the hills near his own home with his faithful servant 'John Tamson,' and the story of his escape to France, where he met his wife again. He was given a commission in the French Army and allowed to call it 'le Regiment Ogilvy.' France was glad enough to encourage the

* The author records that Lord Airlie is reported to have said that 'they maun dae or be destroyed.'

assistance of Scotland, and the most delicate attentions were showered by the Court upon 'le bel Ecossais,' a little war-worn, a little aged by his privations perhaps, but still 'un bel homme tres bien.' The Duc de Choiseul himself called on Lord Ogilvy to offer him the commission from Louis XV, of raising a regiment. With the most suave delicacy, the great minister intimated that it was usual—nay, expected—that the office carried with it certain marked attentions to any prominent lady of Louis XV's Court. Here, the minister hesitated, Milord would understand, *la si charmante Madame la Duchesse d'Aiguillon* was suggested. Lord Ogilvy replied that he quite understood the situation, but that he must first, as M. le Duc would in his turn understand, consult his wife, to which the Duke gave an amiable consent; and Lady Ogilvy, true to the training of her husband's race, answered that she 'would not stande in his way of preferment which they so sadly needed, and that in order to avoide incommoding him she woulde take ane house beyant Paris.'

Their only son was born at Auchterhouse on Dec. 4, 1751. His mother crossed from France at the risk of imprisonment before his birth, so that in case the child proved to be a boy, he should be born on Scottish soil, though her husband had been attainted, stripped of his honours both for himself and the heirs male of his body, so that there was no longer a Lord Ogilvy, and no one to succeed to the Earldom. The child lived, but never succeeded to the name. Lord Ogilvy was in exile thirty-two years, and led 'le Regiment Ecossais' against the English at Fontenoy. It was disbanded in 1763, and he gained a pension. His old father had died in 1761, and his heart was ever turning homeward to his country, and his son of whom he heard constantly though vaguely. He remarried in Holland in 1778, receiving from George III a free pardon, was relieved from the ban of outlawry and the charge of high treason, through the intercession of Louis XVI. When he returned, he found his son an imbecile; his second marriage was unsuccessful, and his daughter Joanna born in France and brought up in Paris, found Cortachy too dull, and chose to live in the land of her birth. Very poor in spite of his brother Walter's careful management, he built out of the old

stones of the ruined castle at Airlie a little house to which he retired. Speaking with a slight French accent, with a French cook and butler, and always wearing the dress of a Colonel of the French Guards, he passed the remainder of his days riding about his lands, helping, out of the pittance left him, the descendants of the men he had led so many years before on a fruitless quest. Even this was diminished, as, after the execution of the King of France, he refused to receive his pension as a French officer from Napoleon, who proposed to continue it and to pay the arrears. He would never consent to ask the removal of the attainder. The present writer has spoken to one who knew him well, as a tall, handsome, dignified old man, who slipped quietly out of life on March 3, 1803.

The romance ends for the moment, though the book continues with the lives of the later Earls, and tells how the attainder was removed just before the birth of the eighth Lord Airlie, but, except to the historian, these details are not of great interest. The life of the ninth Lord Airlie whose story completes it, vividly recalls that of the first Lord in valour, in piety, and in character, and after his death in action at Diamond Hill, the words of Lord Roberts, 'I deplore the death of that gallant soldier the Earl of Airlie,' fitly conclude such a family history. There may be a few slight inaccuracies, but these are generally matters on which different opinions are held by Scottish historians. This book, coming as it does at a time when the old system of land ownership in Scotland is fast disappearing, is of remarkable interest. It shows both the good and the evil of the past, and gives rise to the thought that most systems are fitted to their own times, and that change is not necessarily a condemnation of what has existed before. It also shows the value of those cardinal virtues of courage, faith, mercy, and love, which are perhaps too lightly regarded in the present remaking of the world.

Art. 11.—BROADCASTING.

THE influence of the service of broadcasting on the lives and affairs of men and nations, is already recognised as great *in esse*, and illimitable *in posse*. For a better comprehension of the subject it is advisable to refer briefly to the nature of the scientific operations which render it possible for an innumerable company to attend on that which may interest or concern them, irrespective of the distance which separates them from the event and from each other, and of the absence of any tangible means of communication between them and its passage. It is pertinent, also, to explain in a few words what the British Broadcasting Company is, how it came into being, and to indicate something of the policy and the ideals which inspire those to whom there have been committed such onerous and manifold responsibilities.

No matter in how technical or exhaustive a manner one might essay to explain the means by which wireless communication, telegraphic and telephonic, is made possible, one would sooner or later pass from the light of definite knowledge through the haze of the borderland of scientific investigation, into the mysteries and infinities of ignorance. For 'wireless' is manifestly dependent for its functioning upon the universal ether, a fascinating but illusive, and probably incomprehensible, medium. This mysterious ether, all-pervading, self-contradictory, by which all things consist and are upheld, impossible but mathematically proved, one of the final entities of the universe, is a mental conception fantastic or appalling to us. In daily life we live by assumptions. We assume knowledge to cover our ignorance. If the assumption works we are content. So in the preliminary stage of converting speech or music or other sounds into the form in which they may be conveyed across vast reaches of space, and in the final stage when the etheric disturbances are transferred back again into the realm of vibrations, which make them once again recognisable to our sense-perceptions in their original shape, it is convenient to speak as if we understood the nature of electricity, so familiar are we with its application, overlooking the disaster of the schoolboy who had 'forgotten' what electricity was—which the Almighty and

he alone had known. Even with the incomprehensible familiarity works its way. When we switch on the light the electricity 'runs along the wire,' and there are so many convenient and plausible explanations at hand that we may disregard the little protests which indicate that it is not all so simple as it appears. With wireless there is that solemn and inexplicable gulf between the two aerial wires a hundred or a thousand miles apart.

It is not altogether simple to explain the action of a wireless transmitter and receiver in such a way as to be scientifically accurate, and yet intelligible to the non-technical mind; it may be helpful to resort to analogies which introduce well-known facts and occurrences similar to the phenomena which take place in wireless. It is so amazing to an unscientific mind that sounds, or rather their electrical equivalents, are able to traverse vast spaces of sea and land without some apparent medium to carry them. By the ordinary telephone, communication between two points is set up with the aid of wires running between them, and we think of the current of electricity flowing along the wires, and realise that this current would immediately cease were the wire connexion to be broken. In wireless, as I have said, the medium for the conveyance of the message is not apparent. It might first be thought that the electricity was carried by the air, but this is proved to be wrong by the fact that it passes through a vacuum or a brick wall with equal facility and disregard. We must, therefore, fall back on our imagination and concentrate on the idea of a medium which pervades everything. What the ether really is no one can tell us, but it forms a convenient basis for our theories; and having assumed that such a thing exists, we can construct reasonable explanations of the phenomena of electricity which are apparent to us, and which do us good service.

How, then, can we make use of the ether in order to establish communication between two points, without the aid of a visible connecting link? If a stone be dropped into the middle of a quiescent pond, the water is disturbed and waves are formed which gradually spread outwards in circles of increasing diameter. The surface of the water, radially from the centre of the disturbance, is a series of crests and depressions, and

the difference in level between succeeding crests and depressions gradually decreases; in other words, the waves reduce in amplitude until they are negligible and invisible. The horizontal distance between any two succeeding crests is, however, constant, and is dependent upon the size and weight of the stone, the height from which it was dropped, the depth of the water, and other factors. If we could arrange to drop several stones into the water, one after the other, we could maintain these waves indefinitely, and we should have created a means whereby the surface of the water could be kept in a constant state of up-and-down motion. Now, imagine that the stone be replaced by a transmitting aerial, and the water by the ether. We gave energy to the stone by dropping it, and we can give energy to the aerial by means of an electrical arrangement which involves the use of what is the most wonderful and most useful invention connected with wireless, the thermionic valve. The aerial in its turn gives out its energy, and in so doing disturbs the equilibrium of the ether, creating waves in it similar in shape to those formed on the surface of the water. There is one important point in which the analogy fails, which is that, in the case of the water, waves were formed in a horizontal direction only, whereas in the ether waves are sent out in all directions. These waves are electro-magnetic, and gradually die away as the distance from the transmitting aerial increases. The distance between any two consecutive crests is constant as it was in the analogy, and this distance is called the 'wave-length' of the waves which are being radiated and the station which is transmitting. By suitable means we can continue the supply of energy to the aerial, and thus keep the radiated waves constant in amplitude or depth as well as in length.

It has been found that electric waves travel at the same speed, 186,000 miles per second. This speed is tremendous, and, to all intents and purposes, their passage is instantaneous. We can easily calculate and control the wave-length, and, therefore, by simple division we can find out the number of times per second that the waves alternate up and down. This figure is called the frequency of the radiated wave and, for the wave-lengths used for broadcasting, its value is about

one million. In mathematical terms, the shape of the waves is said to be sinusoidal, and they are said to oscillate, that is, to alternate up and down, at radio or high frequency. We have, therefore, succeeded in producing a radiation of constant electro-magnetic waves from our transmitting aerial into the ether, and these constitute what is known in wireless telephony work as the 'carrier wave.' This is inaudible, though occasionally it communicates a slight hum due to the generators.

The problem next to be faced is how to vary or modify this carrier wave so that it will be able to represent in some way the sounds which are about to be produced in the broadcasting studio. Let us trace what happens. In the studio is a delicate piece of apparatus called the microphone, whose function it is to convert the sounds into their electrical equivalents. Sounds consist of air impulses, and in one well-known type of microphone these impulses are made to act on a light coil of wire suspended between the poles of an electro-magnet. Now, when a coil of wire is moved in a magnetic field such as this, an electric current is set up in the coil, the strength being proportional to the rate at which the coil is moved, and in this case it is obviously related to the strength of the air-impulses which come from the voice or the orchestra. Loud sounds produce relatively big impulses in the air, which in turn move the coil, and, therefore, we have a device which will convert the sounds into their equivalent electrical energy without distortion. An exactly similar operation takes place when speaking into an ordinary telephone; but in this case slight distortion generally takes place which affects the quality at the other end of the line. In broadcasting, however, no distortion of sound can be allowed, and much research has been carried out to obtain perfection. Having achieved the conversion, the electric current so produced is said to vary at audio frequency, this frequency being very much smaller than the radio frequency which was referred to in connexion with the carrier wave. This varying current is led along wires and passed through apparatus known as a thermionic valve amplifier. This multiplies the current many thousands of times so that we are able to handle it with greater ease. It should be noted that the current

is still at audio frequency and is exactly similar in nature to the current which passes along a telephone wire. After increasing the current to the required volume, it is passed by wire to the radio transmitter, which we have already visualised sending out a constant wave of radio frequency. The problem, therefore, is to superimpose the audio frequency current produced in the studio upon the radio frequency carrier wave, and thus transmit into the ether the matter that we desire to broadcast. This is purely an electrical operation and is performed by modifying the amplitude of the radio frequency waves which start their journey at any particular instant, in order that they may represent the audio frequency electrical equivalents of the sounds which are being made at that instant in the studio. If this is done continuously and proportionally, then the wave emitted is so modulated that it represents those noises in some constant proportion. This operation is known as modulation, and the carrier wave is said to be modulated.

It still remains to be seen how this modulated wave can be converted back into the original sounds by the receiving set. The modulated carrier wave travelling outwards through space, strikes the receiving aerial and generates in it a radio frequency current which varies in sympathy with the variations of the amplitude of the wave. In order to obtain the maximum current in the aerial and the receiving set, the latter must be tuned to the wave-length of the sending wave, by which is meant that it must be in sympathy or in resonance with it. It is difficult to explain this by means of a physical analogy, but let us suppose the receiving set to be replaced by the pendulum of a clock, and that we are able to tap the base of the pendulum at regular intervals. If we wish to obtain the maximum swing of the pendulum—that is, do our work to the best advantage—we must so adjust the length of the pendulum that its time of swing is equal to the interval between two consecutive taps. In other words, the pendulum or receiving set is adjusted to be in sympathy or resonance with the taps, which correspond to the radiated waves. Having thus adjusted the receiver we are able to accept the transmitted signals at the greatest possible strength, which depends,

of course, upon two factors, the power of the transmitter, and the strength and remoteness of the receiver. It has been said that the signals received are at radio or high frequency, so they must be converted into a form which will be able to do work on the head-telephones or loud speaker, thus changing the electrical energy back again into sound. The change is accomplished by means of a crystal or a thermionic valve, which transforms the radio frequency into audio frequency. This operation is called rectification. The rectified electric currents are then passed through the telephones or loud speaker, which generally consist of an electro-magnet in front of which is placed a very thin steel diaphragm. The varying currents alter the magnetism, thus varying the attraction on the diaphragm which moves in sympathy. This movement sets up air impulses which are an exact replica of the impulses originally produced in the studio, provided, of course, that no distortion has taken place during any operation or change. This ideal is not easy to attain, but by the use of good apparatus absolute perfection is being attained. Reception already can be excellent. If the volume of the signals be not sufficient, it can be amplified either before or after rectification to obtain the required strength, these processes being known as radio and audio frequency amplification respectively.

As the disturbances radiate equally in all directions from the transmitting aerial and extend over very great distances, we come to the use of the descriptive word 'broadcast,' adopted generically to embrace all the activities of the service. The United States were eighteen months ahead of us at the start, and I would prefer that an American, any one of the many with whom I have discussed the matter, should indicate the relative positions to-day. It would show that, annoying as was the delay which took place before a broadcasting organisation was formed and operations began, the progress made in the subsequent twenty months has at any rate given other countries something to think about. In the States practically any one may operate, and there is no guiding policy or control. Broadcasting is undertaken for commercial purposes, and advertising direct or indirect is the *raison d'être* and the sole means

of revenue. I have received visitors from practically every civilised country in the world, and we are glad to share our experience with them; we make no copyright of it, valuable as it obviously is.

It was a Government decision that the service should be under central control here, in the hands of one organisation, and the companies interested in the manufacture of wireless apparatus, many of whom had applied for permission to broadcast, were invited to meet together and submit a draft constitution to the Postmaster of the day. The difficulties to be overcome were numerous and serious, but eventually a two-year licence was granted to the British Broadcasting Company, the 'B. B. C.,' an association of manufacturers, who undertook the responsibility of erecting and operating stations in London, Glasgow, Cardiff, Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Aberdeen, and Bournemouth. In return for the guarantee of necessary capital and the maintenance of the service for the period, the constituent shareholding manufacturers were to be given certain compensating privileges in selling. Membership in the company was to be open to any British manufacturer. The early licensing regulations were difficult of operation and have been modified more than once. By the findings of a Government Committee last year fresh privileges were given and old anomalies removed; the charter was extended till the end of 1926. The restrictions on receiving apparatus have been removed, and to-day no element of commercialism remains. The single condition which stands is that the receiving set, whether bought complete or constructed from parts, shall be of British origin. From two or three hundred, the number of associated manufacturers and dealers has risen to sixteen hundred; a new industry has arisen. It is not unreasonable that it should have opportunity to become established.

The B. B. C. is a public service in every sense of the word. Its revenue comes from a proportion of the licence fee, and, according to an Act of Parliament, it is illegal to be in possession of wireless apparatus without a licence from the Postmaster-General. The charge is not excessive, ten shillings per annum; in view of what is given in return it is remarkably cheap. The income of the company is considerable; but no matter how

large, it can be and is being efficiently spent on extension and development. On the capital invested there is a maximum allowable return of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and there is no distribution of any surplus. The Postmaster-General is the ultimate authority, and as an example of the progress possible under a combination of private enterprise and public control, attention might well be directed to the B. B. C. from various quarters.

Operations began at the end of 1922, and within nine months the eight main stations had been put into regular commission. Originally it had apparently been supposed that these would be sufficient adequately to serve the entire country. So under certain conditions they would be, but the further one lives from a transmitting station the more powerful and consequently the more expensive the apparatus which is required for reception. Large centres of population were, therefore, left with the broadcast programmes available only to the more favoured. The company accordingly embarked on the erection of subsidiary stations in ten cities selected after consideration of various factors, and now Sheffield, Plymouth, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Hull, Nottingham, are in operation; Stoke-on-Trent, Dundee, and Swansea are to follow before the end of 1924. A main station has also been started in Belfast. Each of these places has its particular wave-length, but only a small group of wave-lengths, called a wave-band, is available for broadcasting. The ether is already becoming crowded, they say. The small stations are, therefore, of lower power than the main stations to avoid mutual interference, and normally they relay what is happening at one or other of the main stations. In this way something like 75 per cent. of the total population of Great Britain has the service available on the cheapest apparatus. Not even an indefinite extension of the subsidiary stations could cover the remaining 25 per cent., so to-day, after highly successful experiments, permission is being sought to erect a new station 30 or 40 miles north of London of twenty times greater power than the others, which will have a guaranteed range of 100 miles for cheap crystal sets, 300 for single-valve sets, and 500 to 1000 for two-valve sets. This should be compared with ranges in the case of a main

station of perhaps 20, 50, and 150 miles for the same sets, and 5 miles for a relay station on a crystal set. There is every expectation that the permanent high-powered station will be erected, and in the meantime the experimental station at Chelmsford is transmitting regularly the programmes from London and the provinces. Alternative programmes may soon be provided, and this will help in the solution of the problem of providing for all tastes and transmitting all that we desire. The low-powered and high-powered systems may be linked together in various ways—by the telephone wires, by wireless, and by a combination of both. Successful transmissions have taken place by means of a wireless relay from the scene of the event to the nearest station, instead of by line connexion.

In twenty months the staff of the company has increased from four only, to three hundred and fifty, and operations are extended to twenty cities. Close on a million licences have been issued in this period, and since it is reasonable to assume that four or five individuals are concerned in any one licensed set, the number of listeners is indicated as being already in the vicinity of five million. Many technical improvements have been developed, the quality of transmission is practically perfect, and the total time lost through breakdown is less than one-quarter per cent. A system of simultaneous broadcasting has been carried out for over a year, by means of which all stations are linked together so that any outstanding event, no matter where it takes place, may be radiated at the same time from every transmitting aerial. This is actually effected by the medium of the special telephone lines which connect all the posts with the central control room in London, a most interesting and impressive spectacle in operation. The great happenings of the metropolis are in this way made available to the inhabitants of most remote rural areas.

There are various factors which militate against satisfactory reception, but most of them are capable of control in greater or less degree. There are a few blind spots and regions which suffer from shielding, due perhaps to hills. Interference is caused by obsolete transmitting apparatus and faulty tuning. The ignorant or careless manipulation, or oscillation, of receiving sets by

listeners themselves may cause trouble in their vicinity ; what happens is, in effect, that the receiving set itself emits feeble transmissions, reproduced on neighbouring sets by the sound of howling. Strenuous and persistent efforts have been made to prevent broadcast reception from being prejudiced in these ways, and it is probable that an improvement will result, in the first place through a much greater degree of protection being afforded to the broadcast wave-band, in the second by greater knowledge and care on the part of amateur enthusiasts induced by campaigns educative and corrective, and by the establishment of the high-powered station, which is so strong as to overcome many of the extraneous difficulties in the third. The use of apparatus inferior as to standard and insufficient as to power, constitutes a defect of a different order, and one which it is entirely within the listeners' hands to overcome. The music and speech heard should be practically perfect, so nearly perfect that in the next room it is mistaken for the actual voice or instrument direct. It can and ought to be so.

There are distractions of the psychological realm as distinct from those of the physical. The undue obtrusion of apparatus and attention to its working, the listening to wireless instead of listening to music, the concentration on a horn instead of an item, all to my mind tend to prejudice the satisfaction which should be derived. Circumstances frequently militate against adequate appreciation and due effect. Broadcasting, like everything else, should be given a fair chance. It is a simple matter to operate a receiving set, and no technical knowledge is required. One usually finds, however, that there is something fascinating about the whole business, and even the most unlikely individuals have been known to become intrigued into the investigation of rudimentary principles, and led by subtle degrees to the pursuit of technicalities. It is not schoolboys alone who discuss earnestly the intricacies of circuits or enthusiastically proclaim their distinctions of achievement ; it may be noted, however, that a new and altogether satisfactory and practical hobby has appeared, unattended by the inconveniences and discomforts which for others so often accompany the activities of the younger members of the community. There is nothing noisome,

unclean, or destructive in it; it is in every sense productive and beneficial.

I pass now to say a word on the principles and ideals which animate the policy of those in whose care rests the responsibility of providing the broadcast service for this country and its people. This responsibility is such as few are called upon to carry, and it weighs heavily. It is one of those comparatively rare occupations in which there are no definite and reliable criteria by which one may judge the success of one's efforts. All manner of factors may be assessed, but at the end one is left in a state of uncertainty. It is commonly said that the progress is astonishing and that great things have been accomplished, particularly in view of the many peculiar and embarrassing difficulties which have arisen. This may be true, but there is an overwhelming consciousness of infinitely greater achievements attainable. The degree of public satisfaction which attends our efforts, if it could be conclusively and regularly ascertained, would undoubtedly be valuable; but this is impossible, since, on the one hand, a large proportion of the audience rejoice or tolerate or suffer in silence, and, on the other hand, we come upon that vexed and eternal problem of what the public want and what they need; and it might be that even if large numbers were getting what they wanted, or thought they wanted, and being therewith exultantly content, yet all the time this satisfaction would be an evidence of failure to realise the duties entailed by such serious responsibilities. In modern publicity it would be possible to delight a five-million audience and yet be left despondent with a sense of the tragedy of non-fulfilment.

The influence of the broadcaster's activities spread abroad over a million homes, and, attentive to his voice and the voices or the music which he ordains, are not only men and women receptive in varying degrees, but children at their most impressionable age. He must be careful what he permits to pass through the magic medium under his control. The influence is incalculable, and it should be for good, hence the need for policies and ideals, for the establishment and maintenance of standards, for the exclusion of anything which may be hurtful. The broadcaster himself is a figure of shadow,

aloof, rather impersonal, but none the less a power in the land, dwelling perhaps on some modern Mount Olympus. The claim may seem extravagant; time will prove it. He must realise, for instance, that the musical taste of a nation is a matter of importance, and as a great part of his programme is devoted to music, he cannot fail to exercise an influence for good or evil. The broadcasting organisation is the largest purveyor of music in the country. Literary taste is also affected, and his is the great privilege of introducing to the masses of the people the pre-eminent masterpieces of literature, as of music, in such a way that work which was neglected before may be brought to its own. His the opportunity, too, of inculcating an appreciation of much which formerly would have been denounced as beyond their taste or comprehension. Many fallacious arguments are advanced on this very question, and the B. B. C. has been accused of giving not what the public want but what it thinks they need. It is easy to underestimate intelligence, and to cater down creates a fictitious demand for lower standards which must then be met. That which is good need not be unpopular, nor should it be assumed that that which is popular is bad. To preserve the balance between contending factions, to discover the union of intrinsic merit and the elements of common appeal, to endeavour to keep above but not too far above, to advance without losing any of his followers, to lead and not attempt to drive, such aims as these must be before the programme builder. Imagination in high and vigorous degree is requisite, for that which was wonderful to-day is mediocre to-morrow, and stale the day after.

In the nightly audience is represented every grade of society, every standard of intellectual attainment, every variety of taste—all expecting to be entertained or edified as the mood is upon them, and after their own particular fancy. It is an obvious impossibility, nothing approaching it is attempted elsewhere. If we say that we aspire to giving satisfaction to three-quarters of the audience three-quarters of the time, it is creating a task of no small magnitude, and this must in no way be inconsistent with the standard of general policy. The number of licences increases regularly, and trade

reports are good. A voluminous correspondence is received, 80 or 90 per cent. of it testifying to the acceptability of the programmes, and the residue of it consisting of criticisms which regularly offset each other. Yet the inarticulate portion of the audience is greater than the articulate. How are we to judge of it? We must in the long run fall back on ourselves, arm against complacency and discouragement alike; do all that is possible to assess opinion and persevere in the way we believe to be right, not obstinately, but with discrimination, and from our experience and our convictions renew our determination to discharge, if we can, this trust in the manner and to the degree which its high destinies demand.

The selection of a suitable staff was a matter of some difficulty, and obviously there were no experienced men upon whom to draw. A service of broadcasting had been undertaking, a nucleus staff selected, but it was first necessary to ascertain what broadcasting meant. A considerable degree of central control is exercised from the head office, and the advisability and, indeed, necessity of this should be obvious in an entirely new business expanding so rapidly, where mistakes are so likely to occur and be so far-reaching in effect, and where problems so peculiar and unique are continually presenting themselves. Apart from these considerations independence of operation is inconceivable on technical grounds in a country as small as this. Many weeks ahead programmes are submitted from each station for the approval of the experts on the Programmes Board, musical, educational, literary, dramatic, and so on, and for co-ordination with general schemes and special simultaneous events. The Control Board, which deals with matters of general executive policy, is composed of the management and the chiefs of the three main departments, Secretarial and Financial, Programme, and Engineering. Unity of control ensures the promulgation of policy throughout the country, and enables all places to share in the benefits of the new ideas, experiences, and developments of any. There exists, however, keen competition between individual stations, and the local station director is left ample scope for the exercise of all the ingenuity and initiative of which he is capable,

The stations should be centres of real and living interest to the locality and the area which they serve. A great deal depends upon the personality of the station director quite apart from help he may receive from the headquarters' staff. He has his musical director and two or three assistants to help in the compiling and presenting of his programme, and in the conduct of the multifarious business details of his station. The great proportion of the staff are men of public school and university training, with subsequent experience in business or in one of the many professions which the scope of broadcasting covers; and throughout all grades there is patent an enthusiasm for the service, a high inspiration, and a common determination to retain the lead which British broadcasting has gained over all countries.

I have alluded to difficulties, but apart from those which were natural and to be expected, it may not be common knowledge that others—oppositions deliberate and persistent—have been put in the way of progress. These to some extent were dictated by fears, to our belief irrational, that prejudice would accrue to existing interests operating on lines which also come within the scope of broadcasting. In most quarters wiser judgments now prevail, and it is the sincere desire of the B. B. C. not only to avoid detriment to others but to assist, as they know it is in their power to do, and as has been demonstrated and generally recognised. Broadcasting cannot be retarded, but it was perhaps natural that time should be required for the adjustment of opinions to the new conditions under which we are living.

Perhaps it was merely as a medium for entertainment that this form of wireless was in the main at first regarded. Entertainment is an integral part of our function, but as it was committed to us to exploit these great scientific discoveries in the public interest, and to the greatest and best extent, it would have been a grave debasement of its influence had the service been used only for the purpose of entertainment, as the word is generally understood. The educational possibilities are immense and have been developed.

At an early date short talks on various subjects of general interest were introduced, and arising out of these, lectures, either separate or in series of six or

eight, will be given in the coming winter by the most eminent authorities in science, literature, art and economics; indeed, practically every branch of human activity will be included. The subjects chosen have an almost universal appeal; they are selected because of their general interest, and their value is enhanced by the distinction of the lecturers. It has been arranged that the best of these, from whatever station delivered, shall be simultaneously broadcast. Times are left free for talks of local and topical interest. Official information compiled by such Government Departments as the Ministries of Health and Agriculture will be transmitted at stated intervals, together with addresses by recognised experts in the several fields. There is a distinct national value in this service, as also in such details as the regular dissemination of standard time from Greenwich Observatory and Big Ben. Lectures for reception in schools throughout the country have proved eminently successful, and these are being increased in number. School children are thus enabled to listen to men of international repute whom otherwise they would never hear. In this, as in all the educational or informative work undertaken, we have the valued approval and active co-operation of the Universities and other educational institutions, and of the local Education Authorities. Further and more definite opportunities of assisting those interested in adult education will be found later, and for the better supervision of this entire branch of our work we were able to secure from the Board of Education the services of one of their most capable officials. With all that broadcasting may do to increase the standard of national intelligence it must be remembered that broadcasting should not be regarded as an end in itself. I have heard of a fear expressed that a contentment with superficiality might result, and time given to serious reading and study be diminished. I indicated earlier that broadcasting may, and actually does, serve as a first introduction to many things which for one reason or another have been neglected before. It is our object that it should not only introduce, but supplement and encourage.

I wish to submit that broadcasting is a potential influence, national and international, of the highest importance. Sooner or later it will cross all paths, and

the full extent of the influence, beneficent, elevating, and consolidating, which it is destined to exercise, be realised. It is neither the particular distraction of the poor nor the exclusive perquisite of the rich, for its benefits are available for all alike and its applications are universal; there is no home however favoured but to it some new interest may be carried. An essential of friendship is service, and the broadcasting service is essentially friendly. To invalids and aged folk, to those whose lot is cast in loneliness, through either insularity in space or isolation of spirit, there comes with special significance the friendly tones of the speaker, the cheering strains of music. To those shut off from the valued privileges of the sanctuary there come, Sunday by Sunday, the music and the message of the peace which is not of this world, for the Christian religion finds an appropriate place in the work of the week, and is appreciated in a remarkable degree, not only by those who would attend church and cannot but by those who could and do not.

The activities of the town may be shared by the country; the news of the world is at the ear of the rustic wherever he lives. Some of the myriad voices of nature may be borne to the dweller in the city street; the song of the nightingale has been heard over all the land. I believe that broadcasting will assist in the solution of the problem of rural depopulation, as it has already done in that of domestic service. Pronouncements fraught with grave portent may be heard not alone by the insignificant fraction who constitute the visible audience, but by millions of men and women in all parts of the British Isles. The voice of the leader in any sphere of thought or action is brought to the fireside. Information unavailable before or only submitted later in the form which is agreeable to a partisan interpretation, is now received from the mouth of the exponent. Men and women will be encouraged and enabled to make up their minds on matters which vitally concern them, and a more intelligent interest will be taken in the great questions of the day on which they now are called to exercise their franchise. An ignorant or semi-enlightened electorate is the source of disaster. The stories of high adventure in the realms of scientific investigation and physical discovery will be told to the

country in terms which can be understood and their significance be realised. From his room in Downing Street the Prime Minister, through his ordinary telephone and with but a few minutes' warning, can address his fellow-countrymen to the number of many millions in any time of special need. The voice of the King has been heard in the humblest and most remote cottages of the land. That which has actually been achieved within these islands will in due time be possible throughout the Empire and the world. One might venture to say that nothing is too fantastic for realisation sooner or later. Voices from the ends of the earth will cease to be a marvel; wireless disregards the barriers of nature and man's device; it is supra-natural, and when upon it is superimposed the burden of music, when it is the carrier for the interchange of achievements in all the arts and sciences, it may well become the vehicle of an understanding that will embrace all men and nations.

Our object is to give the best of everything that is worth while, in whatsoever line we may, and to the greatest possible number of homes. Execution may, and does, fall far short of ambition. The circumstances and embarrassments of the broadcaster's occupation are unique, and he is well aware of his deficiencies. He does, however, realise the vastness of his opportunity; the gravity of his responsibility; he has the vision to appreciate and the enthusiasm to persevere. The progress of broadcasting is unaffected by opposition on the one hand or by professions of supercilious disregard on the other. Access to the master-microphone is reserved for those who have something to tell which it is worth while to hear. It is more and more becoming the focus of desire and the mouthpiece of achievement. In the simple little box is, as it were, an engine of revolutionary change, for not only does it supplement many of the established institutions of the world, but some it will surely supplant. By it the voice of a single man may command a nation, and through its agency the ideals of universal brotherhood be broadcast over the whole world. If culture, embracing religion, and in its broadest and noblest sense, be the paramount need of the world to-day, the master-microphone is at hand, and the service of broadcasting is at the service of culture.

J. C. W. REITH.

Art. 12.—THE DISARMAMENT OF GERMANY AND AFTER.

KÖNIGSBERG, the capital city of East Prussia, is, in the words of the Apostle, no mean city. She is a city to quicken the pulse of every German patriot. Long did she hold the East in fee, and always the outpost of German 'Kultur' against the Slav, she was the goal of that Russian objective which was shattered in 1914 on the same field of Tannenberg where, just five hundred years earlier, the chivalry of the Teutonic Knights had gone down before the hosts of Vladislav. Thus did the fortune of war re-invest her with her ancient prestige. And the misfortune of the Peace, with its cession of territory to an upstart vassal, severing the economic nerves connecting the great granary of East Prussia with the Fatherland, came to her like a re-consecration of her historic character—she is to-day a German island in a Polish sea. She was the '*feste Burg*,' the safe stronghold, of the 'rough aristocracy' of Treitschke's adoration; in the choir of her mediæval brick cathedral, as in a reliquary, you may see the faded pennons, the helms and gauntlets of the last Teutonic Knights, and outside the walls of this church militant, as though it were a chapel of dissent and excommunicate, is the chantry-like tomb of the great Pacifist philosopher, the publication of whose Project of 'Perpetual Peace' was followed by twenty years of almost perpetual war. Early in 1920, two British officers in mufti sat in one of the city's crowded and convivial cabarets over a bottle of bad wine. One variety 'turn' had succeeded another, each characterised by the usual lecherous humour and 'topical' satire, and had left the audience languid and unmoved over its beer-mugs. But when the 'Chairman' announced Number Five on the programme with the words '*Nur Papier*,'* the audience visibly brightened as at a star turn. '*Nur Papier*' more than justified expectation. It was a comic song of misadventure attuned to the ears of an audience whom the exigencies of war had made painfully familiar with paper substitutes for everything from string to underclothing, and the

* 'Only Paper.'

comedian, with much dramatic expression, told a forlorn tale of how he had been left a legacy in marks, and when he had sought to collect it, had found it was 'only paper'; he had bought a 'composition' bag, and when it caught in the carriage door it had ripped in two, for it was 'only paper'; he had purchased an umbrella, and when exposed to the rain it had drooped and wilted, for it was 'only paper'; he had bought a pair of ready-made trousers, and—— but Prussian humour is not delicate. The audience followed the tale of comic disillusion with increasing merriment, but it was the last verse, unfolding the parable, which brought the house down. One morning, sang this political troubadour with a communicative wink, the Entente would wake up to find itself faced by a strong and united Germany, and to discover the Treaty of Versailles 'only paper.' And in a tumult of guttural applause the singer subsided.

There is an old saying that if a man be allowed to make a people's songs he cares not who may make its laws. But sometimes, as we shall see, the ballads and the laws go hand in hand, so that the former are merely a gloss upon the text of the latter and an elucidation. The question to which I address myself is this: Was this incident typical of the German attitude to the Treaty? And if it was typical then, is it typical now? I will confine myself to that aspect of it of which I know most—disarmament. The moment seems opportune for some freedom of speech, some latitude of disclosure, and the necessity of it, in the public interest, imperative. The Prime Minister of Great Britain has unfolded at Geneva, amid the plaudits of the League of Nations, a scheme of arbitration which shall bring peace on earth and goodwill towards men. Since then ideas, which are not quite the same thing as events, have moved with the velocity of light without its illumination. A Committee of the League has been at work upon a Protocol to provide for 'arbitration, security, disarmament,' of which trinity the first alone has been as yet conceived. Every lover of peace—and who to-day is not such?—will have followed these 'efforts used by good men,' in Burke's phrase, 'to discredit opulent oppression' with sympathy even where he cannot follow them with unqualified approval. He may think the

Protocol, as one newspaper * has described it, 'speculative, anticipatory, and contingent,' the atmosphere in which it was incubated, 'utterly unreal,' and the 'simplest facts of geography and history' in danger of being ignored. Nay more, he may think that there is a dangerous 'catch' in the condition precedent † which Germany seeks to impose on those eager suitors at Geneva who are so anxious to woo her into entering the portals of the League—a condition which amounts to the imposition of an admission by the League that she is totally disarmed. Can the League afford to admit that? Do the facts justify such an admission? We shall see. But one thing is clear: the question of Disarmament and what it means was never so important as it is now and never were the difficulties of it less understood. Some inspired persons even adumbrate in vague terms the formulæ for a general scheme of World Disarmament on Land, although not one of them, so far as I know, has ever been engaged in putting such a scheme even partially to the test, whether in Germany or anywhere else. Meanwhile, the Inter-allied Military Commission of Control, which was to execute the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, has once more got to work with results which time will show. The situation of the Commission is peculiar—some might say plaintive. By the terms of the Treaty, the disarmament of Germany was to have been achieved within six months of the date of ratification. Nearly five years have run their course and the Commission of Control, which was to have carried out this invidious task, is still in existence, its task incomplete, its future uncertain, its results not yet made manifest. More than two years ago Herr Gessler, the German Minister of Defence, who, like the enigmatic General von Seeckt, while other ministers come and go, always remains, bade the Commission be gone on the ground they had outstayed their task, and that there was nothing more to discover or to redress, although,

* Thus the 'Times,' Sept. 24 and 25.

† 'In declining to accept the obligations contained in Articles 16 and 17 (of the Covenant) to contribute, when called upon, to international military measures, Germany takes her stand upon the *fact* of her disarmament'—The Berlin Correspondent of the 'Times,' Sept. 25.

with striking inconsistency, he declined—and still declines—to produce those recruiting returns (*Mannschaftsuntersuchungslisten*) and those armament 'states' which would have proved—or disproved—the truth of his declaration. The Commission has shrunk to a mere *cadre* of what it was, and with barely one-fourth of its British effectives, is attempting, after nearly two years' interruption, to complete by a trial inspection of units, staffs, administrative services, 'police,' depôts, factories, and all the rest of it, a task which two years ago, after nearly three years' effort, was already discovered to be almost beyond its powers, infinitely stronger in effectives though the Commission then was. And the German Government have demanded that this precarious inspection shall be the last. What value and what degree of finality an inspection carried out under these circumstances is likely to have will be better understood (and I will attempt to make it intelligible) after a consideration of the state of affairs revealed by the history of disarmament during the four years 1920-24, a history which is so near to us as to be almost contemporary, so consistent as to be purposeful, so full of repetitions that here, if anywhere, history is likely to 'repeat itself' in the near and momentous future. That history has never been written, and I think the time has come, so far as the task is possible within the compass of a 'Quarterly' article and so far as is consistent with discretion, to write it. For there is no hope of any durable peace in Europe until it is known and understood. Although, in some directions, there has been as much exaggeration of the danger in the French Press as there has been under-estimation of it in the British, the danger is there, and to any one familiar with the inner history of the activity of the Commission and its passivity—a passivity enforced both by the occupation of the Ruhr and by the obstructive tactics of the German military authorities—the question of whether that Commission can be withdrawn and, if withdrawn, of what is to take its place, is both a grave and an urgent one. Very soon it will have to be faced. Fortunately it will be faced in a better spirit of mutual accommodation between the French and the British points of view than would have been possible at any time during

the last four years; of the German point of view I will say something later. At the present moment the relations between the War Office and the Ministère de la Guerre are better than they have been at any time since 1919, certainly since 1920; our own Directorate of Military Operations and Intelligence, which is the department most concerned, is stronger than it was, if too retrenched, in its staff with an admirable soldier at the head of it; the new British military representative in Paris is, and always has been, a *persona grata* with the French; and the Chief of the British Delegation in Berlin is not only liked and trusted by every one who knows him, his French colleagues not the least, but is esteemed for being what he is—a man of cautious judgment who has spared no pains to make himself a master of the difficult, complicated, evasive, and highly technical problems with which he has to deal.

In all that follows I will advance nothing that is not demonstrable by proofs which are in the possession of the British and French military authorities, but I shall not disclose, except where disclosure would be harmless, the methods, whether inductive or deductive, by which these proofs were obtained. It is sufficient to say that, despite the iteration and reiteration of the German Press about methods of 'espionage' ('*Spy Commission*' was the best they could say of us) not one of these proofs rests on such vicarious information. Informers there were, and it was extraordinary how venal many Germans appeared to be (perhaps it was yet another example of the terrible demoralisation attendant on the fall of the mark), but it was they who solicited us and not we them, and the information so obtained was comparatively negligible, except in the matter of hidden arms and secret societies. Many of the proofs on which this article is based were obtained as the result of the writer's own scheme of inspection of German Army units, a scheme which was officially adopted by the French and circulated to all Control officers. Others were the result of the writer's research in German Army Orders and legislation followed by his and others' surprise inspections of units; of an examination of German Army Estimates with the pre-war Estimates as a clue; of what might be called detective investigation of masked legislation of

the most complex kind, particularly legislation purporting to be merely benevolent or eleemosynary, such as 'Pensions' and Soldiers' 'Welfare' ('*Versorgung*'). Yet others were drawn from an exhaustive study of reports, placed at the writer's disposal as British representative on the Council of the Commission, dealing with the work of the Armaments Sub-Commission—the other Sub-Commission, of which the writer was Deputy-President, being known as 'Effectives' and concerned with strengths and recruiting, the demobilisation of the old army and the establishment of the new.

I will not quote official documents except in two instances, one of them so compelling in the flood of light with which it illuminates the subject that quotation needs no justification, the more so as the particular issue with which it dealt is no longer *sub judice*, though it may quite conceivably arise again when the restraints of the Commission are removed, and 'sanctions' are, as the German Government hopes they will be, renounced or discredited. Barely three months after the arrival of the Commission in Berlin, the German Government addressed to it—on April 24, 1920—a Note of a character so presumptuous in the most literal sense of that word that, had it ever been published, I doubt if there would have been a single Englishman, let alone our Allies, so poor in spirit as to do the German attitude reverence. The issue was a vital one; the execution of the clause of the Treaty under which the Commission was to fix the number and location of the German arsenals or authorised factories for the munition supply of the new army—in other words, the whole question of armament production which is rightly given such prominence, not only in the Treaty, but in that covenant of the League of Nations which is its preamble. Needless to say, the Treaty had fixed, as any scheme of disarmament must fix, the 'stocks' of munitions appropriate to an army limited to 100,000 effectives. The German Note advanced the astonishing contention that the Commission had no power to limit the productive capacity of the armament factories which was to constitute the source of supply. We might, it was conceded, select a certain number from a list of their own, on which Krupp's figured with formidable prominence, but their plant, their capacity for

expansion, their output, were matters in which we had no right to interfere. It was true, the German Note grudgingly admitted, that the Treaty fixed the stocks of ammunition, but their *consumption* was 'a domestic matter' ('*eine innere Angelegenheit*'), and the rate at which they might dispose of these stocks in training and practice was no affair of ours. In other words, German gunners might, if they chose, blaze away the whole of the authorised stocks in one great practice 'shoot' in a week and look to the arsenals, with all their resources of plant untouched, for replacement. The clue to this Note I will supply later. But its immediate implications, if it were accepted, were tremendous. The Armaments Sub-Commission might just as well have gone home. The Note, like most German 'Notes,' tried to prove too much. Not content with their main proposition, its authors went on to anticipate the case of strikes or 'Communist' disturbances, and to argue that to suppress such internal troubles it would be necessary to expend a quantity of munitions, 'not greatly inferior to that expended in one of the great battles of the war.' Such an artillery *battue* of malcontent German citizens driven towards the guns by German policemen beaters was a sufficiently staggering conception, suggestive of a view of society as a permanent state of anarchy tempered by occasional massacre. But the Note did not stop there. After demanding the authorisation of an enormous number of establishments, including State arsenals and private armament firms, Spandau and Krupp's, great firms and small, such as would have more than sufficed for the needs of an army six times the Treaty strength, the authors of this amazing Note concluded by informing the Commission that it was necessary 'to promote a healthy competition' (*einen gesunden Wettbewerb herbeizuführen*) in the output of armaments. There are moments in the lives of all of us when we wonder what we are in this world for. Such a moment in the collective life of the Commission was ours when we read this note. Germany, we knew from Ludendorff and all his busy apologists, had never been beaten in the field, but neither, it now appeared, had she been brought to terms at Versailles.

What was behind this? A few weeks earlier, on

March 9, I had been the witness of a dramatic spectacle, a spectacle invested by circumstances with a kind of tragic splendour. By the terms of the Treaty of Versailles all the military schools in Germany, including the cadet schools, had to be closed down within two months of ratification, and it was part of my duty as the officer then in charge of 'Schools and Recruiting' to see that this was done. A few miles outside Berlin, in the suburb of Gross Lichterfelde, there is a great cadet school, the *Hauptkadettenanstalt*, or 'H. K. A.,' endeared to generations of German officers by the playful epithets of '*Hat Keine Aussicht*,' and '*Homœopathische Kur-Anstalt*.*' It was the cradle of the German Officers' Corps, and its battle-honours are written large in the terrible casualty lists of the German Army. Here were nurtured von Moltke and all the paladins of the Great General Staff whose portraits adorn the walls of its great hall of ceremony with their mural bas-reliefs portraying the career of a cadet from the day of his novitiate, his entrance, his drill, his musketry training, and his graduation. What Sandhurst and Woolwich are to the British Army, Gross Lichterfelde was to the German Army of yesterday—and may be to the Army of tomorrow. This, and more than this, for Gross Lichterfelde was, in a country in which 'public schools' in the English sense do not exist, the one great public school; the officer's son—and an officer's son he almost invariably was—entered it as a child of ten years or more, was drafted into a company, instead of a 'house,' rose to be a 'N.C.O.' instead of a prefect, and after passing his ensign's examination proceeded by one route or another—by posting to a regiment, by passing into a '*Selekta*' class, or by entering a 'War School'—to a commission, entering the German Officers' Corps on the day he was gazetted with two years' seniority over all other aspirants to that great caste. Such was Gross Lichterfelde, such its pride of place, and, by an inexorable decree, its days were numbered. In accordance with our orders, transmitted through the *Reichswehrministerium*, it closed its doors on March 9, but not without a most moving ceremony, such a ceremony as even now, after

* Which, freely translated, might be rendered, 'All hope abandon ye who enter here,' or, in the alternative, 'Homœopathic Cure Institution.'

four years, I cannot recall without a certain poignancy. The young cadets, the flower of German boyhood, were paraded in uniform in a hollow square, and the colours were brought forth for the last time. Generations of officers of the old army, some decrepit with years, others disabled by wounds, some in mufti, others in uniform who in happier days had passed through the school, were assembled as at a requiem and marched past the commandant, Ludendorff at the head of them, saluting the colours as they passed. It had seemed to me altogether more decent to keep away from a spectacle so tragic; and of what happened at Gross Lichterfelde I only learnt afterwards from two British officers whom I had sent there in mufti to mix unobtrusively with the crowd. But I was not to escape the poignancy of that last scene; at the Brandenburger Thor I heard the martial music of 'Fredericus Rex,' and a long column of cadets in their blue tunics with red facings and gold-mounted *Pickel-hauben* came into view, marching with the parade-step and a precision of 'dressing' so perfect that they might have been a regiment of the Guards, their young faces bearing witness to a strongly repressed emotion too deep for tears, as they kept their eyes fixed on the colours ahead of them on which they were to look for the last time. At a corner of the street a German general on horseback, whose name I never knew, took their salute, and it seemed to me, as their eyes turned towards him, as though a single cry had gone up from a thousand young hearts—*Morituri te Salutamus*.

But on opening my German newspaper the next morning I read the allocutions of Ludendorff and Hoffmann at Gross Lichterfelde, and learnt with considerable surprise that they had more than hinted to the cadets that the suppression of their *alma mater* would prove to be only temporary. And six weeks later the Commission received the stupendous Note on the future of the armament factories, close on the heels of an Army Order, the transmission of which purported to acquaint us with the German scheme for the constitution of a 'transitional' Army, twice the Treaty strength, for which, by an independent Note addressed directly to Paris, they hoped to obtain the sanction of the Allies as a permanent

establishment. That Army Order, when subjected to searching analysis in the light of the existing condition, let the cat out of the Wilhelmstrasse bag. The German Government was going to make a bold bid for the maintenance of the whole of the organisation of the old Army with all the capacity for expansion and mobilisation that it implied. Even conscription, although this did not appear in the Note to the Allies, was, as I shall show, to have been retained. It was the most audacious *coup* ever attempted by a stricken nation to recover by diplomacy what it had lost by the fortune of war, and what is more, it nearly succeeded.

Before explaining what the German design was, it is necessary to acquaint the reader with the realities of the military situation then existing in Germany. They were formidable enough. Apart from her vast resources in armaments—she still had at least 35,000 guns, including huge parks of heavy artillery, with enormous stocks of munitions, and her seven thousand munition factories, whose plant was intact and, in some cases, still busy—there were her armed forces to reckon with, and in addition to these her Army Corps organisation and her territorial recruiting establishments (the *Bezirkskommandos*), which constituted the framework of the old Army, and whose post-war activities, as we shall see, were a subject for very considerable suspicion. As to her armed forces, in spite of the tremendous shock dealt to the *moral* of the old Army by the events of November 1918, and the *débâcle* which followed then, whole units and thousands of men of other units never having returned to their dépôts for demobilisation, order, none the less, was rapidly being re-established out of the chaos. A Socialist Minister of Defence, once upon a time a basket-maker, Herr Noske, captivated as only an ex-N.C.O. could be by being received as an honoured guest at officers' messes, aspired to the rôle of another Moltke, and was busy evolving a 'transitional' Army (the *Reichswehr*), and a picked one, out of the debris of the old Army, and its strength was at least 290,000 effectives. Independently of them, there was the disturbing phenomenon, destined to give us an infinity of trouble, of the 'Free Corps'—ten regiments of them had been identified

in three Army Corps districts alone—hardy soldiers of fortune who had joined the standard of some popular general, or officer of field rank, whose name they bore on their colours like some 20th-century *condottiere*, 'Lutzow,' 'Ehrhardt,' 'Aulock,' 'Paulsen,' and many another, and who were ready to go anywhere and do anything except go home and be demobilised. The temper of their leaders was well illustrated by the answer given by the notorious Ehrhardt to one of our officers, who asked him, after the Kapp 'Putsch,' why his men had marched on the inoffensive city of Berlin, where I had seen them shoot down harmless citizens in cold blood. 'Why?' exclaimed the astonished *condottiere*. 'Because I told them to. Wasn't that enough?' Their strength was at least another 50,000. There was also that strange *simulacrum* of the regular Army, the 'Security Police,' to-day a greater problem than ever, then 60,000 strong, and now probably at least twice that strength, who in Berlin were only the old Guards regiments under another name. There were the 'Volunteers' (the *Zeitfreiwillige*). There were what, for want of a better name in English, may be called the Special Constabulary (the *Einwohnerwehren*), who counted for at least another 600,000 men, and whose strength one German newspaper put at two millions. Discounting them altogether as only another form of a *levée en masse*, and not necessarily men fit for general service, there were well over 500,000 picked troops immediately available for any emergency. And this was eighteen months after Germany had capitulated in the field.

But the real problem—and a problem, to a large extent, it remains—lay far deeper. It was Mobilisation. A force of 500,000 effectives was not negligible, but the more important question was whether this force was meant to be the nucleus of expansion into a war strength of many millions—in other words, whether there was the will, the power, the machinery so to expand it. It is a matter deserving of rather close attention, for it is not done with yet. At this time it was my duty to report direct to the War Office on the Armed Forces of Germany, and the task involved a very close study of the organisation of the old Army. The responsibility was not a light one, but before entering on my duties I had

had the advantage for twelve months of sitting at the feet of two distinguished soldiers whose knowledge of the German Army organisation was unrivalled—General Macdonogh, the A.G. and perhaps the most brilliant D.M.I. our Army has ever had, who had appointed me his personal representative in Paris for the Peace Conference, and General Barthélemy, for many years head of the famous 'Deuxième Bureau,' destined to be President of our Effectives Sub-Commission, who for some months in 1919, before the Commission was assembled in Berlin, had 'coached' me thoroughly in the whole subject, and who later, after a few months of probation, appointed me his deputy at the head of 'Effectives.' With such tutors it was my own fault if I had not mastered my task. Very soon after our arrival I had been struck by the fact that the German authorities, in reply to a 'Questionnaire' of ours, announced their intention of retaining the whole of their 'Demobilisation' organisation together with its personnel for another two years—in other words, for a period extending far beyond that for which the Commission was expected to remain and exercise control. It seemed a surprising claim and a rather expensive one for a country supposed to be impoverished, whose first object, one would have thought, would have been retrenchment in administration; it amounted, moreover, to a claim that the demobilisation of the old Army would take three and a half years from the date (November 1918) on which it had returned to its dépôts. And the personnel of this organisation was remarkable: 3579 officers or 'ex-officers'—as will be seen later they meant the same thing, 16,392 N.C.O.'s or 'ex-N.C.O.'s' and only 8517 men—a curiously hydrocephalous organisation. None of these were borne on the estimates of the transitional Army at all, or included in its strength returns, but were claimed to be 'demilitarised' or, in the alternative, 'detached' (*abkommandiert*). I will not anticipate all that we discovered later about 'demilitarisation'; suffice it to say here that the policy had already begun of transferring whole services of Army administration to 'civil' departments in order to take them off the Army estimates and escape our control. I first found the clue to this policy in an Army Order of January 1920,

decreeing that every man enlisting in the new Army (which was already three times the Treaty strength) should be entitled to count towards the completion of his term of service any time spent in this ostentatiously demilitarised organisation. One does not expect to find the whole of the employees of a 'civil' department treated as serving soldiers. The extraordinary disproportion of 'ex-officers' and 'ex-N.C.O.'s to men was in itself suspicious, and long before I discovered what they were doing I drew the attention of the War Office in my first Report, dated March 12, 1920, to this and other suspicious features of the 'Demobilisation' organisation. In any scheme for expansion and mobilisation a large cadre of officers for duty with reserve battalions and of N.C.O.'s to instruct recruits is, of course, vital. In the old Army men came and went, as they were called up in their annual classes, served their two, or three, years with the colours, and passed successively into the Reserve, the Landwehr, and the Landsturm, but the regular officers remained and likewise the N.C.O.'s and re-engaged men (*Kapitulanten*) who were to become N.C.O.'s.

The next step was to find out whether this organisation was really engaged in demobilisation, or rather whether its activities were confined to that innocuous task. To do this it was necessary to look for the next link in the chain, the old recruiting organisation, and, having found it, to discover what, if anything, was being done about conscription. Now the unit in the old recruiting organisation was the *Landwehr Bezirkskommando*, which called up the annual classes within its territorial jurisdiction, and held the annual or semi-annual musters of the 'Reserve,' using that term in its widest sense, namely, all the men up to the age of thirty-nine (the *Beurlaubtenstand*). There was no difficulty in finding it, it was there, and what is more, still is, all over Germany with exactly the same H.Q. and the same personnel, reinforced later, as we shall see, by that of old Army Corps H.Q., but having, like everything else with which we had to do, changed its name, i.e. to a 'Pensions Centre' (*Versorgungsstelle* *); the question was whether it had changed its function. This led me into a subject

* Pensions and something more. The term *Versorgung* is used in German to cover almost any form of assistance.

which General Nollet had already assigned to my jurisdiction: the abolition of conscription. I had been struck at the outset by the fact that no steps whatsoever had been taken by the German Government to repeal a single link in the great chain of laws, in particular the *Reichsmilitär-gesetz* of 1874, establishing conscription and defining the authority of the Ersatz Commission, the G.O.C.'s of the Army Corps Districts and the *Bezirks-kommandos*. This, one would have thought, would have been the first thing a Socialist Government, the child of the Revolution, would have done of its own initiative. It was sixteen months since that event, and it had done nothing of the kind. All that had happened was, as I discovered from an Army Command (No. VI) Order, that the immediate disciplinary powers over the old Army 'Reserve' had been transferred to the Chief of the Demobilisation Office of each of the old Army Corps Commands, which was only the Army Corps H.Q. under another name. What was the 'demilitarised' head (he was, of course, always an 'ex'-General) of an ostensibly civil department doing with the exercise of military jurisdiction over the Reserve? If that Reserve was still legally in existence he could, invested with such jurisdiction, mobilise in twenty-four hours the whole of the demobilised men. On my pointing this out to General Nollet, he instructed me to prepare a questionnaire to the German Government. They waited two months before replying, and then replied evasively, saying that 'for all practical purposes universal compulsory service is suppressed'; the repeal of the laws defining and enforcing it would, they added, follow later. This was on May 5 when the stage was already being set for the great game at Spa. A few days later, on May 31, a Note arrived from the Chief of the Department of the Forces (the *Truppenamt*) which was even more audacious than the Note on the Armament Factories of a week earlier, and the audacity of which can only be explained by the inveterate habit of the German mind of under-estimating the intelligence of those with whom it has to deal. Or, possibly, they did not credit any of us with any knowledge of law. It informed us that since the dispatch of their Note of May 5 it has been discovered by the Department that it was not necessary to repeal the Con-

scription laws at all, as the Treaty of Peace 'in virtue of its total content has become German law and of itself immediately establishes a legal principle for the German State itself.' The style of that prodigious sentence, bad as it is, is not worse than its law. No reader of this article with any knowledge of law will need to be told that it was nonsense. A Treaty cannot alter the fundamental laws of a State except by express enactment to that effect.* It was now clear that the military authorities had determined to retain conscription, and the surmise I had tentatively put forward to that effect in my first Report to the War Office was confirmed.

But still more striking confirmation, if such were needed, was on its way. In May we were able to commence inspections of the Demobilisation Offices and Pension Centres, and two very able French officers, Colonel Linard and Colonel Langlois, made a remarkable discovery, subsequently corroborated by other officers, both French and British. At the very moment that—and long after—the German Note was dispatched to us declaring that conscription had ceased to be part of the law of Germany, every man fit for general service was receiving on demobilisation papers, known as *Militär-Passe*, identical with the old papers used before the War, under the conscription system, in passing men into the reserve after service with the colours—papers in which the man was reminded of his *legal* duty to come up for the annual musters, to obey his call-up in case of mobilisation, and to notify all his changes of address. Many of them came into my hands, and they bore every evidence of being newly printed. Further investigation revealed a truly remarkable state of things, the story of which would take far too long to tell here, interesting though it is, and some of it as

* A familiar example is our Foreign Jurisdiction Acts and the Extradition Act. German law is the same. The best comment on the whole argument of the *Truppenamt* is the fate of an unhappy German subject of Pacifist views who was tried at Leipzig (there were scores of such cases) on a charge of betraying 'military secrets' to a foreign power in that he had disclosed a hidden store of arms to officers of the Control Commission. He pleaded in his defence that he had read in the newspapers that the Treaty was part of the law of Germany, and that he thought that in facilitating the work of disarmament he was helping to carry out the law. The answer of the Court was to sentence him to five years' penal servitude.

exciting as a detective story without its fictitiousness. I was able to establish the truth of all my preliminary hypotheses, at a much later date, when I had time to turn my attention to the unobtrusive subject of 'Pensions' legislation and administration, and, having discovered certain clues, made surprise visits to various regimental H.Q., and called for documents from the astonished *Zahlmeister*, who, like his superiors, did not know I was aware of their existence, and consequently had received no orders to withhold them. Of course, such a raid could never be repeated, the order at once went out that they were not to be shown—but one inspection was enough. I shall return to this subject later when I come to consider the possibilities of mobilisation in Germany to-day. But here it may be summarised in a sentence. The so-called 'Pensions Centres' in whose jurisdiction the demobilised men resided, and by whom they had been originally called up, were working hand in glove with so-called 'Demobilisation Officers,' preparing a complete classification of all the men in Germany *fit for general service* according to their arm of the service, their musketry classification (*Schiessklasse*), their technical qualifications (such as armourers, saddlers, tailors, mechanics, transport drivers). Records of this character are meaningless for the purpose of a pension, but they are of profound significance for the purposes of mobilisation. There were, indeed, and are, two remarkable paradoxes about the so-called 'Pensions' organisation in Germany. One is that the chief object of its solicitude is not the unfit but the fit; the other is that the 'Pensions' organisation, which we never succeeded in mastering, was, as its task of liquidating pensions claims decreased, continually increasing its personnel. And the character of that increase was remarkable: while the clerks (the *Angestellte*) diminished, the 'ex-officers' (the *Beamten*) increased. A strange phenomenon that, as the work of a department became more and more automatic, and more and more clerical, the clerks should decrease and the departmental chiefs increase. The clue is to be found in the fact that all these departmental chiefs are simply seconded or 'half-pay' officers, not retired; they are, in German military language, '*zur Disposition*,' not '*ausser Dienst*.' Let the reader re-

member that these double-faced organisations dealt with men right up to and including the 1920 class which had been called up in advance during the War. There thus existed, *and there still exist*, complete records of all the men up to that class and, as we shall see later, of a great many, if not all, of the 1921 class. By the time we had succeeded in disposing more or less of the 'Demobilisation' organisation,* which was not till the summer of 1921—the 'Pensions' organisation has always proved too much for us—their work on mobilisation records was done. The difficulty (but, as will be seen, it is not an insuperable one) in the case of mobilisation to-day, would be the call-up of the 1922, 1923, and 1924 classes. But the reader will now understand the feverish haste of the German Government to get rid of the Control Commission in 1921-2, the year in which we managed to arrest these activities. So long as we remained there, it was extremely difficult for these organisations to get on with the subsequent classes, for we had largely dispersed the one and were watching the other. So, too, will the reader understand the incredible folly of those among us who aided and abetted the German clamour in 1921-1922 for the withdrawal of the Commission on the ground that its work was done.

I trust I have not over-taxed the reader's patience, but these things are vital, and mere assertion, without demonstration and proof, will not do. In the investigations as to mobilisation, outlined above, I had already reached the stage of certainty, after beginning with mere hypotheses, by the time I had made my third Report to the War Office in June 1920. In all this work one was performing much the same task as a locksmith making a lock; if one could put together all the 'wards' there would be no doubt about the key. The key was mobilisation. The recruiting organisation had been discovered intact, the conscription laws which enforced it, the N.C.O. instructors who were to train the men to be called up under it, the 'surplus' officers who were to command the units into which they were drafted—all these 'wards' had been found. As we shall see later, there would be little difficulty in finding them to-day. It only remained to find the Army Corps organisation, the crown of the

* Now known as the *Reichsarchiv* or Record Offices.

old Army system.* Ostensibly it had disappeared, except in so far as it survived in the demobilisation organisation, but, after some search in that direction, where there were undoubtedly traces of it, I found a far more fruitful line of inquiry in the scheme for a 'transitional' Army embodied in a German Army Order of March 6, 1920, a transitional Army which, as has already been remarked, the German Government intended to be permanent, and for which they demanded the sanction of the Allies in their Note of April 20.

This Army Order, with the voluminous annexes, charts, and tables of formations which accompanied it, was one of the cleverest efforts in camouflage ever produced in a country in which things are never what they seem. The reader must bear in mind that the old German Army organisation provided for twenty-four Army Corps, excluding the Guards Corps which was never territorially organised. Four of these Army Corps districts—Alsace, Posen, Western Lorraine, and Eastern Lorraine—had disappeared by the cession of German territory under the Treaty; some twenty were left. But, needless to say, the military clauses of the Treaty had no use for twenty German Army Corps; the new Treaty Army of 100,000 effectives was to be organised in two Army Corps only, seven divisions in all. Ostensibly the German military authorities had already organised Germany, in conformity with the Treaty, in two A.C. districts, Northern and Southern Germany to wit, sub-divided into seven Divisional Commands or *Wehrkreise*. Without appearing to dispute the main principle of the Treaty, namely, that the new Army should be designed, both in the number

* The old Army Corps districts were completely self-contained units of administration and the G.O.C.'s had almost autocratic powers, receiving their orders direct from the Emperor's Military Cabinet and being largely independent of the Ministries of War. We shall see later that the principle of the independence of the military chiefs, as regards Ministerial control, is preserved to-day, even under a Republican Government, to a remarkable extent. There is no good account of the old Army system in English; the War Office manual, apart from the fact that it is not purchaseable, is inadequate. The best general account is to be found in French, i.e. 'L'Armée Allemande,' by Martin and Pont; in German, von Janson's book, and more recently the publications of the 'Reichsarchiv,' and 'Preussens Heer,' by von Osten-Sacken. For an extremely interesting and outspoken critical characterisation of the old Army, I commend the reader to 'Das alte Heer,' von einem Stabsoffizier ('Verlag der Weltbühne,' 1920).

of its effectives, its organisation, and its armament, exclusively for the maintenance of 'internal order,' they asked for double the Treaty strength on the ground that an army of 100,000 effectives would be unable to cope with internal disorder. In their scheme for submission to the Allies they still proposed only two Army Corps Staffs—this had a propitiatory look—and were content with eight Divisional Staffs instead of fourteen, i.e. twice seven, such as they might have been expected to ask, which also was propitiatory. But secreted in the scheme, when one knew where to look for them, and side by side with these Divisional Staffs, were a number of 'Brigade' Staffs which were nothing of the kind, but were, in fact, Divisional Staffs bodily incorporated from what may be called the Armistice Army,* and when the whole thing was unravelled one found, behind the screen of outward conformity with the principles of the Treaty, the staffs of twenty divisions. The number was suggestive.† Twenty Divisional Staffs, territorially grouped, would be very convenient if you wished to keep in being twenty Army Corps districts. True, a division is not a corps, and a Divisional Staff is not the same thing as a division. But here was a clue, and when I turned to the number of formations—in particular, artillery regiments, pioneer battalions, and signalling detachments—I found exactly the number to constitute twenty divisions of the old Army. Moreover, each of the so-called 'Brigades' had its divisional troops. The armament proposed worked out almost exactly to the same conclusion. This was startling enough—it only remained to find the key to expansion into twenty Army Corps. The corps organisation was not so easy to find—it had to be looked for

* I use this term for the sake of simplicity. It refers to the 'Provisional Reichswehr' which had been formed in 1919 by Noske out of the old Army in forty-three 'brigades,' subsequently compressed into twenty 'brigades,' which, both in the number of their formations and their effectives, resembled a division.

† Later the Germans asked for an army of twelve divisions and five 'brigades,' but brigades admittedly constituted as divisions. These seventeen divisions represented an even closer approximation to the territorial distribution of the old Army, account being taken of the occupation of the Rhineland and the neutralisation of the adjacent 'zone,' than did even the original scheme, because this occupation and 'neutralisation' reduced the old Army Corps districts, for the time being, still further from twenty to seventeen.

elsewhere—but for the moment its obscurity in the scheme did not greatly matter; the German Higher Command discarded the corps as a tactical unit during the War—it was the division which was the unit of tactical manoeuvre. But Corps Staffs could be—and were—found elsewhere, namely, in the ‘demilitarised’ ‘Demobilisation’ H.Q. of the old Army Corps. And so with Corps artillery. The German authorities were, of course, not so stupid as to demand in this scheme the normal establishment of corps artillery for twenty Army Corps—that would have been altogether too obvious; the more flagrantly so, as in asking for any heavy artillery at all, they were asking for a departure from the Treaty. They were content to ask for four groups, i.e. twelve batteries, to be immediately under the higher commands. With those commands disposing of these groups of heavy artillery, few though they were, which they could allot to each division according to requirements, one had all the elements of a modern field army. The effectives necessary to expand from Divisional Staffs to divisions, and from divisions to corps could, of course, be found in the illicit auxiliary formations (Free Corps Security Police and Volunteers) in the first instance, and in the demobilised men of the old Army Reserve who, in the absence of the abolition of conscription, would be liable to be called up at any moment. It only remained to find the full complement of heavy artillery for twenty Army Corps. Here the German authorities were extraordinarily clever—too clever, as it ultimately turned out. Under a certain clause in the Treaty, while all the Rhine and Kiel defences were to be disarmed and dismantled, and the coast fortresses, other than those of the Kiel rectangle, to be left with such armament as ‘existed’ or was ‘in position’ at the date of the ratification of the Treaty, the ‘system of fortified works’ (all these phrases of the draughtsman were susceptible of infinite controversy) was to be maintained ‘in its existing state.’ It occurred to an astute mind in the *Reichswehrministerium* that in the third condition there lurked a possibility of completely ‘turning’ the Treaty clauses which deprived and limited the armament establishment of the new German Army. It would take me too long to explain here the amazing fertility of

resource with which the German authorities planned their fortress *coup*, and the trap into which they tried to lure us—only to be caught in it themselves in the long run. Suffice it to say here that, on the basis of their reasoning from the draughtsman's language, they claimed for these 'fortresses'—some of them were, from the point of view of modern military science, found to be non-existent—sufficient field artillery to arm, not the seven Treaty Divisions, whose armament the Treaty already provided for, but another thirty-five,* and a number of heavy guns which would give them an even larger number of batteries of Corps (i.e. heavy) artillery than they possessed in 1914. When I went round the forts of Königsberg, I asked a German officer on the Festungs-Commandant's staff where his superiors proposed to find the *personnel* for such enormous 'fortress' armament, as it certainly could not be found in the 100,000 effectives, or even in the duplication of that strength for which the Germans asked. He ingenuously replied, 'Oh, among the civilians' (*Zivilisten*). It was a euphemism for the Reserve.

I will trouble the reader with only one other link to the chain. The German Note, in asking for double the Treaty number of effectives, varied the mutual proportion of units of each arm, asking for less cavalry regiments than they would have been entitled to had the principle of a duplication of the Treaty strength been admitted, but more infantry regiments, to say nothing of artillery regiments, pioneer battalions, and signalling detachments. Why? Because if these had been conceded they would have obtained nearly (making allowance for cession and occupation under the Treaty of seven Army Corps districts) as many battalions as there were regiments in the old Army. Having got them, it would have been easy enough to give those battalions the numbers of the regiments of the old Army and afterwards to expand them. This is what is being done to-day except that, after the refusal of the Allies at Spa to concede a duplicate of the Treaty strength, the *Reichswehrministerium* has had to fall back on the

* An interesting number. Add the seven Treaty divisions and you get forty-two. Deduct from the old Army the four Army Corps whose territories were ceded to the Allies, representing eight divisions (the normal number to an A.C. in 1914), and you also get forty-two divisions.

company as the unit of expansion and to look to the 'Security Police' for the rest with the vast network of regimental associations in the background.

Such was the German plan. On March 24 I made a guess at it, by May 12 I found the proofs of it, by June 10 I had got full confirmation of it. General Barthélemy, the President of the Effectives Sub-Commission, working quite independently of me, and I of him, in this matter—he neither saw my reports until they had gone to the War Office, nor did I see his until they had gone to the Ministère de la Guerre—arrived at almost identical conclusions. Writing to a distinguished member of the Army Council, a personal friend, a few weeks after my arrival in Berlin, I ventured to say, 'It seems clear that there exists a preconceived plan for defeating the applications of the main principles of the Treaty and, on the basis of the "argument from design," one may conjecture the existence of an extremely able and astute mind behind it.' There is no doubt now whose was—and is—the mind in question. It is General von Seeckt, a man who may yet project a gigantic shadow across the face of Europe within the next five or ten years. He is the new Moltke. A man of strong character, a brilliant soldier, whose advancement during the War was as unprecedentedly rapid as it was deserved, Chief of Staff to the conquering Mackensen, sometime adviser on 'Prisoners of War' to the German delegation at Versailles, where, as the British Military Representative on the Prisoners of War Commission, I first encountered him or rather his ideas, he was head of the Department of the Forces in Berlin at the end of 1919 and soon rose to the high position he holds to-day—Commander-in-Chief or *Chef der Heeresleitung* in name, in reality Chief of that Great General Staff which under the Treaty should have ceased to exist. This remarkable man has been true to the Republic when other and less astute generals of the old Army, such as Ludendorff, have derided it; he has been true to the Republic, because the Republic has been true to him—in other words, it has given him all he has demanded,* and for

* A member of von Seeckt's staff told a junior British officer in a convivial moment in 1922 that 'they never had any trouble with the Finance authorities,' i.e. the German Treasury. We shall see when I come to my

the rest he is one of those men who know how to wait. His was and is the mind which conceived, and, as we shall see, has partially executed, the bold plan of preserving by a thousand ingenious makeshifts and devices, all of them carefully co-ordinated to one end, the old Army which, in Lord Birkenhead's memorable phrase, made its 'tiger spring at the throat of Europe,' to preserve it, while outwardly conforming as much as must be to the terms of the Treaty, in a cataleptic state until the time when, like the sleeping Barbarossa, it should awake at a touch in all its panoply. If I were a German and a patriotic one, I should bow my head before General von Seeckt as 'the greatest Roman of them all.' Scharnhorst himself was a small man in comparison, for his task was infinitely simpler. When he 'turned' the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Tilsit to the discomfiture of Napoleon, he had a far easier task than von Seeckt in turning the Disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, for the latter were drawn with much more care. But all the carefulness in the world, alike of soldiers and of draughtsmen, in devising the terms of a Treaty of Disarmament, whether it be a treaty of capitulation or of reciprocity, is useless if the parties are not *ad idem*, if, indeed, there is in the mind of any one of them any afterthought—a point I commend to those who to-day are clamouring for a treaty of 'World Disarmament,' 'The laws,' in the words of Burke, 'reach but a little way'—and treaties also. Let the reader remember what the military terms of the Treaty were,* and he will, in the light of the foregoing, have some conception of the boldness, the ingenuity, the tenacity of the mind which should seek out of conditions so crushing, out of clauses so obliterating, to rescue, to nurture, and to cherish the German Army of yesterday in order that it might develop once again into the Army of to-morrow.

As I have said, the German plan nearly succeeded—by which I mean that there were moments when our Government was inclined to give it a very sympathetic ear—to the consternation and dismay, the legitimate

examination of the German Army estimates how very obliging the German Treasury has been when it came to questions of Army expenditure.

* They are much too long to be reproduced here, and I must refer the reader to the text.

dismay, of the French. I am not going to tell that story here; it is better left untold, the more so as to tell it would involve the introduction of the names of both military and political personages. But there is no harm in saying now that our own General Staff in February 1920 were inclined to accede to the German request for an army of 200,000 effectives, at any rate for a considerable period, having come to the very premature conclusion that the German Government of the day had determined to carry out the terms of the Treaty. This I found to be the prevailing official view when I began the first of a series of reports on the armed forces of Germany. Those reports, which were necessarily long and technical, were in direct contradiction of this view, as the reader will have gathered from what I have already written, but it is only fair to add that their reception by the War Office was in no way unfriendly—they were immediately printed and subsequently circulated to the British Delegation at Spa. I learnt afterwards from Lord Riddell that the Prime Minister had sent for them, and I should be the last to say that our Government sought in any way to blind themselves to the facts. But the Germans had 'a good Press,' even in England,* owing to their skilful manipulation of the spectre of 'Bolshevism,' of which more in a moment, and they were very busy 'button-holing' various eminent personages, some of whom were very badly taken in.

The *exposé des motifs* of the German demands was very cleverly calculated to appeal to those in England—and they included some very powerful personages—who were obsessed with the military dangers of Bolshevism, and the German Government worked this argument for all, and a great deal more than all, that it was worth. The civil troubles—in Berlin and in Munich in the spring of 1919, in the Ruhr in April 1920—were their starting-point. To deal with a recrudescence of these, they explained, they must have not only 200,000 effectives but heavy artillery, railway troops, and avia-

* The 'Times,' which had a pretty thorough grasp of the situation, was a notable exception. On the other hand, I read in a Liberal paper of repute a strong plea for the German claim on the ground that the demand for an Army twice the Treaty strength was justified in view of the 'danger of Bolshevism' in Germany.

tion material. It was really amazing how bloodthirsty the mood of the German Government towards their own subjects became whenever they wanted to secure from us surplus armament and equipment for the ostensible purpose for which, by the terms of the Treaty, the new Army was to be established—'the maintenance of internal order.' This, they explained in the Annex to the Note, with a subtle appeal to the idealists among the Allies, was real humanitarianism in the long run. Heavy artillery, owing to its great 'moral effect' on the German Michael, was so decisive as in the long run to 'save a great effusion of blood.' This argument, ludicrous in itself, was superbly disingenuous to those of us who had witnessed with our own eyes in the Potsdamer-Platz and by the Brandenburger Thor the wanton and only too 'decisive' way in which companies of the *Reichswehr*, armed only with rifles and machine-guns, had massacred crowds of inoffensive and unarmed citizens. Long afterwards, when I came to be on friendly terms with them, the two German generals in charge of the troops which had put down the 'Bolshevist' disturbances in Munich and Berlin told me, the one, General Hoffmann, that his troops did not suffer a score of casualties, the other, General von Ofen, that with five battalions in action against 'fifty thousand' Communists he had not a single casualty—all his casualties, such as they were, having occurred among the *Zeitfreiwillige* (i.e. the volunteers), who apparently, like Uriah the Hittite, were placed in the forefront of the battle. As for the troubles in the Ruhr, we knew all about that. General Barthélemy and I had dispatched two officers, one French, the other British, to watch the operations, and the resulting report was illuminating. It showed that the disturbed situation there was being carefully exploited by the German authorities to make out their 'case,' no serious attempt was made to suppress the disturbances although the forces on the spot were both available and adequate, and there were spectacular withdrawals of troops the moment they had got the situation well in hand in order to prove that it was completely out of hand. Later came the spectacular employment elsewhere of troops and police on a large scale to put down disturbances on a small scale: a theatrical effect which

was arranged a little too often. The obvious solution of any Bolshevist danger in Germany itself, was to disarm the civil population, a thing which the German authorities for a long time afterwards showed the utmost reluctance to do, and, when they did do it, they disarmed the parties of the Left and granted certificates of immunity from disarmament to the militarist societies of the Right. An enormous number of rifles in Germany is unaccounted for to this day. Upon the external dangers of Bolshevism less emphasis was laid, which is not to be wondered at. The German military authorities, lineal successors of the confederates of Lenin and Trotsky on the Great General Staff, no doubt felt it would have been a little too tactless to bring into the picture those with whom they had recently been, possibly still were, possibly still are, on very good terms, militarily speaking.* Moreover, at that time, as General Weygand's *coup* in Warsaw was very shortly to prove, the Bolshevist armies, whatever they are now, were, if encountered outside their own territory by Allied troops properly handled, no serious danger to Western Europe—what they might be if led and officered by *Germans* is, of course, quite another matter. Soon after Weygand's rout of them in August 1920 I was dispatched by General Barthélemy to East Prussia to observe and report on the disarmament of the Bolshevist army which had taken refuge on the soil of that province and, making every allowance for an army in a state of defeat, a more undisciplined rabble I have never seen. The German

* As to the question of a secret military understanding between Berlin and Moscow a good deal might be said. Ludendorff, as is now well known, had a very pretty unofficial scheme of his own, which he placed before various British officers, for stamping out Bolshevism in Europe by the invasion of Russia and the permanent occupation of the country, by a joint Anglo-Franco-German Expeditionary Force. When I discussed it with him, I asked him how many troops would be necessary for such an adventure; he said 'one and a half millions,' and, on my blandly pointing out that our Army estimates could not contemplate such commitments, he replied, 'Germany would provide a million and the moral effect of a few French and British Divisions would do the rest.' 'What then,' I asked, 'of the future of the Control Commission?' 'Oh, that,' was the reply, 'is of course, an infamy (*eine Schande*) and must go.' All of which might legitimately be described as 'a confidence trick.' Yet there were prominent personages in England who honestly believed that Germany was our destined bulwark against the East.

officer in command of the regiment of *Reichswehr* which was guarding their camp of internment, spoke of them to me with the greatest contempt, declaring, and rightly, that one of his *Reichswehr* battalions was more than a match for a whole division of them. But long after the German claims had been rejected at Spa the 'Bolshevist' argument continued to do duty with the German Government in its debates with the Commission, principally as an argument for the armament of the 'Security Police' and the retention of the *Einwohnerwehren** until the day when, the German Government having assured us that our demands for the disarmament of the civil population had been fully complied with, General Nollet neatly turned the tables on them by saying, 'Why, then, do you not comply with our demands for the demilitarisation of your "Security Police"?' a question which awaits an answer to this day.

When, at last, the Allies met the German delegation at the Conference of Spa, unity of view as to the true meaning of the latter's proposals had been secured between the French and British Governments, and those proposals were rejected, though not without certain concessions both there and at Boulogne which the Allies afterwards saw reason to regret. The first round in the great contest between the Control Commission and the German Government was over. Conscription was to be immediately abolished, the German Army was to be reduced to the Treaty strength of 100,000 effectives within the next five months; the whole scheme of masked staffs, divisions, and all the rest of it was to be scrapped; the long-term enlistments were to be put into operation; the civil

* The problem of the *Einwohnerwehren* is far too large a one to be dealt with in this article. They were eventually dissolved, but only, like all the other militarist societies in Germany, to reappear in other forms and under other names. Their chief protagonist was Herr von Kahr, the Minister President of Bavaria, who was always invoking the Bolshevik danger, and with whom I had an illuminating interview in March 1921 through the agency of Herr Arnold Rechberg, a well-known German publicist, and the author of various proposals to enable Germany to pay the indemnity, all these proposals having one feature in common—namely, that she was to pay it at the expense of some one else. I began by asking Herr von Kahr how many Communist deputies there were in Bavaria; the reply was, 'One, and I have him in prison.' Then, 'How many Communist newspapers?' and the reply was 'One, and I have suppressed it.' I then drew his attention to the electoral returns as disclosing an infinitesimal Communist vote, whereupon he said Communists never voted. And so on.

population and the militarist societies were to be disarmed; all excess armament and equipment were to be surrendered and destroyed. The great plot for the retention of the old Army and all that it implied had been unmasked and, as it seemed, defeated. Great was the depression, heavy the disillusion * in German military circles. One German writer, with as much naïveté as truth, has since published to the world that '*Germany lost the war at the Conference of Spa.*'† No doubt. But, as we were yet to learn to our cost, there was an immense resilience, a marvellous resourcefulness in the able and astute brain of the *Chef der Heeresleitung*, and the end was not—is not—yet. And before coming to the year 1924, let me ask the reader to remember that this audacious plan to 'scrap' the whole of the military clauses of Versailles was conceived under a Socialist Minister and brought forth under a Socialist Government. To-day we have in Germany not a Socialist Ministry but a semi-Nationalist one,‡ the strongest member of which, Herr Stresemann, is an avowed Monarchist. Behind him stands von Seeckt, who in the early months of this year, under the Emergency Powers Act, was invested with all the powers of a Dictator. If, then, the things I have unfolded could be planned under the Socialist Government in 1920, and long before the occupation of the Ruhr had created a movement for *revanche*, what may not be planned now? If these things could be done in the green tree, what may not be done in the dry? The answer to this question will be

* General von Cramon, of whom we shall hear more, told me on the only occasion I ever met him that he had been assured by a British officer before the Spa Conference that 'it would be all right' about the German demands, and he considered himself badly let down. Such a statement from such a source certainly cannot be accepted without proof. But the point is the confident expectations which it disclosed.

† Thus Herr Rechberg in his article 'Innere Einflüsse in Weltkrieg' in 'Das Tage Buch' for March 31, 1923, and May 1923.

‡ The Nationalists, of course, although the largest party in the new Reichstag, are not a constituent element in the present Government. But their old confederates, the 'Inner Right,' i.e. the *Deutsche Volkspartei*, led by Herr Stresemann, are now a Government party, although they avowedly regard the Republican Constitution as only provisional. Their official programme of Oct. 19, 1919, demanded 'the restoration of the Imperial regime' (*des Kaiserthums*) and the 'abolition' (*Aufhebung*) of the "Treaty of Violence," the 'Peace of Violence' (*der Gewaltfrieden*) being the stock term for the Treaty of Versailles.

easier to find after a consideration of the work of 'disarmament' from the Conference of Spa down to the present day, and it is to that I devote the rest of this article. We shall then be able to judge whether the design which received such a rude check at Spa has ever been abandoned and, if not abandoned, what are its chances of success?

I make every allowance for the better atmosphere of feeling produced by the London Conference on Reparations, and the resulting abandonment of the Ruhr occupation policy. I should be the last to under-estimate the value of that change of policy, for I urged it * with all my powers at a time when it was nothing like so fashionable. For that result Mr Ramsay MacDonald deserves the highest praise—it is a great achievement on the road to peace if it does not come too late. But the point to bear in mind is this: the Occupation of the Ruhr was neither the origin nor the cause of German official obstruction to our control—what it did was to suspend control altogether. But Allied control always was—and unquestionably still is—subject to German 'counter-control.' There never has been a moment in the history of the Commission in which every one, from the Ministry of Defence and the Commander-in-Chief down the whole chain of command to the C.O.'s, has not been active, according to a carefully worked-out scheme, in thwarting control while outwardly submitting to it. To describe this system, its evasions, concealments, suppression of documents, 'faked' returns, would take too long here. Apart from these surreptitious features of it, there was the regular *formula* of '*Innere Dienst*,' i.e. 'This is a matter of "interior service," which is no business of yours,' with which control officers are always met when they ask for certain vital documents—most notably of all, the secret recruiting returns,† and a hundred other things, of which the nominal rolls of officers and

* In 'The Present State of Germany,' published in January last.

† These are (1) the lists (*Mannschaftsuntersuchungslisten*) which show how many men are presenting themselves for medical examination, (2) the books (*Annahmebücher*), including the *Einstellung* register, which show how many men are provisionally or permanently accepted. Until these records are produced—and they have never been produced yet—all attempts on the part of the Commission to control recruiting are absolutely futile.

lists of officers attached and detached are not the least. Mere restoration of 'control' is not enough; what is necessary is the reformation, or rather the total abolition, of the system of counter-control by which it always has been, and is, so effectively paralysed. There can be no question that this is also General Nollet's opinion. As for the 'Security Police,' those masked second-line troops which fit so scientifically—I had almost said so beautifully—into von Seeckt's scheme for expansion and mobilisation, the problem remains exactly where it was when, on Dec. 23, 1922, the British Military Representative in Paris wrote across a report of mine, 'This report establishes the complete identity of the *Reichswehr* and the Security Police'—a note which I read with the chastened reflexion that it had taken me a year to convince a certain department in the War Office of the truth of the fact, which is about the time it did take to convince that department, as then constituted, of anything.* The Security Police are only one of a score of problems yet to be solved—the reconstitution of the Great General Staff; the *cadres* of surplus officers; the enormous *cadres* of surplus N.C.O.'s; the camouflaged, administrative services and establishments, so vital to any scheme of mobilisation; the militarist societies; the secret staffs; the bogus enlistment forms; the training courses for reserve officers, the promotions of 'ex-officers' and *ex-Feldwebel*; the masked 'pensioning' of a masked reserve; the masked mechanical reserve: the list might be prolonged almost indefinitely. As to the last few

* The fault, of course, may have been mine, and due to lack of gifts of clear exposition, and it is open to my critic to say so. But not always. In June 1922, at General Nollet's suggestion, I turned my attention to 'Pensions' legislation, and after an exhaustive examination of the new *Wehrmachts-versorgungsgesetz*, discovered the existence of a masked scheme of gratuities, deferred pay, 'half pay,' and a dozen other devices for keeping hold of men who had been serving short terms in the elusive *Reichswehr*. The report was at once sent by General Nollet to Marshal Foch, who was, of course, quick to grasp the significance of these discoveries, as the French authorities always were. A copy was sent to the War Office, and after the lapse of a few days, I received a long and somewhat peremptory Questionnaire, under some seventeen heads, attempting to refute my conclusions, which were certainly disturbing, on the assumption that the *Wehrmachts-versorgungsgesetz* referred to the old Army. But the preamble to the law, as any intelligent person might have guessed from its title, expressly said that its provisions referred exclusively to the new Army. I replied by pointing out this elementary fact, and I heard no more of that laborious Questionnaire.

months—I forbear. I have before me a report of April 19, 1924, by the President of the Effectives Sub-Commission which, I hope, our authorities will publish sooner or later—I admit that publication at this moment might be premature and embarrassing.* It would open many eyes, some of which are at present blind with the blindness of those who refuse to see. But I sincerely trust that we shall have no more of such ‘economies of truth’ as were thought good enough for the House of Commons in 1922 on the subject of the strength of the German Army. Again and again members were told that the *Reichswehr* was down to the prescribed Treaty strength of 100,000. Was it? Is it? At the very time when those answers were being given, we had established two vital facts: one that not a single private (*Gemeine*) had been enlisted on the prescribed long-term engagement, the other that the Army Estimates provided for 35,644 N.C.O.’s as such in this Army of 100,000 effectives, to say nothing of 40,000 lance-corporals (*Gefreite*) paid and unpaid.† You do not require some 35,000 N.C.O.’s, to say nothing of some 20,000 corporals, to train or discipline 20,000 privates, which is all that remained in the Budget strength of 100,000 after deducting the former and the officers and military officials. This is what I had found after examining the Army Estimates and checking the results by my own inspections of units. If, further, you find, as I did find, that, after applying the index-figures as to the value of the mark, the total Estimates represent an expenditure on the Army twice per head the amount expended in 1913, and that the vote for ‘training’ (*Ausbildung*) represents 10 per cent. of the total vote as compared with 2½ per cent. in 1913, what other conclusion can you come to than that this enormous number of N.C.O.’s is a *cadre* of instructors training numbers of men two, three, more probably four times the Treaty strength?‡ And in addition to all these there is the

* Meanwhile I commend to the reader’s attention the interview with General Nollet which appeared in the ‘Morning Post’ for June 20, 1924, and the remarkable article by Mr Sisley Huddleston which appeared in the ‘Evening Standard’ for June 24, 1924.

† A *Gefreite* corresponds to our unpaid lance-corporal, an *Ober-Gefreite* to a paid lance-corporal.

‡ The reader must remember in this connexion four things, (1) that Vol. 242.—No. 481.

Security Police which the British Military Representative in Paris, on reading the report already referred to, bluntly, and rightly, called 'an Army Reserve.' In these circumstances to say that the strength of the German Army is '100,000' is, to put it very charitably, an economy of truth. And if this was the state of things, as it was, in 1922 when control was active, what is likely to have been happening in the last two years when control was passive? How many men have been trained during that period? No one knows or ever will know from any information vouchsafed by the German military authorities. But I will tell the reader this. On a conservative estimate, General von Seeckt has at his disposal at this moment at least 500,000 newly trained men, by which I mean men trained since 1921, to say nothing of all the annual classes of conscripts up to that year whose records are in the 'Pensions Centres' and the *Reichsarchiv*. If that statement is challenged by any responsible person, I will produce my *data*.*

I have said, and say, little of armament and *materiel*, as distinct from Effectives; it is a question which will require an article to itself. Good and substantial work was unquestionably done by the Armaments Sub-Commission—their task was easier and less elusive than ours. But the returns of arms and munitions destroyed are not so impressive as they look; they are subject to a heavy

the strength returns of a unit at any given moment of inspection, although not excessive, in no way proved that the number of men on the return were always with the colours throughout the year—the recruits may have been, and in fact were and are, sent home after three or six months' training to make room for others; we had no power of identifying them; (2) that by von Seeckt's orders, 'training' was a subject excluded from control; (3) that, also by his orders, we have never been allowed to inspect the recruiting returns; (4) that, by the trick of taking advantage of certain provisions of the Civil Code as to the invalidity of contracts of service by minors, large numbers of men under twenty-two have been 'attested,' trained for three to six months, and then discharged on the ground that they were never legally enlisted at all.

* So much is made at Geneva of the efficacy of a 'Budget test' that students of the subject of Disarmament will do well to bear in mind its limitations. It is only useful up to a point. The Army Estimates not only permit of most ingenious camouflage in themselves but they can be obscurely supplemented by the expenditure of local authorities. There are laws on the German Statute-book making it obligatory on local authorities to support the families of men called up for the 'reinforcement' of the Army. And there are other loopholes.

discount, as I shall show on another occasion. Apart from this discount, the extent to which the number of guns destroyed, or supposed to be destroyed, falls short of the number in possession of the German authorities during the Armistice, is quite impossible to establish until those armament 'states' which were snatched from under our very noses at Spandau by the German military authorities, are produced by the German Government.* The question of hidden arms† would require a chapter to itself. But the real problem is armament production, and the depressing fact is that, after a most careful estimate by our experts in all the industrial districts of Germany, we found that, from the moment control is withdrawn it would take the German authorities only one year to attain their maximum war production in 1918 of guns and munitions.‡ Paradoxical though it sounds,

* A distinguished French general officer on the Commission, whose name I purposely withhold, once told me that, in his opinion, there were 10,000 guns unaccounted for. It is certainly not for me to contradict him; I do not know nor have I his qualification to speak. But while the Germans may, quite conceivably, have several thousand field-guns concealed I doubt if they have any heavy artillery worth troubling about. We caught most of their heavy artillery in the trap they laid for us in connexion with the fortress problem.

† There has been a good deal of sensationalism about this. But the actual facts are none the less unpleasant. There were, if I recollect rightly, some 150 cases of discoveries by the Commission of large stocks of concealed arms; in nearly every case obviously concealed with the connivance of the German authorities themselves and often in forts and barracks. It is, of course, obvious that for one case of discovery there must be many cases of successful concealment; you cannot expect half a dozen officers, with a jurisdiction of hundreds of square miles and a more or less hostile population, to discover everything hid, especially when the German authorities had seven to twelve months' notice in which to do their hiding. The most striking case was the famous discovery at the Rockstroh factory in Saxony which was first brought to public notice by the 'Times.' Some persons thought the 'Times' made too much of the significance of this discovery. One swallow does not make a summer nor one gun a battery, but when you find, as we did in this case, 589 guns (342 of them complete with breech blocks) and all of them manufactured in 1919, i.e. 147 batteries in one factory, in one out of the eighteen German States, it makes you think. And these hidden guns represented more than twice the Treaty establishment of guns and howitzers already in the possession of the *Reichswehr*. As for arms traffic—i.e. import and export of arms, which is forbidden by the Treaty—all our attempts to deal with it were quite hopeless.

‡ Needless to say, I am not going to give the exact estimates for each type of ordnance though I know what they are. The period 'one year' may be taken as representing a general average for the types of gun, heavy, medium, and light, and their corresponding charges. The period varies of

Germany is in many respects far better prepared, industrially speaking, for a great war than she was in 1914. Profiting by the inflation of the mark her great industrialists have renewed and enormously extended their plant, and instead of scrapping and dismantling war factories erected during the War for munitions, as we have done, she has 'converted them'; all these vast establishments are capable of reconversion, for the simple reason that the amount of plant *used for war manufacture* which we could condemn and destroy as utilisable for nothing else was an infinitesimal proportion of the whole—one of our experts put it as low as 5 per cent. More than this, Germany has now got, ingeniously camouflaged, that Economic General Staff which was the dream of Rathenau * when he was called in to advise in 1914 by the German Ministry of War, and the whole of the 'key' industries of war—Coal Tar products, Sulphuric Acid, Nitric Acid, Aluminium, and all the rest—have been reorganised, subsidised, and controlled to this end. The whole of German industry and production has been reorganised by some able and astute brain with a view to making her independent of overseas supplies of material in the next war; she has taken the terrible lesson of the blockade to heart. Germany, as many German writers have observed, was 'caught napping' by the failure of her 1914 surprise, in that while provided with an *Allgemeine Wehrpflicht* (universal military service), she was not provided with an *Allgemeine Wirtschaftspflicht* (universal economic service). She has now remedied all that. Even her rolling-stock for ordinary commercial traffic has been altered to a new type capable of immediate conversion to troop trains. Well did Lord Birken-

course with the type of gun, and guns cannot be turned out in a few days even when you have the plant and the ingots of gun-steel ready to hand. Several months are necessary, as a rule, to complete the manufacture of a single gun from the forging of the ingot, its heat treatment, the boring, rifling, and polishing, the 'shrinking' of the jacket, the 'assembling' of the whole, and the testing on the proof range. On the other hand, the reader must remember that many of the stages through which gun manufacture goes are almost identical with the stages of a propeller-shaft or a compressed air cylinder, a fact with greatly exercised the Commission when it had to classify 'war plant' at Krupp's, and which necessarily resulted in our leaving intact in their shops a great deal of plant which could be turned over from marine engineering and the like to gun manufacture in a very short time.

* Rathenau, 'Gesammelte Schriften,' v, 157.

head say, on a certain dramatic occasion, that she is the nation which 'thinks of everything.' The estimate I have given as to the amazingly short period in which she could attain her maximum war production of guns and munitions would be even shorter in the case of toxic gas and explosives: three months would be sufficient. To attain her maximum in the manufacture of propellants would take longer than three months but not very long. When in the spring of 1919 I was in charge of the military clause of the Treaty prohibiting the manufacture of toxic gases in Germany, Lord Moulton, than whom there was no greater authority, called on me in Paris to urge me to do what I could to make the clause more stringent, on the ground that every chemical factory in Germany (and we found some 15,000 of them, of which 500 were important) was a 'potential arsenal,' and could be reconverted from the commercial manufacture of organic chemical products to the war manufacture of toxic gas 'in six weeks.' The estimates of our own chemical experts on the Commission went far to confirm this. With explosives it is the same; no less than 73 per cent. of Germany's total war production was made in ordinary chemical factories with very little alteration of plant. As for military aeroplanes, we did not deal with that subject—there was an Allied Aeronautical Commission for the purpose—but there can be little doubt that Germany could also, as in the case of guns and munitions, achieve her maximum war production within a year.* Aeroplanes, 'poison gas,' high explosives, heavy artillery—here are the weapons of the wars of to-day and of the future, supplemented by such discoveries in physics and chemistry as may give them a new and

* I owe this estimate to General Groves, whose authority is beyond dispute and who has done such admirable service by his articles in the 'Times' on our own unpreparedness for aerial warfare. He tells me that at the present moment Germany has no military aeroplanes worth speaking of, and that, owing to the immense advance in design since the War, the military aeroplane has now so far diverged from the commercial type that Germany's commercial fleet of aeroplanes would be of little service in war. On the other hand, she is, according to the same authority, far ahead of us in the science of design, and her designers, who are now engaged in working for the military authorities of other countries, notably America, could easily be recalled. Moreover, she has a great reserve of pilots in her commercial air fleet. We found many flying squadrons, more or less camouflaged and with commercial machines, in the Security Police.

incredible potency. As to those discoveries we could do nothing; we had no power under the Treaty to inquire into what German laboratories have been doing since the War.

And not only is she better prepared for the production and 'mobilisation' of *matériel de guerre* than in 1914, she is, in one respect, better prepared for the mobilisation of the Army. By that, I mean that, instead of having four independent or semi-independent armies and general staffs—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg—as in 1914, she has now one Army for the whole of the *Reich* under one command. She has now one Ministry of War where formerly authority was dispersed among four; one General Staff, where she had four. That is the paradoxical result of the military clauses of the Treaty and, be it added, of the immensely centralising and consolidating results on German administration and public finance of the Reparation Clauses. The Allies have consolidated German government beyond the wildest hopes of Bismarck. I do not wish to exaggerate the change wrought by the compression of the four German armies of 1914 into one; from the point of view of preparation for war, the four German armies were always much more of a unity than they appeared owing to the constitution of the Great General Staff.* But in case of mobilisation it is undoubtedly an advantage to have all your forces under one Higher Command in peacetime and to be able to dispose your garrisons strategically in peacetime as General von Seeckt has in fact done. At the same time—yet another paradox—in replacing the four State armies by one *Reich* Army, Germany has at the same time created eighteen State armies of second-line troops, namely, the 'Security Police,' their strength in each case comparatively small, I admit, but their total strength (taking a minimum estimate) respectable, and all of them so organised in the matter of staffs, formations, grades, promotion, pay, pensions, and a dozen other things, as to admit at any moment

* The Great General Staff was (I might almost say 'is') distinct from the General Staff under the old Army system, and a clear distinction was made between preparation for war, the peculiar function of the former, and ordinary administrative staff duties. Not only the G.G.S. but the system of Army Inspections and entrance of Saxon and Wurtemberg officers into the *Kriegsakademie* made for unity of direction.

of being brigaded with the *Reichswehr*. Conscription, it is true, is gone in law—it took us fifteen months to get it done—but ‘the laws reach but a little way,’ the President of the Republic is by a law of 1919 invested with all the prerogatives of the Kaiser (except when the Constitution otherwise provides), and there still remains unimpaired what I may call the residuary powers of the executive to decree a *levée en masse* at any moment, a point which General Nollet and I often discussed without being able to find any check. Such a decree is, of course, quite a different thing from calling up men for training, without which preliminary the decree itself would achieve little, but then, how many trained men are there not already available? As for conscription itself, it is almost certain to be restored in some form or another if Germany can manage to get her own way. It is by no means so unpopular—if, indeed, it is unpopular at all except among the Communists—as is commonly supposed, especially since the occupation of the Ruhr, and the gymnastic societies, whose strength runs into hundreds of thousands, all of them men of military age, are to a man in favour of it.* So, of course, are the regimental associations, which are quite a different thing from the Veteran’s Association, or from our own British Legion, and are in fact the very shadow of the old Army ‘Reserve’ (the *Beurlaubtenstand*), all organised on the basis of mobilisation—the idea entertained by some of my friends of the British Legion, that the Legion should ‘fraternise’ with this extremely belligerent organisation is too ludicrous for words.

These are painful realities. The truth is that, as things are, the real security for the Peace of Europe is not to be found in the results achieved, or likely to be achieved, by the Control Commission, or any Committee organised by the League of Nations, but in the occupation of the Rhineland and the Rhine bridgeheads—in particular, the bridgehead of Mainz. The latter is the

* There is a bill in existence, drafted three years ago by the Federation of Gymnastic Societies, making ‘physical training’ compulsory for all the young men in Germany, the training to begin at the same age and last for the same period as the training with the colours under the old Army system.

historic line of advance into Germany, and whoever commands it is able to strike a blow at the heart of Germany, to cut the communications between North and South and to paralyse mobilisation. If I were to reproduce our official maps of *Reichswehr* and Security Police garrisons, I could show how cleverly General von Seeckt has disposed his garrisons against this contingency. But so long as the Allies continue to occupy their *points d'appui* in their present strength, General von Seeckt would have no chance. The danger is not on the West but on the East, and I would not care to be standing in the shoes of the Pole. German writers, with their eye on the Rhineland occupation and their hopes of the Allies 'terminating' it, now affect to make light of the Rhine as a 'strategic frontier' in view of the developments of modern aircraft and artillery, and argue * that as a 'guarantee' for the safety of France it is, in view of these developments, worthless. But a defensive frontier is always a safeguard against invasion if it puts the defending forces in such a position that they can, when hostilities threaten, launch an offensive against the enemy to prevent any concentration of his troops, and from this point of view the possession of the Rhine and its bridgeheads is as important as it ever was. This is a consideration quite independent of its value as a permanent defence. There is a good deal of talk just now about the 'demilitarisation' of the Rhineland, though none of the writers on the subject seem to have a very clear idea of what the situation actually is. The Rhineland and a 'zone' fifty kilometres to the east of the great river are already 'demilitarised' so far as military science can do it, and subject to certain forbearances of our sappers on the Commission in the interests of the occupying troops. We have razed the fortresses, Istein in particular, which was the only thoroughly modern one; we dismantled the military features (they are not very important) of the bridges; destroyed the strategic railways (though you cannot destroy every railway merely because it is susceptible of a strategic use or you would have to destroy them all), and we smashed up all those 'mobilisation facilities' in the neighbourhood of the

* For example, General Berthold von Deimling in an article 'Sicherungen' (Guarantees) in the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' for April 21, 1923.

Rhine, the number and location of which on our sappers' maps were the best proof of the military importance of the great river, however much General von Deimling may affect to minimise it. Those maps were indeed eloquent; here, as well as in the now ceded territory of Alsace-Lorraine, the concentration of the future was, in Foch's striking phrase,* 'written upon the terrain.' What more? The truth is that the only way you can permanently 'demilitarise' the Rhineland is either by annexing it or, what amounts to much the same thing, by remaining in permanent occupation of it. And even if it were evacuated, and the Germans not only undertook but, what is more important, kept their undertaking, not to garrison it with any troops, it would still be an 'arsenal,' for a reason which every one, in discussing this question, has overlooked. The reason is this: nearly all the great chemical factories are either in the Rhineland or in the neutral zone, and of Germany's total war production of explosives, 78 per cent. of 'poison' gas, 94 per cent. was produced in that district.†

I have said little or nothing of the proposal to withdraw the Commission and replace it by a Committee of the League of Nations, although one could say a great deal. It is well to bear in mind that such a Committee, unless its *personnel* consists of officers who have already had experience of the work in Germany, will be almost useless. The work involved is of a kind for which the ordinary company officer, or even a *p.s.c.* officer, is unfit without a long apprenticeship to it: it involves a knowledge of German Army organisation, and its technical vocabulary, public finance, civil administration, local government and police (the two go together), German law, and military legislation, and even Customs tariffs. Experience on the other Com-

* 'La concentration de l'avenir est écrite sur le terrain par le nombre et la densité des quais de débarquement'—Foch: 'De la Conduite de la Guerre,' p. 33.

† Of course the Germans realise this, and in consequence they have been busy since the War in building vast factories, subsidised by State funds, in the east of Germany for the production of synthetic ammonia, the 'key' to explosives manufacture. We had good reason to believe in the existence of a similar design to make Spandau, near Berlin, the seat of future gun manufacture, in order that it might not be exposed, like Krupp's, to the immediate neighbourhood of the Armies of Occupation.

missions—in Austria, in Hungary, and in Bulgaria—is almost useless, and to ‘control’ Germany is a very different thing from controlling those minor States, different in kind as well as in degree. If the officers are new to their work, they will require at least a year to learn the very elements of it. Will the inspection be visitatorial with Geneva as a base or resident with Berlin as its Headquarters? If the former it will be almost futile; the inspecting officer will be identified the moment he crosses the frontier and every unit and every factory in Germany duly warned by telegraph. Resident inspection, i.e. local control, is the only form of inspection that is the slightest use, at any rate as regards Effectives, as the German authorities knew very well when, on our arrival, they tried to prevent the Commission from forming District Committees and to confine us all to Berlin. And will the new Committee be subject to the same ‘counter-control’ by the German authorities as the Commission it replaces? It is hopeless to expect that it will not be. How will the intricate machinery of the League deal with such obstruction? The words ‘pacific pressure’ by the League for cases of ‘passive resistance’ (I quote the Protocol) do not sound very helpful—they suggest a tug of war with the rope always slipping through the hands of the League. Is it likely that the League will succeed against such obstruction where the mailed fist of the Allies has failed? I can see nothing in the text of the Protocol, after a hurried reading of it at the moment this Review goes to press, which would make obstruction by Germany to inspection of her armaments by the League one of those acts of ‘aggression’ which are ‘automatically’ to set the machinery of the League in motion—nothing at any rate so long as Germany is a ‘non-signatory’ and perhaps not even when she is. It is even conceivable that an unregenerate Germany might be a greater danger within the League than outside it—a seat on the Council would not only give her a ‘Polish Veto’ in all those cases where ‘unanimity’ is necessary, but would enable her, like every other member of it, to do ‘deals’ with one or another, and thereby to purchase support for her own designs in return for giving hers to the designs of others. That, however, is for the present a minor point

and hypothetical. The main point is this: 'aggression' with which the Protocol deals is one thing; preparation for aggression with which it does not deal, in other words the issue of Disarmament which it postpones, is quite another. And it is the main issue. The next war will come like a thief in the night, and the aggressor, if properly prepared, may have won it before the *billet-doux* of the Secretary-General, inviting him 'to accept the procedure of pacific settlement' (thus the Protocol) has reached its destination. It is, of course, to Germany's interest to agree to inspection by a Committee of the League in order to get rid of the Commission and then do, perhaps, what she did when she accepted an Allied Guarantee Committee in order to get rid of the Aeronautical Commission, namely, turn round, when the Commission had gone and the Committee had come, and tell it it had no powers in practice except such as she chose to allow it. I think it certain that the German Government will never abandon its subtle evasion of the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles until it has secured the enforcement of that preamble to the military clauses which declares that 'in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all the nations,' Germany agrees to her own disarmament. She will demand the redemption of that preamble, and General van Seeckt is not likely to arrest his present preparations until she gets it, and perhaps not even then. In other words, Germany will never be completely disarmed until Europe completely disarms. That is, of course, a strong argument for expediting the proposed Conference of the League on 'European Disarmament.' I wish I could think that such a Conference will really achieve its end. But the difficulties will be enormous. For one thing, complete disarmament is, for technical reasons which I have developed elsewhere, a *chimæra*, and a country like Germany will always have an immense advantage as a potential belligerent in its chemical and engineering industry, and still more in its belligerent organisation of them, and an equal advantage in the strong military tradition, instincts, and discipline of its population. For another, European disarmament is, in my opinion, impossible without a revision of the Treaty

of Versailles such as Germany, and most of all Herr Stresemann's party, is bent on securing in one form or another, sooner or later, by diplomacy or by war, a Treaty which, indeed, has imposed on Germany frontiers so humiliating, creating *terra irredenta* so inflammable, that for a generation to come, France, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia must mount guard as Wardens of the Marches in irresistible force. Where, under such circumstances, are you going to secure your 'unit of disarmament'? The very definition of such a unit at Geneva will raise the whole question of the Treaty of Versailles. Nor do I think that Germany will abandon her present military designs so long as a single French or British battalion remains on the Rhine. On the other hand, the presence of these battalions is the only real check on the success of those designs. There is the enigma.

I have striven, to the best of my ability, to give the reader a sober statement of fact, bearing always in mind that great precept of Spinoza: 'Humanas actiones non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere.' I applaud, like their immediate auditors, the high idealism of the speeches at Geneva. But I see a great danger of too much haste, a danger, to which every idealist is prone, of seeing things, not as they are, but as one would like them to be, a danger even of mistaking ideas for facts and dreams for plans. Meanwhile the least idealist nation in the world, and the most realist, watches, waits, plans, and, despite all her dynastic catastrophes and changes of political form, remains after the War more identical with what she was before it than any nation in Europe.

In a report which I wrote, when in temporary command of the British Delegation in Berlin, in June 1921, at the request of the British Ambassador, on 'The Possibilities of a Military Revival in Germany, and the means of frustrating it'—it is now in the archives of the Foreign Office, and I have no intention of disclosing its contents—I addressed myself to the question: what degree of finality, if any, the work of the Control Commission had then attained, and what might be regarded as its objective? That objective I put at the provision of reasonable security against German 'aggression' for a

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period of twenty years, beyond which period it was impossible to look. But if I am asked now what 'close season' for European Peace would be secured, as things now are, if the present control, feeble* though it is, were terminated and the Rhine armies reduced to any considerable extent, my answer would be: One year.

* How feeble may be gathered from the following. The full establishment of the British H.Q. of the Effectives Sub-Commission (the Sub-Commission which by 1922 General Nollet told me he regarded as much the more important of the two) was: One Brigadier-General (or Colonel on the Staff), one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, a legal assistant, and two interpreters. It now consists of a legal assistant and two interpreters, i.e. it is not even a *cadre*, it is a relic. The German Government have made it a condition of their agreement to the 'trial inspection' now proceeding that this enfeebled establishment shall not be resuscitated, and the Allies have had to acquiesce in order to get anything done at all.

J. H. MORGAN.

Art. 13.—SEVEN MONTHS OF A LABOUR MINISTRY.

WHEN the first British Labour Government came into office in February last, there were few men who felt bold enough to make a detailed forecast as to what would be the record of its early months of ministerial responsibility. The few who did venture into prophecy—that most gratuitous of all human errors—were either optimists of the Socialist brand, who foresaw the beginnings of a new heaven and a new earth, to be delivered with punctuality and dispatch; or else convinced pessimists who looked forward to ruin and the breaking up of laws, to commence before Easter with the promulgation of some terrifying revolutionary programme.

More than seven months have now passed, and both sets of prophets have suffered the usual fate of political seers. They are not, of course, abashed by the non-fulfilment of their golden or blood-red visions, or convinced of their own futility. The Socialistic optimist thinks that the new era might have commenced happily enough, but for the perverse malignity of the Liberal Party, who put the present Government in power, indeed, but have whittled down its beneficent projects whenever some really valuable measure has been laid before the House of Commons. The pessimist, on the other hand, has to confess that the Navy has not yet been abolished, that the sentries are still relieved daily at the Horse Guards, that the 5 per cent. War Loan is at 101, and that the new ministers have been seen, resplendent like their predecessors, at more than one State Ball. But he will maintain that the evil day has only been deferred for a short space, and that at any moment the back-benchers of the Labour Party may force their chiefs into action of a revolutionary sort. They can point to incidents which tend to show that the exercise of such influence is not impossible.

The future is, however, not the subject of our present inquiry. We are merely endeavouring to set forth the general impression left on the intelligent observer by the results of seven months of Labour governance. As a preliminary, we must lay down the caution that we have not been watching the working of a ministry in possession of a majority, and able to do that which is

right in its own eyes, but the policy of one which exists on sufferance, knowing that any very drastic action may lead to its eviction from office by the Liberal Party. The details of debates and divisions during the recent session show that the Liberals will stand a good deal more in the direction of socialistic legislation than might have been expected. But, after all, there are limits; and of this the Cabinet is fully aware. While these lines are being written, it looks as if the limit has actually been reached in the matter of the treaty with the Russian Soviet Government. If such a thing as a Liberal Party still exists, and if Mr Lloyd George is one of its recognised leaders, his recent flaming denunciations of that treaty ought to mean sentence of death on the ministry of Mr Ramsay MacDonald.

But is there such an entity at the present moment as a united Liberal Party, and can any one speak for it as its responsible mouthpiece? A survey of the political history of the last seven months makes us very doubtful on these points. There were many who supposed in February last that the Liberal Party, after driving Mr Baldwin and his friends from office, would apply the same procedure to Mr Ramsay MacDonald at the earliest possible opportunity. In that case we should have seen either three ministries in three months, or else a third General Election within the space of a year and a quarter. Nothing of the kind happened. Presumably the prospect of another appeal to the polls, with all its possibilities of untoward results, and its certainties of depleted party funds, was even more unpalatable to the ultimate directors of Liberal policy (we are not quite certain who they are!) than to the chiefs of either of the other parties. Hence there has resulted the curious phenomenon, lasting now over a whole session, of a Government which might have been overthrown at any moment, but which has, as a matter of fact, survived long enough for the observer to make some reasoned estimate of its capacities and its inclinations.

The Liberal policy has been, and remains, very difficult to understand. Some think that we have not been observing the working of any policy at all, but the static results of secret internal dissensions, which prevent any positive party action from being pursued. We have

been assured, it is true, that these dissensions are imaginary, or at least that they do not influence the conduct of the very heterogeneous assembly which sits below the gangway on the Speaker's right hand. But if there is any definite scheme for the action of the united Liberal groups, how are we to account for the observed facts of the last six months? On occasions when the fate of the ministry has been at stake, the records of the division-lists show that Mr Asquith's followers voted, or did not vote, in the most chaotic fashion. On some nights we have noted half the party voting with the Labour Government, a sixth of it with the Conservative opposition, and a good third of it absenting itself of deliberate choice. For a few abstentions may come from casual and personal causes; but when one man in three is absent, we are certain that there is a definite purpose in such non-appearance. Since we cannot conceive of any policy so ingeniously Machiavellian as to require that (for some hidden end) the party should give public evidence of internal disruption, we are driven to conclude that permanent dissensions not only exist, but actually dominate the situation, and that the Liberal Whips are unable, on frequent occasions, to keep them concealed.

It would be possible to assert that the prevalence of this phenomenon suffices to give evidence enough for the fact that a Liberal policy in the proper sense of the word can hardly be said to exist; but there are even stronger ones. When, as has happened on more occasions than one, leading members of the party produce resolutions or reasoned amendments, and speak in their favour with an air of conviction, one would have supposed that these resolutions or amendments represented the will and intent of the Liberals as a whole. But the astounding and absurd conclusion to the game has often been that, on seeing that the whole Conservative opposition might vote with them, and put the Labour Government in a minority upon a crucial division, the Liberals have done one of three things. Either they have withdrawn the proposal to which they had attached ostentatious importance in their speeches, or they have absented themselves from the House in such numbers that the Government was secure of a majority, or—as on one notorious occasion—

they have voted against their own motion—even those who have spoken in favour of it have gone into the lobby against it! From such an ignominious course of action, the one possible deduction that can be drawn is that the only real Liberal policy for the last six months has been to prevent an immediate general election, by securing that the Government shall never be defeated on one of those issues which are crucial, where a defeat would involve resignation, even under Mr Ramsay MacDonald's restricted theory of the meaning of a 'vote of no confidence.'

For this action the Liberals have earned little gratitude from those whom they have saved so frequently from defeat. Any one who has listened to a series of debates during the last summer, must acknowledge that the Labour Party habitually shows a much greater animus against their saviours than against the Conservative opposition. The choicest and most ill-mannered interruptions are reserved for Liberal speakers; the taunts thrown at them by the unruly back-benchers from Clydesdale are more frequent and venomous than those which may be heard when a mere Tory is expressing his opinions.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the Government stays in office by virtue of Liberal support, and this is an essential point to be remembered when we are trying to envisage its policy. Since it is clear that the present Cabinet intends to retain its power as long as it can—Mr Snowden and other ministers have avowed this purpose with obvious sincerity—it must avoid driving the Liberals into a position in which they may be forced to fight in spite of themselves. The only occasions on which the Government may take the risk of compelling the Liberals to vote against an important bill or resolution, will be occasions on which they think that the enemy will damage himself by such a vote. That is to say, that the only defeat that Mr Ramsay MacDonald would court with equanimity, would be one in which the conduct of the Liberals would afford him a good election-cry, and an excuse for dissolving Parliament. Such an opportunity has not yet come, when these pages are being written. And till it comes, the Government will act with circumspection. Hence we have seen

frequent tactical concessions, postponements of promised legislation, and weakness in action, at which its own wilder supporters from Clydesdale and elsewhere, raise occasional tempests of angry and incoherent rhetoric. In short, the conduct of the affairs of the realm during the last seven months has not been on the lines of pure Labour doctrine, but has rather been an attempt to apply that doctrine just so far as the Liberal Party will permit. If Mr Ramsay MacDonald had 350 instead of 195 votes at his command, we should no doubt have seen quite another course of events.

Had Labour secured a clear majority at the election of last winter, a very different ministry would now be in power. Can it be believed that if the Conservative *débâcle* had been more complete, and the Labour seats more crowded in the House, we should ever have seen Lord Chelmsford at the Admiralty or Lord Haldane on the Woolsack? A prominent member of the Cabinet let fall an *obiter dictum* a few days ago, which placed the whole situation before us in a nutshell. 'We want,' he said, 'to give a good impression to the country.' And to a certain extent this end has been secured. Undoubtedly the present ministry has succeeded in reassuring many people, who had formed the idea that the appearance of a Labour Government meant instant chaos inside the United Kingdom, and disruption within the Empire. A cynical observer has asked whether pure socialistic legislation is likely to be favoured by a ministry fourteen of whose members are believed to be paying super-tax on their private incomes, without any account being taken of their official salaries. And there is no doubt that this taunt hits the mark: we have not, as yet, got the sort of Cabinet which Conservative pessimists expected to see in power, when the results of the last General Election became known. And so their old allegation that 'Labour could not govern the country for three months' has not been disproved. For the pessimist undoubtedly meant that a Labour Government, carrying out with honest accuracy and decision its own avowed programme, could not remain in power for that short space of time. And such a thing we have not yet seen: we have not got a pure Labour Government; and the Government which we have has not attempted

to redeem most of the pledges which its leaders made at election time. The present state of affairs is obviously unreal: the country and the Empire are not being administered on a Labour policy, because the Cabinet dare not apply it. A straightforward attempt to develop it would mean defeat in the House of Commons—for even a Liberal will turn when too heavily trodden upon—and a General Election would follow. Obviously the present Government has not as yet courted that final appeal to the nation.

We do not mean by this statement to imply that we regard all the members of the existing Government as liable to the charge of dishonest dealing with their own party, or with the country at large. It would be unfair to call them mere time-servers and hypocrites, who have got into power by producing an attractive programme and then deliberately refuse to carry it out. They are men who not unnaturally believe that it is better that they themselves should be in office, even if they are clogged with galling restrictions of power, rather than that a Liberal or a Conservative ministry should take their places. Any politician of any party might subscribe to this belief—if he is not doing all the good that he desires, he is preventing others from doing the harm that they might otherwise bring about. But obviously there is no finality in such a situation: a country cannot long be governed by a ministry which declares, in effect, that it is unable to enforce the greater portion of its own desires, though it can thwart those of the other parties. This would be equally true if it were a Conservative or a Liberal Cabinet that was in this unenviable position.

It is due to the present ministers to acknowledge that many of them have left a more satisfactory impression on the dispassionate observer than might have been expected. The responsibilities of office have a sobering effect, and in matters of administration, as opposed to matters of general policy, several of them have a creditable record. They have acquainted themselves with their duties, and tried to discharge them; they can give a courteous answer to a courteous question without lapsing into rhetoric, bombast, or sarcasm. In many of the departments of State matters are moving

with smoothness, and neither the politician nor the public has over-much to complain of. How far such conditions would continue to prevail if a Labour ministry supported by a large majority in the House of Commons were in power is a matter of speculation. For our own part we believe that some of the present ministers would continue to be reasonable and fair-minded, and that others would undoubtedly develop into tyrannical bureaucrats. The doctrinaire of the self-centred type is the sort of material out of which some of the most unscrupulous rulers in history have been created. On the other hand, there are members of the Government for whom one feels sufficient respect, and even sympathy, to make one sure that neither policy nor compulsion would drive them to acts repugnant to their own conscience and sense of fair play.

It is, however, not from the administrative action of individuals, but from the general tendency of the policy of the ministry as a whole, that its character must be judged. What are the main effects of the seven months of office which it has enjoyed, under the restrictions imposed by its carping and discontented Liberal supporters? The question must be answered under the three separate heads of domestic, imperial, and foreign politics. In each section we may define the effects as mischievous—but not, perhaps, quite so bad as might have been expected.

To take domestic affairs first: we have obviously to commence with the question on which the last general election was fought: for clearly it was the cry that under a Conservative Government 'your food will cost you more' that was fatal to Mr Baldwin, when he made his appeal to the constituencies eleven months ago. The policy of the new Government has been to do away with the very modest traces of anything approximating to protection of British industries and agriculture which existed in 1923. With the high approval of their Liberal protectors they abolished the MacKenna duties, laughing to scorn the objection that any harm would thereby be done to domestic trade. And this they did though aware that in all other regions of the world where a Labour party exists, that party has been protectionist in its policy. The shibboleth of Free Trade seems to be

inherited from the vast block of Liberal converts whom they have made during the last ten years—the fact being ignored that Free Trade profits the consumer more than the producer, and that the bulk of the nation are producers and not merely consumers. The result that the price of commodities, edible or otherwise, is lowered, may be too dearly bought if a large section of producers are thrown out of work by the introduction of cheap foreign goods, and have to be maintained by the doles of the rest of the nation. To this fact the bulk of the ministers appear to be wilfully blind: they have, with their Liberal helpers, intoned the old hymn to Free Trade, without any attempt to envisage the changed conditions of the civilised world in the last fifty years. Occasionally their declarations—one can hardly say their arguments—touch absurdity, as when they insist that British agriculture must not receive any form of help or subsidy, but must, nevertheless, continue to pay for its labour on a scale which its dwindling, or non-existent, profits cannot afford. No statistics, however convincing, can move those who are wilfully blind to their meaning.

One of the most effective topics of Labour propaganda at the last general election was that the party, if placed in power, would know how to deal, not only with the vexed question of Housing, but with the terrible problem of Unemployment. The ministers have now had to confess their inability to redeem both pledges: houses are being built at vast cost, but in insufficient numbers. Unemployment during recent months has increased, and is increasing. But all that a typical member of the Cabinet can say in self-justification is that conjuring tricks are impossible—‘he has been asked to produce rabbits out of the top-hat’ and cannot do it. But to produce these rabbits was precisely what the Labour Party promised to do in November 1923. And to plead that they have been hindered in their laudable attempts by the other parties is impossible. Neither Liberals nor Conservatives have done anything to thwart schemes for reducing Unemployment. If it is not reduced, the only causes are first and foremost the refusal of the Government to do anything for the help of British industry; and, secondly, the general moral effect of a

policy which teaches men to ask for doles, rather than to make a desperate effort to secure work of some sort. Under the plea of the 'living wage' the idle and incompetent demand rates of pay which they cannot possibly earn; while, at the other end of the scale, the workman of exceptional competence and energy is restrained from doing his best by the Trades Union rules which forbid him to exert his full powers.

We are beginning to hear a new excuse for the failure of the Government to deal with Unemployment. The wilder members of the Labour Party are desirous of proving that the 'Capitalistic system' is the hindrance, and that if Capitalism, i.e. the whole present organisation of society, were swept away, the problem could be completely solved. This is absurd: not Capitalism but human frailty is the fundamental cause of the difficulty. We should have the incompetent with us under any social system, and no two men are exactly equal in working-power, any more than they are in weight or stature. Inequality is one of the obvious characteristics of mankind, and the attempt to produce the pretence of fictitious equality must fail. But over and above the 'drones,' the unemployable, we have at present a mass of employables who are out of work, because the industries in which they were formerly engaged are languishing. It is possible to see how a languishing industry may be stimulated by some form of State assistance, if it is merely suffering under one of the recurrent cycles of trade slackness. But the destruction of the whole organisation of society would produce, as in the Russia of to-day, a permanent 'slump' and not a temporary one. Our labour difficulties are not due to 'Capitalism' but to the present confusion of the whole world's political and industrial relations, caused by the Great War of 1914-1918. And the one thing that can be relied upon to ameliorate them is peace and the stabilisation of trade. Hence the criminal folly of class-war. The present Government, and especially its leader, talk much of international peace and brotherhood: would it not be wise to turn some of the rhetorical energy expended on this topic to the advocacy of peace inside our own nation? Domestic class-war is quite as much to be deprecated as inter-state quarrels abroad.

And our responsible ministers have disavowed 'direct action' and pledged themselves to constitutional methods. Are they not bound not merely to disavow but to discourage and rebuke those who advocate the methods of violence?

As an example of the Government at its worst we are bound to quote the most illuminative Campbell case. A journalist of extreme views advocates the use of seditious propaganda inside the Army and Navy, and explains his methods for starting it. His language was so clear and outspoken that the legal officers of the Crown, appointed by Mr Ramsay MacDonald himself, authorised his prosecution for inciting to mutiny. The trial was proceeding when, frightened apparently by the angry scream of his back-benchers on behalf of a brother in trouble, the Attorney-General orders the accused man to be discharged. Such a gross interference of the Executive with the Judiciary is a thing which English tradition especially resents. And the excuse given is not that the journalist was innocent, but that his Communist friends were hoping to parade him as a martyr, if he were convicted!

We must note also the increased and increasing contempt for ministerial solidarity which now prevails. We see minister after minister taking a line of his own and openly criticising the official acts of his colleagues—as did Mr Snowden quite recently, and Mr Henderson some months ago. But no resignations follow—the members of the Cabinet 'agree to differ.' It is clear that the Labour Party, while learning the art of how to govern (at the country's expense!), has not yet assimilated that most essential and fundamental principle of constitutional rule which makes every minister bound either to support his colleagues, or else to dissociate himself from their doings in the only possible way.

The domestic policy of our present Government might be summed up as ineffective, altogether inadequate to solve the problems of the day, confessedly half-hearted, sometimes self-contradictory. Its imperial policy is even less satisfactory. We are only just beginning to hear the comments that come in from overseas on its repudiation of the idea of Colonial Preference. When once the dominions are convinced that there is no hope of any-

thing in the nature of a reciprocal tariff with Britain, they are forced to look elsewhere for accommodation in this direction. Of the peril to the whole Empire, arising from such a repudiation of the idea of the union of British interests all over the world, it is impossible to speak without dismay. No doubt the bonds of empire are not wholly materialistic: imperial sentiment is a real thing, and even from the point of self-interest there are good reasons why the dominions should adhere to the present system of an elastic federation of all British Commonwealths. Though the German danger has been removed, there are other possible dangers—needless to specify—which tend to keep us united. But there are grave reasons for fearing that an ostentatious repudiation of all special consideration for the interests of the British overseas, by a Government which professes such a zeal of universal brotherhood with aliens and even with enemies, may cause serious offence. If the ministry which is supposed to represent the United Kingdom shows more care and interest for the prosperity of Germans, or even of Russian Bolsheviks, than for that of the outlying communities of the British race, is it credible that those communities will fail to resent this unnatural form of preference? If sentiment is injured and condemned, the materialistic element in human nature comes to the front. 'It is a grand thing, no doubt, to be a member of the great British Empire,' wrote a Canadian this spring, 'but a motor-car costs you 200 dollars more on this side of the border than it would in the United States, and petrol twice as much.' Observations of this kind will multiply, so long as we have an anti-imperialist Labour Government in office—and one shudders to think of the possible deductions.

As to India, we must do the present ministry the justice of owning that they are not primarily responsible for its present condition. Dyarchy and all the consequent ills go back to Mr Lloyd George's Coalition days, and the abominable 'reforms' of Mr Montagu. To a certain extent those evils are beginning to cure themselves; the new system has been proved—partly by the folly of Indian separatists—to be as unworkable as men of experience always stated that it would be. Even without the activities of Mr Gandhi and Mr Das the scheme

was doomed to failure. It is, in a way, fortunate that a widespread outbreak of inter-sectarian warfare has recently swept over many Indian regions, from the North-West Frontier Province as far as Oudh, Bengal, and the Deccan. So best can the fact be proved that an autonomous India would promptly lapse into chaos and general massacre, and that the British sword alone keeps peace. But if the Labour Government is not wholly responsible for the present state of affairs, it has at any rate done something to feed the flames. What could be more inept than certain recent eulogies on Mr Das, the apologist for murder, or than the wholly unprecedented and unconstitutional comments officially published on Mr Justice McCurdie's judgment in the O'Dwyer libel suit? Such words are so many assurances to the Swaraj fanatics that the British Government is in sympathy with their acts and aspirations.

Unsatisfactory as is the record of Mr Ramsay MacDonald's ministry in matters domestic and imperial, we are inclined to think that its much-vaunted foreign policy is even more perilous to the nation. We have been told that he has brought peace to Europe, when all his predecessors had failed; and on the last day of the recent session he received a sort of ovation from his party, when he was able to declare that he had just signed a treaty with Russia—a thing which he and they had set down as a probably unobtainable *desideratum*. It requires only a little cool scrutiny to discover that in that moment of elation the Prime Minister refrained from giving the exact terms of this uncovenanted mercy which he was bestowing on the country. If they had been published in detail, there would have been little cheering save from the wildest Clydesdale back-benchers. We can now see that the scene was one of calculated theatrical display, only possible because the session was at an end, and cross-questioning and criticism were impossible. Had a day for debate been granted, it would have become evident that the treaty was a disgrace, and not a triumph, for Labour diplomacy.

As to the oft-repeated allegation that the whole course of foreign policy during the last seven months constitutes a solid contribution to European peace, we doubt the conclusion. The conception of international

brotherhood is certainly an attractive and inspiring one, and it is delightful to conceive of a League of Nations which might make wars impossible in the future. But while approving the theory, the cool-headed observer may doubt its application in the present state of international feeling. And occasionally proposals crop up, sometimes from the British side, which cause absolute dismay. Such was the recent suggestion that the British fleet might be the main warlike instrument to be used for the bringing of recalcitrant States to reason, when they refuse to submit to the decisions of the League. Who can tolerate the notion that the life of a single seaman of His Majesty's navy should be lost in enforcing obedience on Chile or Peru, if they fell out with each other on some topic entirely destitute of interest to ourselves? And worse still, it is possible that British ships might be used to coerce an old friend in the interests of an old enemy. Is such a conception impossible when Germany and Russia, Turkey and Bulgaria, and other States with bad records, shall have been duly admitted to the League? We shall need much more than eloquent harangues on the Brotherhood of Nations before we feel quite happy as to possible future developments of the activities of the League. Humanitarianism has in the past led to strange results, when put into practical operation by self-reliant but fallible enthusiasts.

For the moment, however, the visible effects of Mr Ramsay MacDonald's policy on France are perhaps more important than the hypothetical results of the development of the League of Nations. Can they be said to be more satisfactory than those of his predecessors? Is the evacuation of the Ruhr region, or the projected reduction of the German war-fine welcomed by our old allies? Is the name of our present premier more popular across the Channel than those of President Wilson or Mr Lloyd George—the former bogies of the Parisian Press? What will be the effect on French sentiment of the appearance, at the Council Table of the League, of German representatives strenuously denying their 'war-guilt,' and maintaining that France and Russia were the joint contrivers of the War of 1914? The Anglo-French alliance is the mainstay of European peace: if recent

British policy has done anything to disrupt it, the director of that policy need not claim to be the pacificator of the world.

Serious though these considerations may be, they are not so serious in the present crisis as the revelations concerning the Russian Treaty of Aug. 6 which are now before us. The longer that the clauses of that deplorable document are investigated, the more disgraceful do they appear. And its whole history is sinister: apparently the British representatives had on Monday, Aug. 4, finally broken off negotiations, finding the Russian demands hopelessly impracticable. Then persons, whom Mr Ponsonby, the Under Secretary of State for the Foreign Office, styles 'some honourable friends in the House' offered to deal with the Russians, took the conduct of affairs into their hands, and returned with a formula which the Government accepted. Apparently these 'honourable friends' were six back-bench members of the extreme Socialist party; Russian accounts give Messrs Wallhead and Purcell as two of them—the very names suffice to show the class of individuals whom our ministers allow to make their treaties for them. It is intolerable to learn that the interests of the country were entrusted, not even to the official representatives of the Government, but to amateur diplomatists, who had apparently won the power to act by threatening to disrupt the Labour Party. When Parliament has met we shall, no doubt, hear more details of this secret negotiation, and of the delegation of the responsibilities of office to obscure members of the most extreme section of Mr Ramsay MacDonald's heterogeneous following. How it can be justified we fail to see.

Meanwhile the preposterous treaty secured in such a fashion needs study. To begin with, we see no necessity for any treaty at all. We grant that it may be unwise to be too much impressed by the feeling of moral repulsion which the Soviet *régime* inspires in every normally minded person, and to wish to ignore its existence altogether. We have in times past 'recognised' some very odd and detestable Governments. But between the recognition of a *de facto* authority, and the conclusion of a very elaborate commercial and political agreement with it there is a long step. Such agreements

presuppose either a feeling of confidence in the other contracting party, or else the possession of such a hold upon it that it dare not play fast and loose with Great Britain. Can it be said that the past record of the Soviet inspires confidence, and what hold are we to have upon it, save that given by lending it some money? But loans to an habitual bankrupt do not give any hold over him—he is long past the stage in which the feeling of indebtedness has any binding or restraining force.

The treaty falls into two halves—the one commercial, the other political. The first purports to give British trade free entry into Russia. But with whom has British trade to deal? Not with individuals or associations, but with a Government monopoly. And the Government which owns this monopoly repudiates the rights of capital, and has repeatedly broken its word with those unwise enough to enter into bargains with it during recent years. If there are any British traders who rush into contracts with the Soviet power, on the strength of the new treaty, what security have they that the contracts will be kept? Obviously no more than that the Russians will probably not repudiate them until they have screwed out of the British Government the last possible million of borrowed money which it is possible to obtain. When that has been paid over, the Soviet will relapse into its old system of broken bargains. We do not envy the lot of the trader who goes over to Russia in search of profitable transactions!

On the other hand, the Russian Government monopoly is to have free access to British markets. Its Trade Representative in London and his assistants, the number of whom is not stated or limited, are to be given 'diplomatic immunity.' In view of recent records of the doings of so-called trade representatives of the Soviet, all over the world, this concession seems insane. Is it not on record that in one European country last year the luggage of a Soviet mission was found to be stuffed with dutiable goods to the value of millions, and that in another region two tons of pamphlets of Communistic propaganda were labelled as commercial advertisements? But the importation of contraband material is far less dangerous than that of the importation of Bolshevik missionaries disguised as the agents of trade.

We are to permit their entry in unrestricted numbers, and they are to enjoy 'diplomatic immunity' while plying their avocation.

To the large number of British subjects who have claims on the pre-Soviet Russian State, whether in the matter of government securities cancelled and of industrial shares confiscated, or in that of movable or immovable property situated in Russia, the treaty brings small comfort. There is no question of the Soviet acknowledging full liability for the responsibilities of its predecessors in power; but some unspecified compensation for losses—probably infinitesimal—may be paid if the British Government guarantees a Russian loan. It is specially provided that if there is no loan there shall be no compensation. For clause 3 of the 'General Treaty,' that dealing with 'Claims and Loans,' contains the phrase that 'the provisions of this Chapter constitute a single and indivisible unit.' Obviously it is hoped that all British creditors with 'claims' in Russia will bring pressure on the Government to grant as large a loan as can be extorted, in order that they themselves may have the largest possible sum returned to them in the form of 'compensation.'

The amount of the loan is not stated anywhere in the treaty—it may be £1,000,000, or £10,000,000, or £100,000,000, as the British Government determines. Parliament is to be asked to give a blank cheque to Mr Ramsay MacDonald, to be filled up as he may please. This alone would suffice to condemn the treaty. But it is the purposes for which the loan may be used that are the really important argument against it. Immense sums raised by confiscation have already passed through the hands of the Bolsheviks; they have been mainly expended on armaments or on world-wide propaganda. With this record before us, can we doubt that the projected British loan will be used for one or other of these purposes, rather than for industrial or agricultural reconstruction? But however the loan is spent, the British tax-payer will be liable to pay the interest on it when the Soviet defaults—as it most undoubtedly will do sooner or later. As late as June 18, Mr Ramsay MacDonald definitely stated that his representatives were instructed to refuse to consider any request for a British

guarantee of Russian obligations. Whence came the changed decision of Aug. 6? Apparently from nothing but a desire to close the session with the display of fireworks for a treaty signed.

The aims of the Soviet Government are well known. One of them is the destruction of the British Empire, against which its agents have been intriguing for the last three years in every quarter of the globe. How can any responsible minister dare to put money in the hands of those who openly avow such purposes, with no security save a promise on paper that such propaganda shall cease? Surely even the Liberal Party must pluck up the courage to vote against, and not merely to protest against, this treaty when the ratification of it comes up for discussion in October.

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